

ANUARY

PRESIDENT WILSON SMITES THE HYPHEN

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THE CONNOISSEURS

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CURRENT OPINION

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A REVIEW OF THE WORLD

THE PRESIDENT'S INDIGNANT ARRAIGNMENT OF DISLOYAL AMERICANS

WHEN for the eighth time President Wilson stood face to face with the two houses of Congress, in joint session, to deliver his message, all he had to say was received with attentive silence except for one passage of the address. That passage, according to the accounts, was received with a spontaneous outburst of applause. This was the passage that held up to scorn two classes of American citizens. One class consists of those born in foreign lands who, now resident in the United States, have sought to make this country "a hotbed of European passion." The other class consists of those who were born and bred in this country and most of whom now live abroad, who "put their passionate sympathy with one or the other side on the great European conflict above their regard for the peace and dignity of the United States." Of the two classes the President speaks of the latter with the deeper humiliation and scorn. Seldom, if ever, has a high official document ever before contained such vehement language as is bestowed upon these two classes of citizens. The country, however, had been brought up to a high pitch of indignation by the numerous reports of explosions and fires in American factories and on American railways, the result of plots, apparently, to block the shipments of supplies to the Allies, and of alleged conspiracies to bring about strikes in manufactories. Two of the German attachés here—Captains Boy-Ed and von Papen—had been declared personae non gratae and their recall requested. Several of the officials of the Hamburg-American Line had been found guilty of conspiring to deceive American port officials with false shipping manifests for the purpose of sending supplies to German cruisers. Altogether about thirty different persons had been arraigned by name, many of them had been in-

dicted by grand juries and a number had been convicted of offenses against the laws. The President's words, therefore, fell upon ears ready for strong language and the response of the press has been made for the most part in words of like import.

"Creatures of Passion, Disloyalty and Anarchy."

THE purpose of the President in introducing this subject into his message to Congress was to ask for additional federal laws against the offenses indicated. A little while ago, he asserts, we would have thought such a disloyal course of action on the part of naturalized citizens incredible. "Because it was incredible we made no preparation for it. We would have been almost ashamed to prepare for it, as if we were suspicious of ourselves, our own comrades and neighbors! But the ugly and incredible thing has actually come about and we are without adequate Federal laws to deal with it." He urges the enactment of such laws at the earliest possible moment, for "such creatures of passion, disloyalty and anarchy must be crushed out. They are not many, but they are infinitely malignant, and the hand of our power should close over them at once." They have "poured the poison of disloyalty into the very arteries of our national life," and the gravest threats against our national peace and safety have not come from without but have been uttered within our own borders. The acts he specifies are: plots to destroy property, conspiracies against our neutrality and spying into the confidential transactions of the federal government. The heat with which the President speaks implies, so the *N. Y. Evening Post* thinks, that the government is in possession of a great deal more evidence of these

dastardly offenses than the public has been aware of. The *Springfield Republican*, another paper close to Mr. Wilson, finds the intensity of his language "unexpected and perhaps surprising." The *N. Y. Telegraph*, a Tammany paper, thinks this passage of the address is one that will subject the President to the severest criticism



PREPAREDNESS
—Bronstrup in *San Francisco Chronicle*

as well as win for him the highest praise. It adds: "It is doubtful if any President since the foundation of constitutional government in this country has before singled out a particular group of citizens for such a castigation, and it is certain that the language of Mr. Wilson is unprecedented in its bitterness."

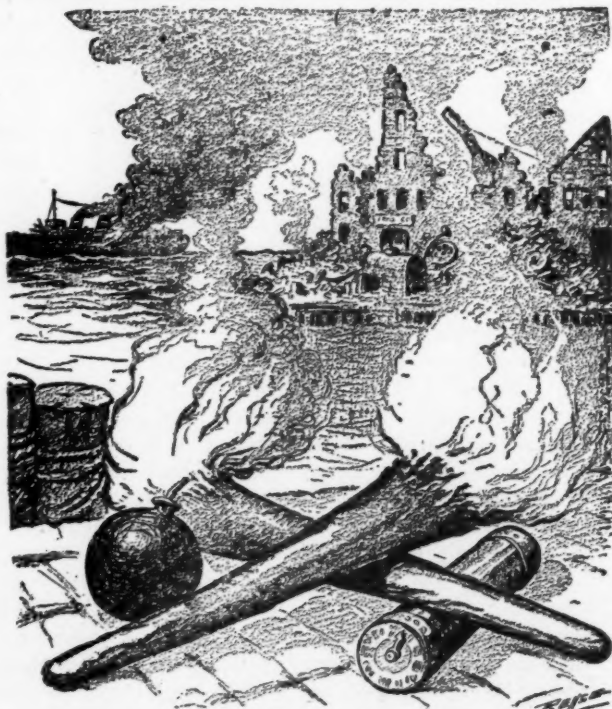
The President's Words Denounced as "Shameless."

FROM the German-American press, language is hurled back at the President in some few cases as vehement as his own. It is taken for granted that his references are to citizens of German, Irish and Austrian extraction, or, as Mr. Ridder puts it, to "those American citizens of foreign birth who have found repellent to their conception of American ideals the whole policy of the present Administration, from anglicizing American spellings to anglicizing American liberties." Mr. Ridder's paper characterizes the message thus: "A document more shameless than this is not recorded in the annals of American history." The *German Herold*, of New York City, is much more temperate and much more effective in its response. "We are absolutely sure," it asserts, "that President Wilson is mistaken in his assumption that foreign-born citizens are at the bottom

of plots 'against the peace and dignity' of these United States." It proceeds to enumerate all the different plots that have come to public attention, naming each of the persons implicated and giving his nationality. It finds nineteen Germans, not one of whom has ever been naturalized, eight native Americans, and "perhaps just one naturalized citizen, and he not a German-American." A different line of criticism comes from an opposing source, directed against the President's reference to the second class of disloyal citizens. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, of London, for instance, says that this part of the message suggests that the acts of a dynamiter or assassin are heinous chiefly because they are unneutral, and that equal censure must fall upon every American who fails to prove himself a partisan of no nation but his own. "We cannot say," says the *Gazette*, "that this theory of morals, whatever its convenience may be in domestic politics, will increase the respect of the outside world for the official attitude of the White House. Literal reading of Mr. Wilson's message would almost suggest that he regards ex-President Roosevelt's denunciation of Miss Cavell's execution as equally heinous with the crime of last week which blew some twenty munition workers into fragments."

One Loud Shout of Approval.

THERE is little disposition in the American press to find fault with this part of the President's message that is aimed at disloyalty. The *Philadelphia Ledger* regrets that he did not long ago show the same vigor he now shows against it, and the *Wichita Eagle* thinks it is a question whether he is not "largely to blame" because of his past complaisance. The *N. Y. Evening Sun* thinks he weakened his position by including in his denunciation citizens who have expressed more or less vehement sympathy with one or another of the belligerents; but the *Chattanooga News* thinks it is unfortunate that the country is gaining the idea that only Germans can be hyphenated Americans. It agrees with



PREPAREDNESS—EXHIBIT A
—Rehse in *N. Y. World*

the President that all kinds should be crushed before they get us into difficulties. The *Topeka Capital* is vigorous in its attack upon what it construes as an attempt of the White House "to dictate what American citizens must think and believe and to suppress free speech." It charges the President with putting the State just where the Kaiser puts it—above morality and a law unto itself. Aside from these and a few other criticisms of like tenor, the comment of the press is one loud shout of approval. "The great heart of the American people," says the *Sacramento Bee*, "will go out in patriotic response to every phrase of his denunciation, to each word of his appeal." "That all such enemies of free government and breeders of anarchy should be crushed and crushed speedily," says the *Charleston News and Courier*, "is one matter as to which there can be no disagreement among honest men." Referring to the report that many Democrats foresee political trouble from this part of the message, the *Chicago Herald* asks, "What has all that to do with the matter?" It proceeds: "President Wilson's ringing words, based on facts as indubitable as the sun itself,

are the answer to such weak-kneed counsels of doubt and such a trifling with the highest interests of the nation." The *St. Louis Star*, published in a city with a large German population, says: "One thing is sure. If any party strives to make a point of the support of such an element next fall, it will lose more votes than that element could bring it. There are to-day in our citizenship a vast number of people who are neither thick and thin Republicans or Democrats. They are plain Americans, who will have small sympathy with any opposition to the reelection of President Wilson because of his Americanism." One stalwart Republican paper, the *Baltimore American*, declares that "the frankness and the fearlessness exhibited by Mr. Wilson will place him among the American immortals." Another Republican paper, the *Detroit Free Press*, asserts that the American people can on this point—the condemnation of the traitors within our gates—join wholeheartedly in approving the President's utterances. To furnish the new legislation requested by the President, says the *Indianapolis News*, is to-day the most important business before the country.

There can be no argument as to which is preferable, preparedness or insomnia.—*Toledo Blade*.

As to explosives, we are prepared. There is the Colonel, for instance.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

PRESIDENT WILSON EXPANDS THE IDEA OF NATIONAL DEFENSE TO COVER THE HEMISPHERE

IF ANY of us have supposed that the subject of national defense is confined to matters relating to the army and navy, or limited to the territorial possessions of the United States, the President's message ought to undeceive us. Fed by the current flowing from his fountain pen, the idea has expanded to take in our merchant shipping, our railroad systems, the conservation of our national resources, the mobilization of our economic riches and the cooperative defense of all Central and South American countries. He foreshadows, in his message, as part of our defense program, the appointment of an advisory committee of transportation experts to act with army officers in regard to the movement of troops and munitions in time of need. He calls for a commission to revise the laws regulating railroads, to see what we can do to improve their "coordination and efficiency." He urges, still in the name of national

defense, federal aid to the states in behalf of "industrial and vocational education." He advocates a speedy provision for "rural credits." He renews the McAdoo proposal, "modified in some essential particulars," for the purchase or construction of ships to be "owned and directed"—he does not say operated—by the government! All this in addition to the increase of our army and navy on the lines indicated in these columns last month. It is a large program he presents to us, not only national but continental; not only continental but hemispherical. And this expansion does not come into the message as a mere rhetorical flourish. It is given as the real basis of the defense policy. It is thrown into the very forefront of the message and presented as a new sort of Monroe Doctrine. It is the doctrine of Pan-Americanism.

The New Wilson Doctrine of Pan-Americanism.

THERE was a time, says the President, when we considered our nation as in some sort the guardian of the republics to the south of us. But a new day has dawned. Now "there is no claim of guardianship or thought of wards; but, instead, a full and honorable association as of partners between ourselves and our neighbors, in the interest of all America, north and south." He reaffirms explicitly the Monroe Doctrine, but denies that it is any longer a merely selfish national policy. "All the governments of America stand, so far as we are concerned, upon a footing of genuine equality and unquestioned independence." Just when this new day dawned we are not told, but the inference is clearly implied that it comes as a result of our treatment of Mexico and of the conference in which the A, B, C nations took part. The President is not certain whether our course has benefited Mexico. "That remains to be



THE DISADVANTAGE OF BEING NEITHER OUT NOR IN
—Sykes in Phila. Evening Ledger

seen." But we have at least proved "that we will not take advantage of her in her distress and undertake to impose upon her an order and government of our own choosing." The moral of this action is that "the states of America are not hostile rivals but cooperating friends." In consequence, they assume a new im-



You will we hate with a lasting hate,
We will never forego our hate:
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone—
WILSON!

—Kirby in N. Y. World

portance in international affairs, and political history now presents them (and us) "as in a very deep and true sense a unit in world affairs, spiritual partners, standing together because thinking together, quick with common sympathies and common ideals." There is a special significance, we are told, in this fact at this time "because of the economic readjustments which the world must inevitably witness in the next generation," and in which the Americas are "destined to play their parts together." This, says the President, is Pan-Americanism. "It has none of the spirit of empire in it," but is the embodiment of "the spirit of law and independence and liberty and mutual service." From South America comes applause. From all sections of the United States comes applause. But from the North, from Our Lady of the Snows, comes a voice of gentle rebuke, asking, What do you mean by the "states of America," and, What do you mean by the "spirit of empire"? Evidently the President, in the fervor of his large idea, lost sight of British America when using the phrase "states of America."

American Ships and the New Monroe Doctrine.

NOW all this seems to be purely academic and inspirational until we come to the second part of the President's message—the part dealing with the merchant marine. Here we find the first definite suggestion for legislative action. The suggestion for government-owned merchant ships is renewed with special reference to the doctrine of "Pan-Americanism." Not only is the

present situation, with our merchants at the mercy of foreign ship-owners, one "not to be endured," but, we are told, it is of capital importance that the hemisphere as a whole should enjoy independence and self-sufficiency in its commerce if it is not to be drawn into the tangle of old-world affairs. In short, the President skilfully hitches his shipping plan, as well as his plans for the increase of army and navy and his conservation plans, to the Monroe Doctrine as reaffirmed and amplified. "We can develop," he says, "no true or effective American policy without ships of our own." They must "move constantly back and forth between the Americas." They "are the only shuttles that can weave the delicate fabric of sympathy, comprehension, confidence and mutual dependence in which we wish to clothe our policy of America for the Americans." We should avail ourselves at the earliest possible moment of the "unparalleled opportunity" now presented for linking the two Americas together in bonds of mutual interest and service, for the opportunity may never come again. For this, ships are a necessity. Ultimately they must be built and run by private capital. But private capital cannot accomplish this great task of a sudden, and "something must be done at once." The government must step in and open up new trade routes, especially between the two American continents. Then when private capital has been able to find its way into these routes "the government may withdraw." Looking into the future, no part of the message, in the opinion of the *Brooklyn Times* (Rep.), possesses deeper import than this that pertains to the community of welfare between the Latin-American republics and our own nation. "Here," cries the *Hartford Times* jubilantly, "we have the Pan-Americanism for which James G. Blaine worked so valiantly and which was his mighty dream and passion."

The Monroe Doctrine Edited up to Date.

IT IS rather interesting to see how this new Monroe Doctrine, "edited up to date," as one paper puts it, catches the imagination of the country. In the comment elicited, the close connection made by the President between it and his shipping bill is apparently lost sight of and the larger political aspects of the subject are judged as if standing alone. Here is the long and resounding sentence with which the *Philadelphia Ledger* (Rep.) ends an editorial:

"A new era of internationalism, with its accompanying responsibilities, is upon us. We must meet it and take advantage of it, not being fearful of the great heritage, but rejoicing in it and determining in all respects to measure up to the requirements as the champion of democratic principles, freedom and justice, and the exponent of that sort of industrial efficiency which is content to win its victories in peace, far off from the thunder of cannon and the groans of butchered men."

The *Chicago Tribune* believes that the American people are not only in accord with this Pan-American policy but "would support it at the expense of war, even a foreign war, which it necessarily implies if the aggression were committed in such guise as to touch our self-respect or arouse our definite concern." The *Toledo Blade*, another Progressive-Republican paper, agrees with the policy heartily, tho it demurs when the attempt is made to use it as a justification for our course in Mexico. "If the Old World," it says, "must be told that

aggression in the New World cannot be tolerated, all of America, North, Central and South, should speak, not simply the United States. The Monroe Doctrine is a guardianship. The Wilson Doctrine is a copartnership." The best traditions of this country, in the judgment of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, amply support the President's conception, and it gently suggests to the Latin-American republics that they also should be getting ready to help bear their share of the common burden by means of military preparations. The *Wichita Eagle* is also interested in this side of the subject. It is apparent to every clear-thinking man, it says, that the Monroe Doctrine is highly dangerous, and if we are to maintain it in company with the South American powers, "we should enter into a defensive alliance with them." The *Charleston News and Courier* finds the President's ideals "wholesome and truly American," and the *Pittsburgh Dispatch* thinks he vitalizes and modernizes the historic Monroe Doctrine into "the American Doctrine of to-day and to-morrow."

Are We "Spiritual Partners" of South America?

THE voices that are raised in criticism of this part of the message are as yet few in number and not very positive in tone. The *Springfield Republican*, a strong supporter of the administration, does not find this part of the message convincing and thinks there "may well be sharp questioning in Congress." If we are to protect all Latin America, it says, as we would our own possessions, then, indeed, the program for increase of armaments cannot be open to serious challenge. It sees a tendency in this direction that must be jealously watched. The *Chicago Evening Post* is also unconvinced. If South and North America are "a unit in world affairs," it says, they are so in a limited sense. The unity lies in aloofness from Europe. The races and civilization of the two continents are "basically different," and the "spiritual partnership" and "common ideals" of which the President speaks it considers "in the highest degree unreal." The *N. Y. Tribune* is the most positive of the President's critics. Instead of recasting the Monroe Doctrine, it says, he has merely obscured it a little. That doctrine is not a Pan-American doctrine at all, but a policy declared and upheld by the United States. As it sees it, the President is trying to

"hedge" on the doctrine "merely in order to excuse half-way preparation," and it advises Congress to "put the Wilson theory of Pan-Americanism aside—if it is really a theory and not a rhetorical diversion." The *N. Y. Call*, being a socialist paper, sees in Pan-Americanism merely "the hope of cornering the trade of the western hemisphere for the capitalists of the United States," and it promises to cut loose on that subject later! As for the views of South America, it is a little too soon to tell what they are. The Chilean ambassador makes a truly diplomatic comment. "Definitions of this policy," he says, "have been made before, but they have not been clear. Now the position of this country is made so clear that no one needs to be in doubt." *La Nacion*, of Buenos Aires, is less non-committal. Mr. Wilson, it feels, has "expressed the true idea of Pan-Americanism," and his message "bears witness to the sound tendency of the American policy." *La Prensa* speaks amiably but cautiously of President Wilson's "language of amity and solidarity."



FALLING IN LINE!

—Cassel in *N. Y. Evening World*

T. R. can't take his hat off now to scratch his head without making the favorite sons shiver.—*Boston Transcript*.

The opposition to the Pork Barrel will give certain members of Congress their first realization of the "horrors of war."—*N. Y. Sun*.

ARE THE DEMOCRATS GOING TO PIECES ON THE SUBJECT OF NATIONAL DEFENSE?

HAVING held together for nearly three years in a way to surprise their opponents and confound the prophets, through a period of difficult constructive work, the Democrats in Congress show signs of going to pieces in the session just begun. This, too, on the eve of the presidential campaign. Mr. Bryan, having left the cabinet on a question of foreign politics, has already thrown down the gage of battle to the administration on two important subjects of domestic policy. Month before last it was on the issue of national defense. Last month he added the issue of taxation. Having in November found that the President was

reversing our national policy, menacing our peace and safety and challenging the spirit of Christianity, he finds in December that the President has also made "revolutionary recommendations" on the subject of taxation. Claude Kitchin, the Democratic leader of the House, has in the same time progressed from a mere difference of opinion with the President to active opposition to his defense program. He asserts that four-fifths of the Democratic members of the House are at heart also opposed, and the *Chattanooga Times* tells us that "many Democratic leaders" say the same. Congressman Saunders, of Virginia, chairman of the Democratic

caucus, stands with Bryan and Kitchin in open opposition. Champ Clark, the Speaker of the House, and J. J. Fitzgerald, of New York, one of the strongest Democratic debaters, are with the President. With such a split in the ranks and with a Democratic majority of but twenty-five, it is evident that the President's program must depend for success upon three things—his own personal prestige, the active support of popular sentiment, and the assistance of Republicans.

**Why the War College Asks
for a Million Soldiers.**

EVEN before Congress adjourned for the holidays, the Washington correspondent of the N. Y. *Times* was announcing that one important feature of the defense program had already gone by the board. "There is now," he wrote, "practically no sentiment for the creation of the continental army," the conclusion having been reached that the plan for such an army would prove ineffective for want of volunteers. Instead, liberal appropriations will be made for the state militia. There are now before Congress four major plans for the increase of the army. There is Secretary Garrison's plan, endorsed by the President, for a regular army of 141,843 men and a "continental army" of 400,000. The tentative plan drawn up by Senator Chamberlain, chairman of the Senate committee on military affairs, provides for doubling the present size (108,000) of the regular army, but makes no mention of a continental army. The plan of Hay, chairman of the House Committee, includes the continental army but cuts out a considerable part of the increase in the regular army. Then there is the plan recommended by the War College Division of the General Staff. It provides for gradually increasing the regular army to 574,000, for a continental army of 500,000, and for harbor defense troops to the number of 60,000—making a total (irrespective of the National Guard) of 1,134,000 men and officers. Of this regular army, however, only 235,000 would be in arms at any one time, except in case of war. The enlistment would be for two years with the colors and six years in reserve. Estimates are made by the War College of the size of an army that various nations can throw upon our shores, assuming that our navy is first routed. In forty days Austria could land an army fully equipped of 180,000 men; in 30 days France could land 404,226; in 30 days Germany could land 827,000 men; in 14 days Great Britain could land 170,000 men, and in 41 days Japan could land 238,367 men. These estimates are based on the strength of each nation in men and in transports in August, 1914.

**Breaking Party Lines on
National Defense.**

THESE are the four plans now formally before Congress (or its committees) in detail. In addition, there are numerous plans before the American people for discussion. They range all the way from Mr. Bryan's minimum—"rely upon love"—to Mr. Roosevelt's maximum—the War College plan plus universal military training—and Mr. Hearst's super-maximum navy—"not merely as big as any other, but three times as big as any other" (N. Y. *Evening Journal*, Nov. 20). The Springfield *Republican* regards universal training (which has many prominent advocates besides Mr. Roosevelt) as "wholly impracticable in this country" because of our geographical isolation and the national

psychology that results therefrom. Our National Guard it thinks an 18th-century idea fit for a pioneer country that had never heard of railroads, steamships or percussion caps. With these two ideas dismissed, it thinks that some such scheme as the continental army must receive careful study. "The President's leadership," it says, "has the preeminent merit of middle-ground statesmanship," and consequently he is in the way of securing substantial results. The only real result that the Florida *Times-Union* can see as likely to come is the restoration of the protective tariff. The Atlanta *Constitution* is in fear of party dissension and failure and appeals to Democratic Congressmen to avoid it by following where the President leads. "His counsel," says the Birmingham *News*—and the Democratic press generally take the same view—"should be followed in all respects, not that of Mr. Bryan in any respect." The N. Y. *World* appeals to Congress for the abolition of party lines and solid support of the President. It says earnestly: "A divided, a partisan, or an impotent Congress would be an invitation to foreign aggression such as the United States has not known since the Napoleonic wars." The Des Moines *Register* (Rep.) does not see the force of this. It says "it would be ridiculous for the Republicans to come to the rescue in such a situation," inasmuch as they "owe the President nothing." Gallinger, Republican leader in the Senate, and Mann, Republican leader of the House, have, however, both been in consultation with the President and indicate a willingness to meet the Democrats half-way if they refrain from making national defense into a party issue by caucus action. Dr. Charles W. Eliot is one of many prominent men who call for this matter to be kept above partisanship. To him the principles of Democracy itself seem to be at stake. Speaking before the National Civil Service Reform League last month, he said:

"If the free Governments cannot organize and maintain as effective armies and navies as the autocratic Governments can, and fight as well as the autocratic Governments do, they will not survive the attacks of despotic Governments which possess as great natural resources as the free Governments, and use them with more skill and greater concentration of purpose. Such attacks on free institutions must be expected and provided against, for it has been demonstrated that there exist in Europe strong autocratic Governments which are ambitious to rule not only their neighbors but the world."



"IT'S MOTHER!"

—Donahay in Cleveland Plain Dealer

OUR AMAZING BUSINESS REVIVAL AND ITS PROBABLE POLITICAL EFFECTS

TWO big economic facts stand out conspicuously as the next presidential campaign begins to get under headway. The influence of one will be strongly in favor of the party in power. The other will have the reverse effect. The first big fact is the business revival, which shows all the signs of developing into a world-wonder. The other fact is the financial condition of our national treasury, which makes a noise like a deficit and may force a new issue of bonds. Until we have another presidential election well behind us, we are going to hear a great deal about these two facts and their relation to the war and the Underwood tariff. From the Republican spellbinders we shall hear that the business revival is due to the war, which has deferred the catastrophe that would otherwise have followed the new tariff. From the Democratic spellbinders we shall hear that this revival is a vindication of the Wilson policies, including the tariff, the new federal reserve system and the preservation of peace for this country in the midst of a stormy world. The spellbinders will just reverse their positions in talking about the federal treasury. Republicans will attribute its condition to the tariff and Democrats will attribute it to the war. In fact, they are already doing so. From present appearances, the coming campaign will be along this line of discussion, if, as seems likely now, the question of national defense is kept from becoming a partisan issue and the Mexican situation keeps quiescent for the next ten months. Can any of you tell me, said President Wilson a few days ago, in an informal talk to the members of the Democratic national committee, what issue the Republicans have left to them other than the tariff? And the members, we are told, with one accord shook their heads.

Stupendous Figures of the Business Revival.

THE business revival furnishes figures and facts that ought to delight all lovers of big things. "The story of business improvement and development in this Union for the past fifteen months is the most wonderful and amazing that has ever had a place in the annals of time," says the *Washington Post*, and it discerns a still more marvelous development in the immediate future, namely,

a general prosperity "that has never been approached in any other country in any era of the world's history." This sounds like tall talk, but it finds an echo in the most conservative of our financial journals. Even statistics nowadays seem to make eloquent gestures. There is our trade balance, which has been for the year just ending "the largest known in history." There is our stock of gold, which has become "the largest amount of gold any country ever held." The figures are, for the trade balance, about two billions of dollars, and for the gold stock, Dec. 1, \$2,260,687,000. Our foreign trade—export and import combined—has reached an aggregate of five billions. We have cancelled, it is estimated, by the repurchase of American securities, more than a billion dollars of indebtedness abroad, and we have loaned or extended credit to other nations to the extent of about a billion more. Our Federal Reserve bank system, which had its first birthday last month, has amassed nearly half a billion dollars of gold—twice as much as is held by the Bank of England. Bank clearings in all parts of the country—even in the South—have gone far beyond those in the year preceding the outbreak of the war, and for the first time in our history nearly reached the five-billion-dollar mark the first week of last month. One can touch only the high lights in this revival. The figures for 94 leading railways in the month of October show an advance in their net returns from \$401 per mile last year to \$542 this year. The iron and steel mills were by the first of last month running to 98 per cent. of their full capacity, with the largest output known, and the unfilled orders of the U. S. Steel Corporation were the largest ever carried on their books, with perhaps one exception. All the big crops, with the exception of cotton, have either broken the records—as in the case of wheat, hay, oats, and rye—or, as in the case of corn, come close to the record. Even in the case of cotton, the price has risen so that the value of our exports for the year have been equalled only three times in our history.

Have We a Moral Right to Our Present Prosperity?

THUS with crops, railroads, bank clearings, iron and steel, gold and foreign trade balances all telling the same story, no room seems to be left for doubt as to the fact that an unprecedented business revival has at least started. And it was only one year ago last month that the stock exchange, after having been closed four months, timorously reopened! A recent estimate by the department of commerce places the wealth of this country at \$187,739,000,000, as compared with the census estimate for 1900 of \$88,517,000,000. The per-capita wealth has jumped from \$1,164 to about \$1,868. Small wonder that to Europeans, wasting the life-blood not only of their men but of their commerce and industry as well, the spectacle of this fortunate nation is at times, as the *Springfield Republican* observes, a "maddening" one. That journal raises the question, "Have we a moral right to be busy and prosperous and to remain at peace in times like these?" It answers in the affirmative. If any nation on earth, it points out, can be said to be without moral responsibility for the pres-



"GET OUT OF THE WAY THERE AND LET SOMEBODY RUN WHO CAN!"

—Donahy in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

ent war, it is our own. We had to suffer without protest at the beginning of the war, because of Europe's madness, and certainly no reproach is now coming to us because unlooked-for opportunities have come to our industries and because we have had two bumper crops in succession. It continues:

"The spectacle of a united continental America growing strong and rich in peace, while continental Europe rends itself in war, ought to be driven home to the consciousness of the European peoples and forced upon the attention of every European monarch and statesman. America is now



"HERE!"

—Brinkerhoff in N. Y. Evening Mail

teaching the lesson of political unity and profit from the maniacal dissensions of the nations abroad, and that is a lesson which Europeans in time will more calmly and sanely contemplate, perhaps to their advantage and to the advantage of the world."

Capturing the World's Trade for America.

NOR is it the United States alone that shows this shining contrast between the Old World and the New. From South America comes the same story. Argentina has gone through much the same experience as ours, and there also large crops and a big trade balance have in the last six months banished the period of depression. From Canada comes a similar story. But what must be more disquieting to European economists than this rush of prosperity in the New World, which, after all, can hardly be to Europe's damage, is the possibility of our future grip on the trade of the world. Germany and France have already had commissions over here making arrangements for vast supplies of machinery and raw material to be delivered at the close of the war for the work of reconstruction. From Brazil comes the report that agreements are practically concluded whereby the operation of the Brazilian rail-

roads—9,951 miles—are about to be transferred from European interests to an American company, the J. G. White interests, "more or less closely linked with the J. P. Morgan Company." From New Orleans comes the news of a new twenty-million-dollar concern—the Pan-American Commission Corporation—which has already made arrangements to finance the Commission Reguladora, a government concern in Yucatan, Mexico, that controls the sisal industry there. From Peking comes another item to the effect that the Chinese government has awarded the grand prize for the best program for a national system of railways to an American engineer, George Bronson Lea, which seems to mean that he is to have the supervision of the construction of 10,000 miles of track in that empire. And more interesting than any of these developments is the report of the formation, in New York, of the American International Corporation, with Frank A. Vanderlip, head of the National City Bank, as the chairman of its finance committee, and one of the strongest groups of capitalists that has ever been organized for its board of directors.

A New Era in American Finance.

THE purpose of the American International Corporation is to finance, develop and operate large foreign enterprises, especially in South America. "The possibilities which this new departure in American business opens up," says the *Wall Street Journal*, "are of limitless scope and diversity, whether it be in loaning to a foreign government, operating a steamship line or running a restaurant." It likens the new corporation to the East India Company and the Hudson Bay Trading Company, "to which England owes much of her present supremacy in world finance." A great light has dawned upon American finance, says the same paper, in viewing the plans of this new company and the far-reaching work of the National City Bank in establishing branches in South America and many other parts of the world. The *N. Y. World* and many other papers also see a new era dawning. "The day of American dependence of government protection," says the *World*, "and a paralyzing fearfulness of outside competition, is passing." It attributes this new enterprise in world-trade to the new banking law, to the new tariff and to other changes wrought by the present administration. It says:

"Our finances have been so reformed as to inspire and fortify trading and investment ventures abroad. Dollar Diplomacy has gone by the board and American capital finds at once that it can travel forth on its own feet. With their swaddling clothes ripped off, Infant Industries become suddenly conscious of being giants able to do business with the world on equal terms.

"The policies of more than a generation have made 'adventurous' an unknown term in application to American business men as a class. The reforms of Government in relation to business within little more than two years are giving to it the aptness so well exemplified in the American International Corporation."

Even the *N. Y. Journal*, which has spent so many sleepless nights denouncing plutocrats, sees in this new development for the "commercial conquest of the world" possibilities for good which it would be "absolutely impossible to exaggerate."



"THE CITY IN THE WOOD"

This sketch and the seven war sketches following are made by French soldiers at the front and in the trenches. They are part of a collection sent over last month by the Minister of Fine Arts, of France, to the Museum of French Art, in New York City, for exhibition. This sketch is by Lambrecht—a soldiers' camp among the trees.

In the Midst of Prosperity the Treasury Faces a Deficit.

NOW for the reverse side of the shield. The war in Europe, which has thrown into our laps huge war orders and big prices for our crops, has done something else. It has caused a big decrease in our imports, as a result of which the customs revenue of the government has fallen off in one year something like \$86,000,000. In making up his annual report, therefore, the Secretary of the Treasury has to grapple with an impending deficit. He even suggests, tho very gingerly, the possibility of selling Panama Canal Bonds to the extent of \$50,000,000. He gives the estimated total receipts for the year ending June 30, 1916, as \$670,365,500, and the total estimated disbursements, aside from those for the Panama Canal (\$25,000,000), as \$716,891,000. If to this sum are added the disbursements for the canal and the estimated general deficiency fund for the year (\$12,000,000), the deficit will be \$83,525,500. To meet this, the Secretary finds a balance in the general fund, July 1, 1915, of \$104,170,105, which, without any additional sources of income than those already authorized, would leave an uncomfortable balance next June of but \$20,644,605. Looking a year further ahead, and counting in additional disbursements that year for national defense to the extent of \$93,800,000, the Secretary's figures show a deficit for the year ending June 30, 1917, after the canal expenses and general deficiency bills are paid, of \$174,806,495. This is assuming that the emergency war tax is not continued by Congress and the duty on sugar is not restored. Assuming that the tax is con-

tinued and the duty is restored, there would still remain a deficit of \$62,806,394. In addition to this sum, to be raised by new taxation of some kind, is to be added the further sum of \$50,000,000, which the Secretary estimates should be the lowest amount to which the treasury balance should be allowed to fall. The total, therefore, to be raised by new taxation is \$112,806,394. He suggests an increase of the income tax, a lowering of the figure at which exemptions shall begin, and a tax on gasoline and motor cars. Such is the treasury situation as admitted by the Secretary. Senator Smoot, who is the Republican expert on figures, finds the situation much worse than admitted. He accuses the Secretary of juggling the methods of bookkeeping to conceal the amount of the growing deficit, of cutting down the amount provided in the President's plan for national defense, of omitting all disbursements for the Alaska railroads, of overestimating receipts and underestimating expenses. Senator Smoot figures out a deficit nearer to \$300,000,000 than to the sum given by the Secretary.

Enters Again the Tariff as a Dominant Issue.

HERE comes in the tariff. Even with an income tax in force and with an emergency tax on top of that, say the Republican critics, the administration is steering the ship of state on the rocks of another bond issue. Why? For the same reason, they make reply, that forced a bond issue in the Cleveland administration—insufficient revenues due to unwise changes in the tariff.

The impending struggle in Congress for this session becomes reasonably clear. The Republicans and Progressives, now entirely reunited in the Senate and nearly so in the House, can not object to increased appropriations for national defense on as large a scale as the admin-

Prosperity? No. Just a "Creeping Paralysis."

WE HAVE given some expansive figures on the present industrial condition of the country. But Dr. David Jayne Hill, late ambassador to Berlin, does not

seem to be reassured by them. What he discerns is "the progress of a creeping paralysis in our economic life which the galvanic movements resulting from a transient stimulus cannot disguise." He sees (and writes of it in the *North American Review*) an impending danger from the European war that is of far greater significance to our future well-being than that which comes from the military events or their political consequences. It is the danger to our economic prosperity. He sees in Germany "the most completely organized producing and distributing mechanism that has ever existed." This mechanism, tho now completely arrested, so far as world trade is concerned, yet remains "intrinsically unimpaired." Prior to the war, it was gradually effecting the conquest of the world market. At the close of the war, unless Germany is

completely broken, this efficient economic mechanism will remain intact. It will be practically shut out of the British, French, Russian and Italian markets as a result of the animosities growing out of the war. It will consequently bring "unprecedented pressure" to bear to capture the American market, "accompanied by all the de-



THE RETURN OF THE WOUNDED.—BELNET

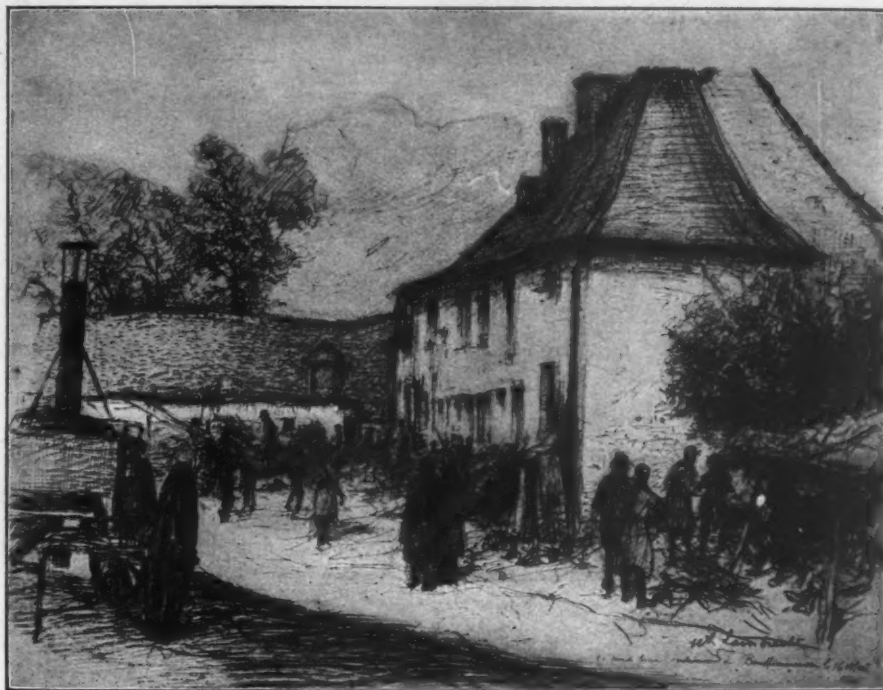
istration will ask; but when it comes to raising the money required, they are almost certain to call for a restoration of higher tariff duties on wool, sugar and many other commodities. The plain truth, as the *Albany Press* (Rep.) sees it, is that "adequate tariff rates would meet every need in a way fair to every American." A revision of the tariff, according to the *N. Y. Sun*, might not provide all the revenue necessary, but "supplemented with a stamp tax on checks and perhaps one or two other imposts of widely diffused application, it would meet every real need of the situation." But this need of the treasury for larger revenues is not the main point that the Republicans are already seeking to make in behalf of an upward revision of the tariff—the one issue which President Wilson thinks is left to them. They are pointing with an ominous finger to the needs of the country as soon as the war is over and the European manufacturers, rendered desperate by their need, begin to dump goods upon this country at any old price.



MORNING COFFEE IN THE TRENCHES.—MONTAGUE

vices for winning a market which ingenuity can suggest—low prices, long credit, expert agency activity, in short, wholesale 'dumping.' But not from Germany alone shall we incur this danger. All the other European nations will be active in the same direction. They will lack capital, and the result will be, as always where money is scarce, a general lowering of the standard of living and the scale of wages. "Undoubtedly, whether theoretically desirable or not, the end of the present war will force upon the United States the restoration of a protective tariff. The issue seems unavoidable." Were it not for war, says Dr. Hill, who is a Republican, we would even now, as a result of our tariff, be closing our workshops. Under the present "piece of mere congressional guesswork"—that is the way in which he refers to the Underwood tariff—we are as unprepared in an economic as in a military sense. Herein lies the "creeping paralysis" which he discerns back of the eloquent figures we have been citing.

tariff," cries the *N. Y. Sun*, "that is bankrupting the country." Tariff revisions will soon be world-wide, says the *Washington Post*. The general trend in Europe is toward greater protection. Let us prepare for the trade-war that is to follow. "It is inconceivable that this



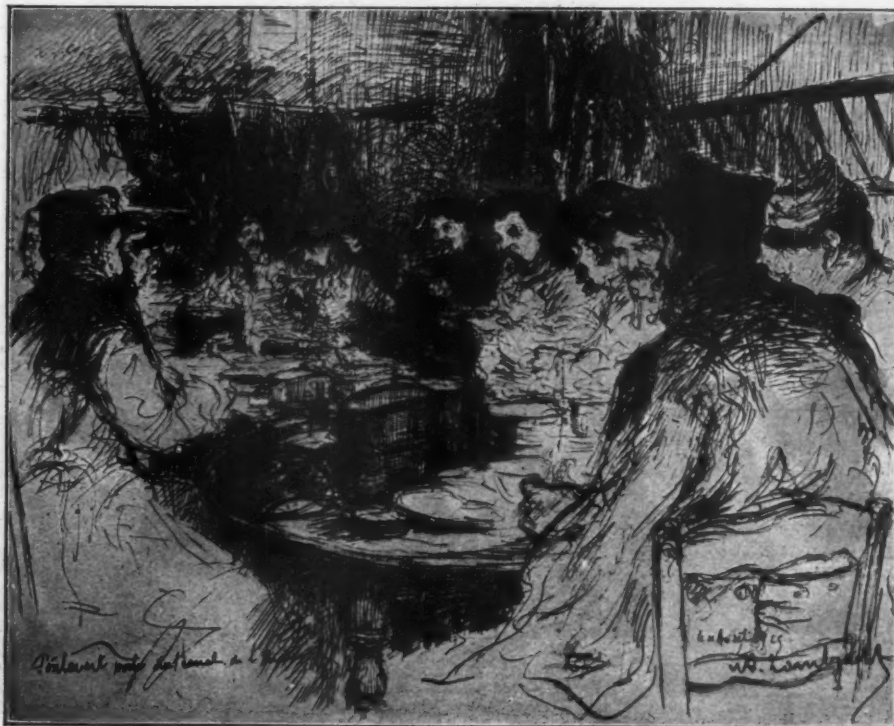
A FARM HOUSE AT BOUFFIGUEREX.—LAMBRECHT

Alarmed Over European Bargain Sales After the War.

THIS line of argument is being followed with such energy by journals in various parts of the country that little room is left for doubt as to the prominence to be given to it in the coming campaign. "It is the fool

nation, by waiting until Europe launches her tariff preparedness program, will lose the golden opportunity of making permanent the present national prosperity." "We must protect ourselves against the flood of cheap foreign-made goods," echoes the *South Bend Tribune*.

"The prime duty of the Sixty-Fourth Congress," says the *Detroit Free Press*, "is to restore the tariff its predecessor removed." "Great stores of merchandize," the *Chicago Evening Post* warns us, "caught by the sudden embargo of war, are said to be piled up in Dutch and German warehouses. As soon as the way is cleared for their shipment, we may expect them to be unloaded at sacrifice prices for American buyers." The *N. Y. World*, however, counters to all this with vigor. "All the hogs of Big Business," so its comment runs, "are trying to get their feet back into the trough." To this charge it gives a list of specifications. The "ship-subsidy crowd is again in full cry." The high tariff beneficiaries are trying to scare the country to a militaristic basis in order to compel the



AT MESS.—LAMBRECHT



MAKING THE SOUP FOR MESS.—BROQUET

reenactment of the Dingley tariff to supply the funds. The railroads are insisting that the interstate commerce commission suspend regulation rates. The bankers are dissatisfied "because they are no longer in possession of the treasury and the Comptroller of the Currency." But the *World* warns those whom it accuses of trying to reestablish another Hanna régime in Washington that, if it were possible for them to succeed, the next reaction that came would bring them not Woodrow Wilson and the Democratic party but a triumphant Socialism. As for the peril from the "dumping" of goods here after the war, the reports from Washington state that the Secretary of Commerce and the Federal Trade Commission have united in recommending to Congress the enactment of a law making the sale of goods by foreign companies at less than the cost of production a form of "unfair competition," punishable under the anti-trust laws. This is intended to make needless changes in the tariff.

**A New Agitation for "Taking the
Tariff Out of Politics."**

A MAD scramble for markets is also foreseen by ex-Senator Beveridge, writing in the *Saturday Evening Post*. He thinks the immediate peril at the close of the war has been exaggerated perhaps; but the peril will at the best only be deferred until the productive activities of the belligerent nations are fully resumed. He calls, as Dr. Hill also seems to call, for a tariff commission of experts. There is, in fact, another well-organized movement in favor of a permanent, non-partisan tariff commission, and it looks as tho this is to be one of the ways in which the Republicans and Progressives are to be brought together in the coming campaign. Mr. Mann, Republican leader in the House, has announced his intention of introducing a bill constituting such a commission. An active tariff commission league is in the field and exhibits as one of its first trophies a

somewhat tentative endorsement, by an overwhelming majority, from the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, by means of a post-card vote. The *Chicago Evening Post* is stoutly in favor of a commission, but it regards the professions of favor made by Republican leaders in Congress as a "fine bluff." The bill to create such a



RECAPTURING THE FLAG FROM THE GERMANS.—BAUD

commission "will give Congress something additional to talk about but nothing additional to act about." The *Boston Transcript* is one of the influential Republican papers that is giving the plan more or less enthusiastic support. It points out that the experience of Germany shows that such a commission can be made a success. The *Chicago Tribune*, the *Baltimore American*, the *Rochester Post-Dispatch* and many others are following the same general lead. But the *Chicago Herald* calls attention to the fact that in Germany the expert bureau in charge of the tariff is empowered to adjust all the details, in accordance with certain broad general principles. The proposed commission here seems destined to have no power except to collect and collate facts and

figures and make reports and, perhaps, recommendations, to Congress. The *N. Y. Journal of Commerce* scouts the idea that there can be such a thing as a "non-partisan" commission to guide the tariff policy of the government as long as there is a radical difference between the parties as to the fundamental principle that should underlie the tariff. The *Louisville Evening Post*, the *Houston Post* and other papers take the same view. The *Los Angeles Times* treats the proposal with scant respect. "The end," it says, "if not the aim, of the 'non-partisan tariff commission' will be to give an extravagantly-paid job to about five 'deserving Democrats,' and one undeserving Progressive, and about two complaisant Republicans."



BRINGING LOGS FOR A SOLDIERS' CAMP.—BROQUET

THE TALK ABOUT PEACE AND THE EFFECT OF HENRY FORD'S QUIXOTIC EXPEDITION

AFTER all, Henry Ford seems to have hit upon the right psychological moment for his purposes. All around the horizon the first faint glimmerings of peace negotiations are to be discerned. They are as diffused and shimmery as sheet lightning, but they are there. The Pope, in his allocution to the College of Cardinals, makes a second appeal for "an exchange of ideas." Asquith, prime minister of Great Britain, Briand, premier of France, von Hollweg, chancellor of Germany, delivered official statements on the subject last month. There has been open discussion in the Reichstag and in the House of Commons. Responsible newspapers in all the warring countries have been debating the possible terms of peace. On one day comes a dispatch from Zurich that tells of "violent demonstrations" for peace in Berlin, Dresden and Leipzig. On another day a dispatch from Budapest tells of a petition signed by more than half a million names declaring that the high prices of food are rendering it impossible for Hungary to continue hostilities much longer unless relief comes soon. These dispatches and others of like nature should be taken with many grains of salt, for they appear in hostile journals. But even so their effect has been to add to the world's dawning hope that under the thick canopy of war important influences are at work to force consideration of peace terms. These first "feelers," it is true, taken at their mere face value, indicate such a wide disparity of views that the London

Standard is led to remark that peace seems more remote to-day than at any other period since the war began. But that is the way with diplomatic feelers. The German Chancellor, for instance, says but little more in his extended statement than that "if our enemies make peace proposals compatible with Germany's dignity and safety, then we shall always be ready to discuss them. . . . No one can say that we continue the war because we still desire to conquer this or that country as a guarantee." The British Prime Minister goes no farther than to say, in substance, that he is willing to listen when Germany is ready to sue for peace. And both he and Premier Briand declare that German militarism must first be completely crushed. But it is not what they say at this time that counts, but the fact that they have said anything.

Is the Talk About Peace Getting Us Anywhere?

IN the German Chancellor's statement the *N. Y. Staats-Zeitung* is able to discern "a hopeful opportunity for peace," and the *Atlanta Constitution* thinks the time has come for President Wilson to take some action in the way of mediation. In this view, however, it stands almost alone among American papers. The *N. Y. World* sees nothing more in the Chancellor's speech than "brave words to arouse the German people to further sacrifice," and it regards Germany to-day as



THE OBSERVATION BALLOON

—Cesare in N. Y. Sun

in the position of a beleaguered fortress, with nothing won that she can hold or hope to hold, and with the strength of the Allies still developing. "There are wars," it remarks, "that can be ended at any time by mutual concession and consent. They are mere breaches of the peace. There are other wars whose issues go to the very roots of civilization, and this is one of them. . . . A war that has scourged and devastated half of the world must settle something, at least so far as the generation which is fighting it is concerned. Thus far this war has settled nothing." President Wilson himself does not seem to think the time for him to make any further overtures has come. "I do not believe," he said last month in a speech in Columbus, O., "there is going to be any patched-up peace." He added: "I believe that thoughtful men of every country and of every sort will insist that when we get peace again we shall have guarantees that it will remain and that the instrumentalities of justice will be exalted above the instrumentalities of force." There is little or no disposition to criticize this utterance. "Neither side in the war," observes the N. Y. *Evening Post*, "can at present hint at terms of peace which do not seem to the other preposterous. . . . But the more the matter is discussed, the more probable it becomes that a settlement which looks to large and ultimate ends will have a better chance of getting a hearing than one that takes into account only the immediate military situation."

Henry Ford Sets Sail to Stop the War.

SUCH was the situation last month when Henry Ford, having finished at Detroit the dictation of his autobiography, made his will and steamed out of New York harbor on the *Oscar II*. With him were 148 guests,

three of whom were motion-picture men, twenty of whom were members of his personal staff, fifty-four were newspaper and magazine correspondents, and thirty or more were under-graduates at colleges and universities. Of the rest, there were nine whose names are more or less generally known to the public—Rev. Dr. Charles F. Aked, Inez Milholland Boissevain, Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, Rev. Dr. Jenkins Lloyd Jones, Judge Ben B. Lindsey, S. S. McClure, State Senator Helen Ring Robinson, Mrs. May Wright Sewall, and Mme. Rosika Schwimmer. The object of the expedition as finally set forth, after much confusion of statement during the weeks of preparation, is "to bring about a conference of neutral nations for continual mediation among the belligerent nations." The proposed method is to land in Christiania, invite delegations from other neutral nations to join the party, making an "international pilgrimage" for that purpose, then proceed to the Hague to hold a series of conferences "to formulate concerted proposals of possible terms of peace as a basis for suggestions and objections on the part of the belligerent governments and for public discussion." These suggestions are to be submitted to the belligerents, objections received and changes made "until the proposals have reached a point where the belligerents of both sides find in them sufficient common ground themselves to meet for the final settlement of the peace treaty." Even this program, hazy as it seems, was not formulated until upon the eve of sailing. None of the party seems to have credentials from any of the established peace or arbitration societies. The State department issued a formal disclaimer of all responsibility for the expedition, tho issuing personal passports for use in neutral countries only. It is simply a party, therefore, consisting of Henry Ford and his guests, and to the wireless message which, on the way over, was sent out addressed to each of the rulers of the warring nations, was signed the one name "Henry Ford." This message ran, in part, as follows: "The time has come to stop the bloodshed, to save the people from further slaughter and the civilization of the world from anarchy and ruin."

The Don Quixote of the Peace Movement.

THE feelings with which the American press and our public men viewed this remarkable expedition during the weeks it was gathering itself together varied through nearly the whole gamut of emotion. The dominant feeling seems to have been one of amusement, but the tones of pity, disgust, amazement and even admiration have not been wanting. Judge Alton B. Parker publicly stigmatized Mr. Ford as a mountebank and a clown. Colonel Roosevelt declared that the affair is saved from being mischievous only by being so ridiculous, but he regards it as none the less a most discreditable thing for this country. The *Charleston News and Courier* considers it an insult to the brave men who are dying in the trenches for the sake of ideals more precious to them than their lives—most sublime spectacle of sacrifice in all recorded history—and it cries, "for heaven's sake let us have done with this sort of idiotic and mortifying nonsense." The *Chicago Evening Post* finds one consoling fact in the venture and that is that the peace-at-any-price movement must be weakened by such a ridiculous spectacle. The *Los Angeles Times* adopts a different tone

"Sometimes," it remarks, "it takes a fool to point the way, he is the only one to dare," and, after all, "the Peace Ship party is a bunch of more enlightened fools than the warring nations when all is said and done." The N. Y. *Independent* finds the expedition "quixotic in every sense of the word," but it reminds us that the immortal Knight of the Rueful Countenance is not only a ludicrous figure, but "at the heart of his absurdities there burns a clear flame of deep spiritual conviction." The Madison, Wis., *Journal* sees in the expedition "a dramatic episode that overrides all the ridicule that can be heaped upon it, all the question of insincerity that may be imposed upon it by those who would subtract from its significance and its worth if they could." From Mr. Ford's own city comes a note of distinct humiliation, all the more sharp because he is seen as a type of the American people. Says the Detroit *Free Press*:

"Mr. Ford's indefinite and vague way of going about his peace campaign, his happy, childlike confidence in the efficacy of money to overcome all difficulties, his failure to make even rudimentary plans for carrying out his ideas, his neglect to learn how the people he intends to deal with may feel about his schemes, all these are but exemplifications of the lack of foresight and common-sense method which constantly crop out in our internal and international affairs, in congress and in the executive department. We project undertakings without knowing that they can be brought to a conclusion, and as in the case of the Panama Canal we indulge in the peans of victory before we have



UP IN THE CLOUDS

—Kirby in N. Y. World

achieved the victory. We 'talk turkey' to European powers who show lack of consideration for our rights, and then we find we have no means for making good what we have threatened."

It is not Mr. Ford's purpose to make peace. He will assemble it.
—Boston Traveler.

What makes war, Mr. Ford, is that everybody wants peace—on his own terms.—Springfield Republican.

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S PEACE PARLEYS WITH THE PRESIDENT AND POPE

PRINCE VON BÜLOW is not coming to Washington to see President Wilson. He is not going to Madrid to see King Alfonso. He has not talked peace with the General of the Jesuits. He is in Switzerland doing what he can to redeem himself in the eyes of Emperor William, who is furious with the former Imperial Chancellor. Having been completely baffled in Rome through the genius of Sir Rennell Rodd, Prince von Bülow rushed to Berlin to lay his plan for peace before his sovereign. The doors of the palace were closed to him. Thereupon von Bülow sent a long

report to Herr von Jagow at the Wilhelmstrasse. It had to do with a peace project of some seriousness, we learn from the Paris *Figaro*. Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg was told to see his predecessor in office and did so; but Emperor William remained inexorable. There was nothing to do but return to Switzerland in disgrace, which the former Chancellor did, and there for weeks past he has been striving to regain prestige by effecting the peace his Majesty at Potsdam desires so eagerly. These activities of von Bülow's, say nearly all the organs of the allies, explain the mysterious rumors of peace for weeks past. They might have been taken more seriously at first but for the failure of an attempt to enlist the services of President Wilson. The failure is ascribed in the Vienna *Reichspost* to Mr. Wilson's respect for stolen documents. Whenever Count von Bernstorff is within measurable distance of achieving a hit with the American executive, we read, the English go to Mr. Wilson with a document stolen from some one on the high seas and held in reserve for an emergency of this kind.

Germany Fails with Mr. Wilson Again.

WHATEVER be the explanation of the failure of the Wilhelmstrasse to enlist Mr. Wilson in its peace crusade, the fact remains, according to the press of the allies, that the effort was made. The aim of Count von Bernstorff, to summarize much that has ap-



THE AGE OF CHIVALRY

—Donahy in Cleveland Plain Dealer

peared in the London *Spectator*, the Paris *Temps*, and the Rome *Tribuna*, was to maneuver Mr. Wilson into threatening the allies with an embargo on munitions if they rejected "reasonable" peace terms. Those terms have been made fairly familiar in Europe—surrender by Germany of all Belgium except Antwerp, cession of Alsace and Lorraine to France, erection of Poland into a buffer state. Mr. Wilson knew perfectly well in advance that the allies would reject the German terms. He declined to have anything to do with a peace movement that would be interpreted by one combination of powers as an unfriendly demonstration and must doom itself to failure in advance. Nor were the allies impressed by the hints of an American embargo on munitions. They would retaliate by depriving the United States of all its trade with the world—Asia included. This they can do through their command of the seas. From every point of view, then, Emperor William, through the conventional diplomatic channels, invited Mr. Wilson to place himself in an untenable position. The Washingtonian end of this rainbow of peace, therefore, no longer lures Berlin, as the Paris *Figaro* confidently affirms. The Wilhelmstrasse does not even care how many indiscretions may characterize the conduct of Count von Bernstorff now, so disgusted, our French contemporary thinks, is the whole German official attitude to Mr. Wilson.

Prince von Bülow Sees a Prospect for Peace.

NOTHING could have suited the purpose of Prince von Bülow better, we read in the French dailies, than the discomfiture of Count von Bernstorff in Washington. To von Bülow, it seems, Bernstorff is the merest dilettante, just as, to von Bülow, William II. is a second-rate tragic actor. The former Chancellor kept all his irons in the fire, foreseeing the fiasco with Wilson. Von Bülow then effected overnight his great stroke, described in the London *Standard* as the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope. The idea has never until now been what the Germans call "real." It has become a vital factor on the continent of Europe within the past few weeks, our British contemporary learns. The Vatican is thought to be enlisted without reserve. One French cardinal is said in the London *Telegraph* to have been greatly embarrassed by the insistence of the appeal to him from Rome. The Austrian and Bavarian ecclesiastics were more disposed to work for the cause, but in England Cardinal Bourne is said to have been unable to pledge himself to the new Vatican policy, whatever that policy may be. Finding his own name involved in the rumors, the General of the Jesuits, Father Ledochowski, for the second time dissociated himself from the von Bülow movement. He has not even talked about peace with the Prince.

How the Vatican Might Gain by Peace Now.

ALTHO Emperor William has not quite forgiven Prince von Bülow his failure in Rome, the former Chancellor's peace plan proved so timely that, if we are to believe the London *Standard*, he is well on the way to his old place in his sovereign's esteem. The Prince puts the matter plausibly. There are Roman Catholics in France and Italy, in England and in Ireland, whose sympathy, if alienated from the cause of their own country, would be important to Berlin. The new Ger-

man Empire—von Bülow is an imperialist—is to include Poland and Belgium. The support of the Vatican would lead the faithful in those countries to accept the yoke submissively. Support of the Roman Catholics in Spain and America and other neutral lands is important. Germany is thus in the position of appealing to the Roman Catholics of the world to rally to the cause of peace by offering a restoration of the temporal power. Obviously, observes the London daily, a papal state can be formed only by a territorial mutilation of Italy. She can escape that by a separate peace now, and Prince von Bülow is said to have communicated the news to Premier Salandra in Rome.

The German Press on the Papal Peace Plan.

WHILE Emperor William is not committed personally to the von Bülow plan regarding the Pope, it is deemed significant by the press of the allies that German newspapers under official inspiration have taken the matter up with energy. A striking unanimity is discerned in the tone and tendency of these favorable comments, which make much of the awkwardness of the situation in letting the Pope be cut off from those belligerents with whom Italy is at war and of the necessity of preventing any repetition of any such misfortune. To quote, for example, the Munich *Allgemeine Rundschau*:

"The Pope's supreme authority and his divine mission to direct and to rule the whole church make it necessary that he should enjoy in full security absolute freedom and



WHISPERING

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

sovereign independence. It will be realized that the Pope's present position is intolerable when it is remembered that the diplomatic representatives of the countries at war with Italy, who were duly accredited to the Vatican, have been obliged to leave Rome. Was their departure due to any action on the part of the Italian government? No, on the contrary, we must admit that the Italian authorities made every effort to enable the ministers of Prussia and Austria and Bavaria at the Vatican to remain in Rome. They left because facts were stronger than the government of Italy. Their departure was necessary for their personal safety and to preserve their dignity, and also because their continued presence in Rome would have occasioned difficulties and embarrassments to the Vatican. We need not emphasize the danger to their own persons. The excesses of the mob at Milan are sufficiently well known to make any elaboration of this point superfluous.

"With regard to their dignity, the demand that their communications with their own governments should be transmitted by sea through the English Channel to Holland and thence to Berlin, Munich and Vienna, and that the Vatican should give a guarantee that such communications contained no information of military value, was in itself sufficient to make their continued stay in Rome impossible. This stipulation was unacceptable, being incompatible with the dignity of diplomatic envoys, who have a right to communicate with their governments freely and without alien supervision. It would have been equally an indignity inflicted on those diplomatic envoys if they had been obliged to beg the Vatican to forward their confidential reports to their governments. Moreover, the Vatican's responsibility might have led to endless difficulties and disagreeable complications between the Pope and

Italy. The Pope feels in equal degree the suffering of all his children. It is therefore a source of intense sorrow to him that at a time like the present he is isolated from part of his flock because they belong to countries against which Italy is waging war. The Pope, who can now maintain diplomatic relations with the representatives of only one of the rival groups of powers, cannot hear the views of all sides, and it is difficult for him to gain knowledge of facts to form an important judgment on the international situation. The international character of the Pope's suzerainty is thus greatly restricted and he is deprived of the means of fulfilling his universal mission."

Pope Benedict and the Peace Plan.

BENEDICT XV. has not modified in the least his original attitude to peace, according to the French dailies. His Holiness let it be known with authority that the question of the temporal power is not involved with that of peace. The two subjects are quite separate and distinct in his mind. If peace can be secured by relegating the temporal power to the background indefinitely, the Pope will consent. Nor must it be inferred that newspapers, however friendly to the Holy See, are speaking with the Pope's sanction when they discuss the diplomatic aspect of the peace agitation. So much seems clear from comment in the *Paris Gaulois* and other dailies presumed to feel sympathetically the difficulties of the Vatican's position. Apart from the Pope himself, however, says the *London Standard*, there are exalted ecclesiastics in Rome and elsewhere whose leanings towards the Emperor William and Francis Joseph are notorious. Berlin is using them as instruments of German policy. Already many of the Roman Catholic faithful in neutral lands have been misled by these German reports, avers the British organ. The clerical dailies of Europe, however, agree that the Pope is bound by the nature of his office to strive unceasingly for peace, be the consequences to himself what they may. The Vatican has not lost hope of bringing the war to an end this very year, perhaps by the spring. His Holiness is reported to have said that to Cardinal Hartmann, Archbishop of Cologne, when he was in Rome for the consistory. The Cardinal went from the Vatican to Berlin, where he had an interview with the Imperial Chancellor on the subject, it is said, of the project to restore the Pope's temporal power. The consistory at the Vatican, bringing so many cardinals to Rome, must be held responsible, the *Paris Figaro* thinks, for the somewhat extravagant stories of the month connecting the Pope with the latest of the peace plans:

"The German public is beginning to understand the real character of the war. It dreamed first of a brilliant and prompt victory. Later, on two or three occasions, after the occupation of Warsaw, for instance, it hoped to be able to treat separately with one of the allies. At that time it passed through the most trying disillusion. Since then its masters allowed it to cherish the illusion of an honorable peace, sustained as that illusion was by the dramatic stroke in the Balkans.

"To-day the German public is facing reality. The period of discussions on the subject of peace has closed. The war assumes its real character. It is war to the death, an effort without limit until proposals of peace come to us from exhausted Germany.

"Such is the new situation. No one is fighting to secure this or that particular advantage, to possess these securities



GONE!

—Powers in N. Y. American

or those in the future. The war is now waging in order that Germany, as a result of the condition in which defeat will leave her, shall for a long time indeed be incapable of spreading disaster and ruin throughout the world."



"THEY'RE MAKING A JOKE OF ME"

—Stanley in South Bend Tribune

Is Germany Really Anxious for Peace?

MEANWHILE, the government in Berlin pursues what to the *Manchester Guardian* is a double game — on the one hand official denial of any desire for peace on the part of the rulers, and, on the other hand, permission for almost anything to appear in the newspapers, either for or against peace, especially when the charge is made that the allies and not the central powers are responsible for the continuation of the war. The exceedingly well-informed *London Chronicle*, in closest touch with certain radical elements in the British government, outlines what it regards as the only possible peace terms.

Germany says the allies do not know they are beaten. And the allies agree. This is worth noting as the first point of agreement.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Belgium will be restored to complete independence, with an indemnity paid by Germany adequate to the rebuilding of her ruined cities and villages, the revival of her destroyed industries, and full compensation for her disabled and her dead.

"France will receive Alsace and Lorraine, and indemnity for all damage done in the present conquered provinces. But also a natural and defensive boundary. The natural boundary which would render their attack for ever unrepeatable, alike upon Belgium and upon France, is the boundary of the Rhine.

"Denmark shall receive Schleswig, which is purely Danish. German, Austrian, and Russian Poland shall be united under the Tsar, or a King appointed by him; and thus the revival of a martyr nation (like Ireland in the West) would reveal to the world that ideals are more powerful than material things, for ideals of nations may sleep, but never die.

"Italy would receive Trentino and the whole of Italy Irredenta. The Turkish Empire would be torn to fragments, and Armenia, Syria, Palestine, Mesopotamia and Thrace divided amongst those who would develop and revive these once fair places now desolated under alien rule. The Turks would generally be penned up in Central Anatolia, where they would be compelled to learn work instead of massacre. And that great flood of infamy which swarmed into Europe, destroyed great nations, welled up to the walls of Vienna, and caused in five centuries ruin, misery and desolation unfathomable, will have come to an end forever.

"Serbia will be restored, with a heavy indemnity from Austria and Hungary to repair the vast damage done. She will receive Bosnia and Herzegovina, full, adequate access to the Adriatic, and all of Austria that is Serb; and her lamentation to-day will to-morrow be turned into rejoicing.

"A united Rumania, a united Greece, is possible if these nations can rise to the height of their opportunity.

"The German fleet should be surrendered, and either sunk or divided up amongst the Allies. All Zeppelins or Zeppelin hangars should be burned. They have proved useless in warfare, and merely machines for killing unarmed women and children. The German colonies, worthless in themselves, must remain as trophies for the nations who have conquered them—South Africa, India, Australia, New Zealand, France and Japan.

"On some such basis European peace might be secured. The terms may seem unduly favorable to Germany; but no German would be left ruled by or subjected to another race; and no other race would be ruled by a German."

Now if we had the Balkans in this country we might solve the entire problem by making them all into a nice national park.—*Chicago Herald*.

WHY THE ALLIES DEEM THE LATEST GERMAN CAMPAIGN A FIASCO

A SERIOUS difference among the military advisers of Emperor William has resulted from the German rush through the Balkans, according to the well-informed *Manchester Guardian*, a paper which does not by any means make light of the embarrassments of the allies. The exalted magnates of the great general staff in Berlin, as the British daily would have us believe, do not quite trust the Turks. The men about Enver Pasha assure him that Turkey has saved the German Empire from a crash; but strategists of renown on the general staff fear the Sultan has led Emperor William into a reckless adventure. General von Falkenhayn is one of

these pessimists. General von Mackensen is not. The debate grew sufficiently animated to check for a time the development of the German conception in the Balkans. Meanwhile the War Office in London resolved to cling to the Gallipoli peninsula for the time being. Lord Kitchener's idea has been from the start that the Germans rushed south because the Sultan was threatening to make terms with the enemy. He has been provided with funds and food, but the crisis must repeat itself, as the press of the allies expounds the topic. Germany, notes the *Manchester paper*, has failed to obtain a decision on two frontiers. She turned to the south to hasten

the solution. "The explanation is that the Germans wish to establish yet a third bastion." Belgium was the first. Poland was the next. Bulgaria and Turkey are to be the third.

Germany's Enlargement of the Iron Ring Around Her.

FOR the moment Emperor William is in the hands of the military clique which thinks Turkey the key to sound German strategy. The news is contained in the *Gaulois* (Paris), in closest touch with military opinion, and it finds confirmation in the London dailies, which tell us that Germany aims to create a great middle empire or confederation stretching right across Europe and to the Persian Gulf. If they can hold what they have got from Belgium in the north to, say, Courland in the east, and retain Constantinople, the Germans feel that they have the war in the hollow of the Kaiser's hand. Germany is shielded by this arrangement at every vital point. The *Manchester Guardian* endorses the conception. It is strategically perfect. "Belgium protects Essen and Westphalia, the heart of Germany, in a state of war. Poland protects eastern Prussia. Turkey and the Balkans protect Austria, the weakest flank of all." Berlin is now preparing a campaign of Turkish troops against the British in the East. These troops will be commanded by the Kaiser's ablest leaders. There will be a rush against the allied troops on the Gallipoli peninsula. The problems of the general staff now have to do with the troops for these eastern adventures.

Berlin Commanders Uneasy Regarding the East.

NO GERMAN troops can be spared for the coming dash to the East, if the Paris papers are to be trusted. Falkenhayn is of that opinion, says the *Temps*. Emperor William is said to be captivated by the eastern idea. He has been told that the German troops must await a rush by Joffre and a forward march by Russky and Alexeieff. The Crown Prince is said to be of the same opinion. Emperor William has been brought to see that for the next two months at least he must be satisfied with Turkish expeditions against the allies in the East. There is a report in Berlin that Joffre is soon to press the Germans hard, for the French feel that in artillery they are now superior to the enemy. While Joffre is pushing the Germans, or at least testing the strength of their lines along most of its length, the British and French combined will try conclusions afresh in the direction of Constantinople. To Kitchener, as the London experts view this detail, the problem is something more than the salvation of Serbia or the retention of Gallipoli. The entire German position in the south of Europe must be turned and the line rolled up, even if there be a halt in the North. Such is the outcome of the "new unity" arrived at by Kitchener in the allied command.

Confidence of the Allies in Their New "Conception."

SUMMING up the immediate future from the standpoint of the military experts of the allies, it would seem that they will extricate the Serbian army, hold Salonica and part of Gallipoli and defend Egypt. This last item is serious, for the month's despatches indicate the approach of Turkish forces, with a consequent crisis at Cairo. The situation in that capital became

so delicate that the English are said to have felt aggrieved by some comments on it on the part of the American Agent and Consul-General. There is not the least anxiety in London regarding the loyalty of the Egyptian masses, we learn from the English press generally; but the pashas and effendis are in some instances disposed to return to the system which Lord Cromer destroyed. They are given an exaggerated importance, says the *London Standard*, by the activity of German



PICKING UP THE SHELLS ON THE SEASHORE

—Powers in N. Y. *American*

press agents, who have filled the world with ideas of the great success Germany has won in recent weeks in the Balkans and in the adjacent regions of Africa and Asia. The truth, it says, is quite the reverse of this. Indeed, it adds, the whole German attack upon Serbia has a political as well as a military object. "The failures of the Austro-German armies in East and West made it imperatively necessary for the central European allies to do something to impress the wavering or neutral Balkan states, and the energetic attack upon Serbia was undertaken to determine, if possible, the attitude of Greece and Rumania." The moral effect of the dash was greatly enhanced by the organization of a press service which, the London daily fears, has given the neutral world a totally erroneous impression of the results achieved. It has been made to appear that things have been going Germany's way when, as a matter of exact fact, there has been a check in the stream of invasion and the attack itself is weakening. The *Manchester Guardian* is equally positive:

"The defeat of the Serbian army and the occupation of the Orient line from Belgrade to the Bulgarian frontier is in itself a very doubtful gain, and hardly worth the cost

of acquiring and maintaining it. The test of this German adventure is twofold: (1) What effect it will have on the Balkan Powers who are still neutral, and (2) what the Turks are able to do in consequence of the supplies of munitions which they will now receive from Germany. The first test involves political considerations which are outside the scope of these columns. With regard to the second test, it may be laid down that if we are able to maintain our hold on Seddil Bahr in the Gallipoli Peninsula and to defend the line of the Suez Canal this winter against the Turkish attacks the German adventure in the Balkans will not have justified itself."

**Why Germany May Turn
from South to North.**

GERMANS must not be deceived by Balkan Asiatic mirages into forgetfulness of the truth that "the door of the Teutonic world turns upon hinges that are attached to England," to quote the *Rheinisch-Westphälische Zeitung*; "that the German Empire will be free only when the North Sea is free; that Germany is not situated on the Dardanelles or the Persian Gulf, and that it is a fallacy to suppose that German economic life can be in any way supported by Balkan and Bagdad railways. No warning, notes the military expert of the *London Times*, in commenting upon this, could be more explicit that the West and the North Sea are the decisive theaters in German eyes. They should be so in the eyes of the English. "Victory will go to the side which correctly appreciates this fact." The German advance in the Balkans was a splendid stroke of politics and is not without its strategical advantages. The Germans seek men, copper, and cotton in their eastward point, and they hope to intimidate hesitating neutrals into passivity. Nevertheless, the great general staff in Berlin knows very well that at a moment when the supplies of men are dwindling and no decision has been reached on any one of the three principal fronts, it is bad strategy to detach armies into distant deserts and to leave the main armies in France and Russia and on the Isonzo by so much incapable of bringing about a decision in German favor:

"For us to open a great offensive campaign in the Balkans, especially at this season of the year, when we should lose 50 per cent. of our strength by sickness and exposure, would prove unprofitable strategy. Germany at this moment practically controls about a million German, Austrian, Bulgarian, and Turkish troops in the Balkan theater, while the actions of Greece and Rumania remain uncertain. The position of our enemy is altogether superior to ours, and it would require an immense expenditure of time, men, and money to change it to our advantage. On the other hand, most of these people in the Balkans only become hostile to us when we stir them up, invade, or threaten to coerce them. It is not probable that any of them will desire to march far outside their own countries under German banners, and we can safely trust to time and to the natural and mutual antagonism of these races to prevent an offensive combination against us and our allies.

"After all, the world will not fall because the Kaiser reaches Constantinople, where he has *de facto* reigned for so many years. In the new campaign which will open when the Germans cross the Bosphorus we have every advantage on sea and land, and it is long odds on our success."

**Parallel Drawn Between the Present
European War and Our Civil War.**

IT SEEMS certain to the *London News* that Emperor William has not got what he played for in his rust through the Balkans. The effect of the depletion of his

main fronts in the North is already evident. In the West there is almost complete German loss of initiative, a point which also greatly impresses the *London Spectator*. In the East the German position is no better than it is now in the West. Everywhere the Russians are showing a tendency to attack. There may be no evidence of a Russian effort on the grand scale, but the nibbling process is incessant. Behind Russky and Ivanoff are General January and General February. The expert of the *London News* tells us:

"The course of the war may in some measure be paralleled by the case of the American Civil War. If that struggle could have been brought to a swift decision the South would have won. Their superiority in generalship and impetus at the beginning was overwhelming. From Bull's Run until the defeat at Gettysburg Lee's armies had a succession of dazzling victories, and had he won at Gettysburg he would probably have won the war. He himself, if I remember aright, expressed that view at the same time that he said that he would have won the battle if Stonewall Jackson, who had been killed in the hour of victory at Chancellorsville, had been by his side.

"But he lost, and thenceforward the superior potentialities of the North began to tell. In a war of exhaustion the South had no chance, and, as in the present case, it was the superiority of the North at sea that largely turned the scale. Lancashire starved to give the North the victory. The blockade of the southern ports deprived the South of their trade in cotton with Lancashire and of their power of supplying their elementary needs. Lee's campaign against Grant in the Wilderness was one of the greatest achievements in the records of generalship, but he was a beaten man all the time. He was a beaten man because the South had no trade, and therefore no money and no means of competing with the great resources of the North. He failed because in spite of his victories he did not bring Lincoln to the point of surrender in the first two years. He failed, in fact, because the war, by being prolonged, was decided, not by military but by economic forces.

"It may be said that there is no parity between the resources of the Central Powers and those of the Southern States. In magnitude, of course, there is not; but relatively there is. Moreover, great as the resources of the



THE EXALTED BOOTBLACK

—Ireland in *Columbus Evening Dispatch*

Central Powers are, they have been spent with unexampled extravagance in order to force an early issue. And that expenditure has certainly not achieved anything comparable with the success which the South had up to Gettysburg.

Desperate straits: The Dardanelles.—*Washington Post*.

But one can't help wondering how King Constantine and Queen Sophia talk to each other when there is nobody around to listen.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

But the essential point of comparison is this, that, like the South, Germany has to face a war of exhaustion with the whole of the resources of the external world closed to her and open to her enemies."

The Germans appear to be winning everywhere except in the United States courts.—*Columbus Evening Dispatch*.

King George is able to be out again, but Cousin Wilhelm has sent no congratulations.—*South Bend Tribune*.

HOW GERMANY VIEWS THE CHAOS AT THE COURT OF THE RUSSIAN CZAR

NICHOLAS II. did not have the courage to face the Duma at the critical moment in that long and tense ministerial crisis which persists in Petrograd. That explains the latest postponement of a gathering which, as the German dailies view the matter, must in time render revolutionary Russia articulate. Nicholas II. is still suffering from the effects of the shock he sustained when the Grand Duke Nicholas was detected in an obscure dynastic intrigue, notes the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*. The aged Goremykin, we are also told, was made Chancellor of the Empire—a post in abeyance for years—as a mark of his sovereign's gratitude in exposing the plots of the Grand Duke. That hero of last year's retreats was, at last accounts, in the Caucasus, receiving reports from his trusted followers in Petrograd, where despatch after despatch tells first of the retirement of a Minister of Education and then of the disgrace of the head of the holy synod. The compilation of a Russian "Who's Who" from the German press would yield a new list of great functionaries from month to month if not from week to week. Polivanoff is no sooner heralded as Premier than he disappears from view in favor of Kokovtsoff. The great Krivoshein, after emerging as potential premier in despatches, has gone into retirement and disgrace. All is confusion, rumor, conspiracy, the morning's despatches contradicting those of yesterday.

Nicholas II. Striving to Organize a Government.

OFFICIAL as seemed the announcement that foreign minister Sazonoff was to go, the statesman himself contradicts it. This means that Constantinople remains the center of the Czar's war policy, according to most German dailies. The departure of Sazonoff was sought by the agents of both France and Great Britain because they hold him responsible for the dire Balkan collapse. Russia must have Constantinople. This is the Sazonoff gospel, explains the *Kreuz-Zeitung*. Bulgaria sees in Sazonoff and his school, the Germans surmise, the supreme enemy. Sazonoff is the incarnation of those things Russian of which Greece and Rumania live in dread. London and Paris came to the conclusion that Balkan diplomacy would go Germany's way while Sazonoff lasted. He was dismissed. The news was heralded in leading German dailies as a fact of the greatest moment. In forty-eight hours came the contradiction. A tempest of much the same kind raged in the press of Europe around Krivoshein, who could not outlive it. Mr. Bark had to be kept because the allies see in him a pillar of finance. Ignatieff is procurator of the Holy Synod apparently and Polivanoff may still be secretary of war; but, be the names what they may, reaction has triumphed.

Fury of the Factions at the Russian Court.

FOR some weeks to come, in the opinion of the newspapers of Vienna and Berlin, despatches from Petrograd will be busy with the names of statesmen in or out of the confidence of Nicholas II. The factions are evenly balanced, says the *Fremdenblatt* (Vienna), and the mind of the Czar vacillates. Triumph for either side can not be determined until the last possible moment. Personal relations are so strained that at a cabinet council Goremykin will ignore the very existence of Sazonoff, while Bark, such is his antipathy to Polivanoff, refuses to attend until the Czar sends him a personal command. During the suspension of Sazonoff from his duties at the foreign office—an episode which remains in profound obscurity—his assistant, Councillor Neratoff, was summoned to Tsarskoe Selo by the Czar. An agitated conference was in progress with Ambassador Buchanan and Ambassador Carloti, the former British, the latter from Rome. These diplomatists had just presented the request of their governments for the dismissal of Sazonoff. He was accused of alienating Rumania and Bulgaria by his official declarations regarding the fate of Constantinople. He had even gone behind the back of Sir Edward Grey to send repudiations of the agreements arrived at with Athens and Bucharest in the name of the quadruple entente. The Italian government was greatly irritated by this development, according to the *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin). Ambassador Carloti was instructed to ignore Sazonoff and to go straight to the Czar with a protest so peremptory that a crisis came into being. Nicholas II. seems to have seen that the Constantinople policy was too rigid. He agreed to a modification of the Russian attitude.

Extraordinary Change of Attitude by the Czar.

WHILE the western powers were striving to overthrow Sazonoff, he exploded a bomb beneath their feet. The religious party at court, with which he is so closely affiliated, according to the Vienna *Reichspost*, accused him of betraying holy Russia to the heretic by yielding Constantinople. Sazonoff denied this, pointing out that the pressure from London and Paris caused all the trouble. By the time this aspect of the crisis was clear, the Czar had sacrificed the foreign minister and Ambassador Buchanan reported a victory to London. Nicholas II. at the same time decided to make General Polivanoff Premier, and to embark upon a policy of military repression at home as a means of allaying the storm he foresaw. The grand ducal clique which stands for the idea of holy Russia now got access to the Czar. What he was told remains a theme of conjecture; but Nicholas II. did not hesitate to undo

the work of the previous night. The dynastic crisis of which much is said in the Austrian press, a crisis involving the disgraced Grand Duke Nicholas, was one consequence of this split in the allied camp. Nicholas II. found that if he gave up Constantinople he would give up his crown, if we are to believe some impressions in the German papers. Mr. Sazonoff came back to Tsarskoe Selo, saw the Czar, went to the foreign office in Petrograd, took command afresh, and gave to the newspapers another of his characteristically spiritualized impressions of the struggle in Europe. Thus:

"I am still contending for the line of action which those who understand the Orient have generally recognized as efficacious. It may be that Germany, measuring others by herself, has entertained some hope that the eastern question might be made to militate against the complete accord of the allies. If Germany did count on this, she has made another gross mistake. We are not Germans, but three great Christian nations pledged to uphold the sanctity of international obligations. German policy is something that is incompatible with Christian ethics. We are grappling with a power which threatens to overturn the whole fabric of civilization as developed by the world of Christendom."

Russia Refuses to Concede a Point to France and England.

IN THE light of the long crisis at the court of Nicholas II., German dailies assert that Russia has refused to act with her allies in the matter of Constantinople. That is the explanation of the Balkan fiasco of Sir Edward Grey, says the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*. If, adds the *Neueste Nachrichten* (Munich), there is really to be a great cabinet change in Russia, the event is of far more moment than was the change of ministers in France. "M. Briand and Sir Edward Grey have exchanged the usual assurances about unshakable endurance, and these assurances are to be taken seriously." But the men who began the war in the western nations will not be the men who are to end it, says the Munich daily. "The crises in the governments of our enemies vary outwardly and will perhaps be still more different in their results. They have one thing only in common. They arise from the uncertainty and uneasiness about the course which events have taken and they will continue to spread even more uncertainty and uneasiness in the countries of our enemies." The difference between the political crisis in Russia and that in France, says the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, is one between radicalism and reaction. It cites the retirement of Krivoshein, one of the few Russian statesmen whose work is modern and progressive. His agrarian legislation added to the number of peasant land-owners. He identified himself with the policy of freedom and he was efficient, incorruptible and judicious. He goes because those qualities do not save an official when conspiracy and panic fill the political atmosphere. Krivoshein goes not on account of his health, but because he will not work with the dictatorship that terrorizes Russia in the name of Czar Nicholas.

Are France and England Hiding the Truth About Russia?

IMPORTANT as are the events in Petrograd, not a word of news concerning them is permitted to appear in the press of Paris or London, observes the *Kölnische Zeitung*. There are misleading comments upon the military campaign, it agrees, but of the political crisis one finds little. Neither is there any comment in the

London dailies, it adds, to indicate that the Czar is on the brink of something that may be the abyss. One might think the people and the Czar were in perfect harmony. Neither, it notes, do the newspapers of the allies favor their readers with hints respecting the dispute among them on the subject of Constantinople. That dispute is only in abeyance in the opinion of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. It feels confident that the factions about Nicholas II. have arrived at a truce only. They are combined upon one point—the necessity of putting off as long as possible a gathering of the Duma. That body is determined to have a voice in the formation of the ministry that must in the end emerge from the present deadlock. Krivoshein being shelved for the time being, the deputies might urge their President, Rodsjanko. His appointment as Premier would unite most of the parties in the Duma, or so the German daily just named believes. Then there is Kokovtsoff, whose name is transliterated in so many ways. No German daily doubts his capacity, seemingly. As for Polivanoff, his mere mention, this observer thinks, for such a distinction proves what a mockery of mankind is embodied in the proposition that Russia, beside France and England, is fighting for democracy! "Each nation," retorts the *London Post*, however, "fights for its own ideal. The Russian, the French and the English ideals differ each from the other." And the *London Telegraph* has observations which are quotable because they are typical of comment in organs of the allies:

"Slowly we are beginning to understand something of Russia's soul. The unswerving loyalty, for which in this country we are so thankful, is only the outward and visible sign of a lofty national temperament, grave, serious, dignified, and almost pathetically simple. We are not speaking, of course, of bureaucratic and official Russia, nor of the social aristocratic circles which move round the court. They have all behaved splendidly in this war, and, indeed, the unity of the Empire in a common enterprise is one of the most marvelous portents of our time."



THE BACKSLIDER

—Starrett in N. Y. Trib.

YUAN-SHI-KAI AND THE REVOLUTIONARY STORM IN CHINA

IF Yuan-Shi-Kai had not succumbed so completely to his German advisers, according to some organs of the allies in Europe, he would not now be converting China from a republic into a monarchy. The Cantonese is assumed to mask his true purpose behind a suggestion that the little boy who was put off the throne some years ago shall be invited to resume it. This is but a masquerade of the kind Yuan so loves, insists the Berlin *Vossische*, a daily which finds much to wonder at in the allegations of the Paris *Temps* that Germany has made Yuan a pawn in her own diplomatic game. The whole spirit of German diplomacy in the far East is one of discord, according to the Liberal organs of the British Isles. The Wilhelmstrasse is perfectly well aware that the net result of Yuan's plan must be a revolutionary storm in China compared with which the French upheaval at the close of the eighteenth century will seem child's play. For the moment, admits the London *Chronicle*, Yuan may succeed in his contemplated stroke of state. There will ensue a reaction. The storm will break over the land at an inopportune moment for the western world. All intellectual China is against the change. There is nothing save the inordinate egoism of the great Cantonese to account for a step so full of peril for the peace of the world. However, notes the Manchester *Guardian*, Yuan is not too fond of his German friends to listen to the advice of the allies. He may be misrepresented by recent despatches.

American Responsibility for Yuan's Imperialism.

GERMAN interpretations of the difficulties of China lay stress upon the responsibility of American college professors for the troubles in Peking. Summarizing some observations at different times in such organs as the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, the *Kreuz-Zeitung* and their contemporaries, it would seem that "President" Yuan is urged to become an Emperor by a clique of educators from the United States who represent themselves as master politicians in their own country. These educators do not carry the slightest weight politically in the United States, we read, but Yuan has been taught that America is ruled by college presidents and he lives in awe of their wisdom. If they tell him that republics are failures he believes them, and they have been telling him precisely that. The masses of the Chinese have been deluged with literature bearing the signature of an American college president or two, the sum and substance of which is that a monarchy is preferable to a republic. This is exploited by Yuan's agents throughout the provinces as proof that Americans generally do not believe in the republican form of government. This carries enormous weight in a land taught to regard America as its one disinterested friend among the western powers. It is this influence from America that is destroying the republican idea in China, avers an organ of German Socialism. Berlin does not have to exert itself, even if it wished.

What Might Happen if Yuan-Shi-Kai Died.

BUT one of the thirteen sons of Yuan-Shi-Kai was borne by his legal wife, observes the London *Post*, and this complicates the question of the succession. A Nav

few years ago the eldest son of Yuan had a fall from his horse and has been partially paralyzed ever since. Yuan-Ko-Ting, as he is called, is an invalid. He has been liberally educated, indeed, and he reads and speaks a number of languages. His influence in the army is considerable and he cultivates official personages with a view to his own imperial future. The situation is such that the elevation of Yuan to the throne would provoke an era of palace intrigues more prejudicial to the peace of the land than were the machinations of the Empress Dowager in the bad old days of Kwang-Hsi. In a word, as this observer thinks, what the world is to witness is the elimination of a military dictator for the sake of his reappearance in the capacity of imperial autocrat. The monarchical movement, apart from the alien support it receives through the disquisitions of American college professors, has nothing behind it but the army, or rather the military party. The members of this party, we read further, are brutal and ignorant for the most part. The contemplated transformation from a republic to an empire can but change the present unsatisfactory condition of affairs for the worse and in no long time work in the direction of turbulence if not civil war.

How Yuan Has Triumphed Over Chinese Liberalism.

WHETHER the republic in China has been overthrown by American college professors or German diplomatists, the fact remains that it seems moribund, at least to the press of Europe. Before the war broke out, adds the London *Post*, supported in this by the Paris *Temps*, no native newspaper in China would have made itself a partisan of monarchy in place of the republic, even in its experimental stage. "A few unfortunate nonentities, who petitioned Yuan-Shi-Kai in favor of the restoration of monarchy, were severely punished for their effrontery." Less than two years ago, the President, in the presence of the members of the Senate and the House of Representatives, of the diplomatic corps, and of other distinguished persons, solemnly swore that he would "most sincerely obey the constitution and discharge the duties of President." More than once since has he given private assurances of his honest republicanism. No sooner had he fallen into the hands of the college professors from the United States than he began the destruction of the parliament which elected him President. Next he had a constitution drafted that immensely enlarged his own powers. The nomination of his successor was turned over to Yuan as well. In the end he was exercising sacerdotal functions, taking good care to saturate the native mind with the monarchical ideas of American college professors.

The "Turn-Over" from Republic to Monarchy in China.

WHETHER the college professors from this country were responsible for the creation of the machinery which destroyed the Chinese republic does not appear, but there is a striking suggestion in Yuan-Shi-Kai's device of the American electoral college, observes the London *Outlook*. The popular vote, it tells us, was arrived at on strictly constitutional lines. Under what

is known in Peking as the constitutional compact, matters of this nature must be referred to the citizens. Hence, during recent weeks, a vast organized electoral movement decreed by Yuan has been in progress all over China. It was arranged in the first place by districts and then by provinces. The districts chose representatives to meet in a provincial center. The franchise was exercised by "the more solid elements of the community"—it amounted to a restricted constituency from which the democratic principle had been eliminated. In this fashion was procured that "popular vote" of which so much is made in the despatches. Yuan, thus, "yielding to the prayers of the nation" is preparing for the immense change in his personal rank. Peking sends out the rosiest stories of the ease with which the modification of the government was effected, ignoring the certainty, as appears from French dailies, that disorder must ensue in consequence. Indeed, the facts on the subject of China's internal condition while this political metamorphosis proceeded are either themes of dispute or subjects ignored. One well-informed view of the crisis, that of Dr. Carson Chang, London correspondent of an important Peking daily, is thus set forth in the *London Chronicle*:

"It is a vice of European thinking about Asiatic countries to be ever seeking for the 'strong man.' There is a cynical belief that political constitutions are not suited to the 'Asiatic' or 'Eastern' temperament—Japan is, of course, exempted from this vague and absurd classification—and that, barring some sort of tutelage to one of the Great Powers, the only satisfactory form of Government for them is some kind of personal despotism.

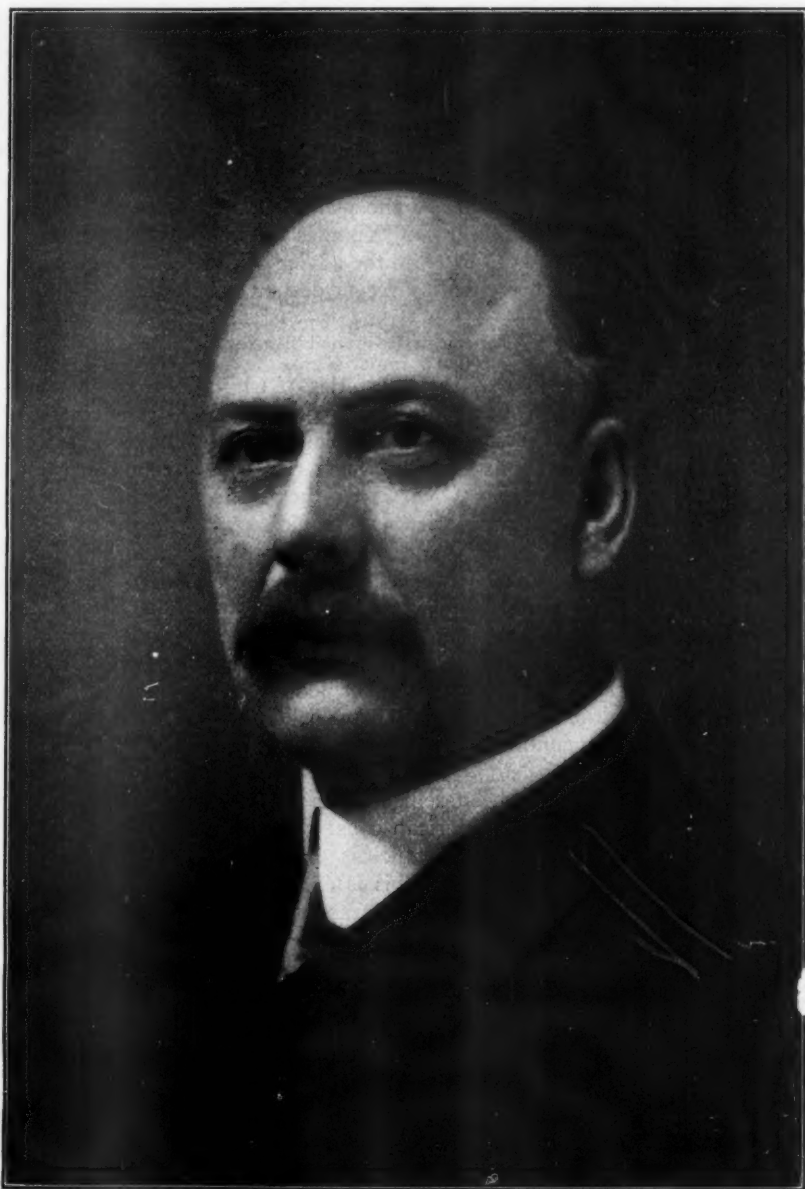
"It is perhaps a cynical point of view; one that gives the lie to the Liberal and democratic profession of the West; but these are cynical and realistic times, and it is easy to understand why it is held. We cannot expect the foreigner to be very sympathetic about China's political health. What he wants, first, last, and all the time, is quietude in the country. 'Law and order' is his watchword, and he turns a hard eye on any ideals that are likely to interfere, if he is a business man, with the easy inflowing of profits, and, if he is a diplomat, with the smooth and easy intercourse that a personal régime alone and the undisturbed status quo can furnish.

"Most intellectual Chinese will agree that law and order are the prime necessities in China. They will agree that China is not yet ripe for full Parliamentary constitutions, that progress must be necessarily gradual, that everywhere throughout the Empire there should be a strong executive. On the other hand they insist that nothing shall be done that will have the effect of arresting the neutral development of the country or of plunging it once more into confusion. And the greatest danger in their opinion

that is now threatening China is the unchecked personal megalomania of Yuan-Shi-Kai.

"Western opinion is under a complete illusion regarding Yuan-Shi-Kai. He is not 'China's strong man.' Neither is he 'China's only statesman.' The real truth about him can be put simply. He is consumed with ambition, and devotes all his undoubted talents to the sole purpose of his own personal aggrandizement."

Yuan-Shi-Kai himself professes complete indifference to the threats of the younger element in the monarchy that is to come. Neither is he disconcerted by the attitude of the ancient literati, who feel that if the republic is to go the legitimate dynasty ought to return. Yuan's real concern, according to the French papers, has reference to the Juntas springing into life on Japanese soil. The Tokyo government is said to be allowing the refugees from China a latitude which portends a situation of a grave character. Dr. Iyenaya, of New York, declares, however, that Japan's only purpose is to keep that part of the world from political disorder.



BACKED BY NEW ENGLAND FOR PRESIDENT

This "favorite son" of Massachusetts for the Republican Party nomination is Senator John W. Weeks, financier, protective tariff advocate, conservationist and father of the law to protect migratory and insectivorous birds.

PERSONS IN THE FOREGROUND

SENATOR WEEKS—THE NEW ENGLAND STOCK-BROKER WHOSE FRIENDS HOPE TO MAKE HIM PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

MASSACHUSETTS is playing up a "favorite son" for the Republican Party to nominate for President of the United States. He is John Wingate Weeks, who became United States Senator from the old Bay State in 1913, after four terms of service in the lower house of Congress. Some time ago the N. Y. *Sun* took occasion to predict that the New England States will go to the Republican National Convention of 1916 ready to vote in a body for Weeks. And *Collier's Weekly*, inclined to keep a sharp Democratic lookout, finds the Weeks candidacy "the most aggressive" of all that have been launched so far on the Republican side. Senator Weeks recently made a trip to the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco, and, by invitation, scattered speeches on the way out and back. Editorial impressions from those who heard him are calculated to swell his boom-crest in the East. They picture him as the sturdy New England type of business man fitted to cope with tendencies toward "over-regulation" of business by the government. They portray him as especially qualified on "preparedness"—the issue of national defense. Moreover, in Massachusetts it is pointed out that the November elections resulted in a significant Republican victory. Ex-Congressman McCall, whom Weeks defeated for the United States Senatorship three years ago, was safely elected governor, and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge comes out strong for the presidential nomination of his colleague Weeks, for whom he bespeaks all New England's support.

Senator Weeks is 55 years of age, about ten years younger than Senator Cummins of Iowa and Senator Burton of Ohio. Of other Republican Senators prominent in the pre-convention game, Sherman of Illinois is 57, Borah of Idaho is 50. The Massachusetts Senator stands 6 feet 1 inch tall and weighs about 275 pounds. A rugged vigor of physical strength marks his presence, heightened perhaps among his senatorial competitors when they are reminded of his muscular prowess in student days. As a cadet at the Naval Academy, it is said by a N. Y.

Sun sketch writer, Weeks "could put up a 112-pound dumbbell with his right hand and then kneeling on one leg could lift an 87-pound dumbbell with his left hand and slowly put it over his head." Another feat consisted in heaving 199 pounds, the weight of a barrel of flour, in the air, then lowering it to his shoulders and then raising it again, arm high. "By the standards of modern measurements Senator Weeks was unquestionably one of the strongest men in the United States at that time."

The feat which seems to have attracted most attention in Washington, however, was performed when Mr. Weeks became chairman of the House Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads in the 61st Congress. He brought in the complicated bill involving annual appropriations of over 200 million dollars, and defended it completely against alteration in the House. The bill also received the unusual compliment of passage by the Senate without amendment.

Senator Weeks comes of authenticated pioneer ancestry in New England, dating from 1650, when Leonard Weeks came from Old England to New Hampshire. John Wingate Weeks first saw the light on a farm in Lancaster. At 13 his farm labor included sap-carrying in the maple sugar bush. At 16 he was teaching district school.

Then came an unexpected New Hampshire vacancy at the Naval Academy in Annapolis; he was admitted and was duly graduated in 1881. Classmates persist, in spite of discredit cast on the tale by Weeks himself, in telling of an investigation in which "plebe" Weeks was asked, "Have you ever witnessed any hazing in the Academy?" "I decline to answer," was the reply. After an executive session the investigators decided to give Weeks one more chance, but he made the same reply. "Why won't you answer?" was demanded. "Because I might incriminate myself," Weeks replied. After two years as midshipman on the U. S. S. *Richmond*, he was mustered out, since in those days the navy had too few ships to provide commissions for all Academy graduates. Naturally enough, with such training

and background of experience, Senator Weeks advocates fervently a strong navy, fully equipped with trained men and kept on a fighting edge.

In the decade between 1890 and 1900 Mr. Weeks took up the next best navy exercise as a commander in the Massachusetts Naval Brigade, with the rank of Captain for six years. During the Spanish-American war, as Lieutenant-Commander, he had charge of an auxiliary emergency fleet of converted vessels, tugs, yachts, etc., for the protection of the Massachusetts coast. Membership on state military advisory and examining boards and the board of visitors to the Naval Academy recognized his intelligent interest in such matters. He also belongs to the Society of the Cincinnati, Military Order of Foreign Wars, Society of the War of 1812, Naval and Military Order of the Spanish-American war.

When the midshipman's job went out from under him, young Weeks landed in Florida, where he picked up surveying work and shortly took office as land commissioner of the Florida Southern Railway. Thence he jumped back to Boston to take the opportunity offered for partnership in the brokerage firm which became Hornblower and Weeks, with branches in most of the chief cities of the United States. He became a vice-president of the influential First National Bank of Boston, representing a large ownership of stock by his firm. His banking and business career in Boston, beginning in 1888, was identified with numerous large industrial and railroad enterprises. He retired from all these connections upon his election to the U. S. Senate twenty-five years later. We would not accuse him of being a reactionary, said *Business America*, New York, "but we are pretty sure he is a conservative; it isn't likely that any rash tariff legislation or any other rash legislation will receive Mr. Week's support." The same paper added:

"We suspect that the parcel post did not make quite as much progress when he was chairman of the House Post Office committee as it has since. But Mr. Weeks has ability and public spirit. He did much

to make the Post Office more business-like and efficient. . . . He is a fine type of the practical, conservative business man and he has served his country in more ways than one."

The political career of Senator Weeks began as Alderman in Newton, a residential suburb of Boston, in 1900. Three years later he was advanced to the office of Mayor, which he held two years. He was chairman of the Republican State Convention in 1905, the year of his first election to Congress. His outstanding activities during eight years in the House of Representatives included an important part in shaping the Aldrich-Vreeland Currency bill. He was a member of the Conference Committee on that bill. He was a member of the Monetary Commission. As chairman of the Post Office committee he was influential in establishing postal savings banks. As a member of the Republican minority in the Senate of the last Congress he opposed the chief administration measures, but he is credited with aiding in the establishment of the Federal Reserve Bank system.

Under the title, "What I Would Advocate as President," Senator Weeks outlines in *Leslie's Weekly* what is called his "program for the restoration of prosperity." He is confident that if it were not for the European war we would be in a state of great industrial depression. Against a flood of goods and cheap labor when the war closes a higher protective tariff, possibly higher than the Payne-Aldrich bill, will be necessary. The present tariff has to his mind completely demonstrated its incapacity as a revenue producer, and it is not in any sense a protective measure. The war, he thinks, has also demonstrated the necessity of building up and maintaining a merchant marine. He would also modify the spirit and temper of our policies relating to government control over business. The restric-

tions should be made more specific, so that business men would know what was lawful and would not be subject to the whim or dictum of bureau officers charged with the administration of the law.

Senator Weeks is not a showy speaker, according to the *Washington Times*; but he is clear and frank. He is convincing and positive, impressing hearers with his thoro knowledge of the subject with which he is dealing. His energy, industry, executive ability and sincerity are conceded by political opponents. He is friendly without being a "good fellow," a worker, a builder, a thinker, a doer, as *The Fra* of East Aurora sees him. "The popular route to the White House," says *The Fra*, is "via the office of public prosecution. Why not via the office of Public Defender? Defamation has had its day. Let's build!" On the other hand, while affirming that in the official record there is nothing to Senator Weeks' discredit, *Collier's Weekly* asserts that prejudice is sufficiently widespread to make it impossible for a stock-broker by occupation to be elected President. "The political intelligence which fails to take account of this fact is not easy to understand." But listen to the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*:

"John Wingate Weeks, junior senator from Massachusetts, impressed his strong personality upon this section of the coast during his recent visit. He is a fine type of the business man in politics—the business man who entered politics via the front door, who has full faith in the integrity and patriotism of the business world in general and who would see no continued estrangement between the Government and business, but mutual helpfulness and confidence, and unselfish co-operation to conserve and promote the material interests of this great country.

"His convictions, sincerely entertained and courageously expressed, are not reactionary, but truly progressive, and his statesmanship is all the broader and more

inspiring because practical and possessing the dominant quality of common sense."

Senator Weeks is a club man, with membership in the University, Middlesex, Brae Burn Country, Newton, Republican, Metropolitan, Chevy Chase and Army and Navy (Washington) clubs. But his splendid country house is his special pride, crowning Mount Prospect at Lancaster, N. H., his native place. His wife and two children make it their summer home. There, too, he has constructed a tower for public view of the surrounding country.

"Someone came all the way up to my summer home last summer with the avowed purpose of finding out about my 'lighter side,'" said Senator Weeks recently. "Well, he dug around for a long time, and discovered that I arose early, and went to bed early, and that as a boy I walked many miles to school, just like every country boy, and that, eventually, I taught school; but I guess that was about all he could find. I felt sorry for him, but I couldn't help him a bit myself. I told him that perhaps I was like one of two men named White who were constantly getting each other's mail. One of them was named Norman White, and the other John White. One morning John called at the post office and was given Norman's mail. 'Here, this isn't mine,' he exclaimed, thrusting the mail back under the wicket. 'This is for Norman White. I'm just the normal White.' I guess that's the trouble with me—I'm just normal White."

"Senator Weeks has never yet chased a vagary," observed Victor Murdock of Kansas. He might have added that vagaries have seldom chased Senator Weeks—that is, not successfully. But this does not mean that Senator Weeks is drab or austere. On the contrary, he has a perpetual twinkle in his eye, and when he tells you that nothing really funny ever happened to him in his life, well—you don't exactly believe him.

FOREIGN MINISTER SAZONOFF: THE DIPLOMATIC SCAPEGOAT OF THE ALLIES

A CHARACTER sketch of Sir Edward Grey from a German standpoint is curiously like the personal impressions of Foreign Minister Sazonoff which emanate from Balkan dailies under the Bulgarian Ferdinand's influence. Sazonoff is made out the Mephistopheles of the hour, his long tenure of office in Petrograd being due to the strange spell he casts upon Nicholas II. The bond between the Russian ruler and the Russian foreign minister, if the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna is to guide us, has its basis

in the mysticism of their natures. Sazonoff engages all the soothsayers, spiritists, magicians, who come and go in endless procession between Tsarsko Selo and the Winter Palace. Schlopoff, the prophet, Damtschinsky, the reader of the stars, Philip, who raised the dead—they are all discovered in the first place by Minister Sazonoff, whose profound insight into Balkan problems is equaled only by his mysticism.

Mr. Sazonoff lost prestige sorely, we are asked to infer, when the monk Rasputin was packed off to Siberia;

but then, as our Vienna daily tells us, everything that goes wrong at the court of Nicholas II. is Mr. Sazonoff's fault. The English and the French have just discovered that he alone is to blame for the Balkan fiascos of recent weeks, and Ambassador Buchanan has been told by Sir Edward Grey to make the Czar see this. The air has been full of rumors of Mr. Sazonoff's fall; but the German dailies assure us that he still holds on.

Nobody could look more like Don Quixote as Doré depicts him than the unfortunate Mr. Sazonoff, avers Count

Paul Vassili, who was long behind the scenes at the Russian court and who supplies the press of the central powers with their material upon an unusual subject. Meekness, timidity, politeness, a nervous manner, a long nose in a short countenance and an aspect of general fatigue form the leading items in a catalog of the general Sazonoff effect. He does not look the great part he has had to play and the Berlin *Vossische* explains his survival by a feminine obstinacy that is the making of him. He propitiates, he defers, he can not say the rude word; but there is not in him a trace of charm. Never has he contradicted a living man, even in a despatch. His words contain little to be seized upon as a definite statement and here the style reflects the man. It has been said of Mr. Sazonoff that he fears the east wind because it might blow away his frail form, and the remark suggests the attitude of official Petrograd to this diplomatist. He is never taken seriously. In America he would be called a "joke." The foreign office under him has become a laughingstock, and Russians themselves have echoed that German assertion. He is the burlesque Hamlet, and when crises grow threatening he prays. He makes a fetch of peace, of which he is a Slav apostle. His countenance equips him for the part of a comic actor and his diplomacy is one long farce.

Now these are German and Austrian impressions; but they find confirmation in much that Russians themselves have said. He is affirmed in the court circle to owe his appointment to Mr. Stolypin, whose wife was his sister-in-law. The whole career of Mr. Sazonoff has been built upon the affection he inspires in his sisters, his cousins and his aunts, who like his horror of war. His long tenure of his post is due to the facility with which he handles the members of the diplomatic corps in Petrograd. They, too, says the Berlin daily, laugh at him behind his back, ridicule his mysticism and jest at the way he shakes hands with everybody he meets. Nobody could be a more enthusiastic advocate of temperance than Sazonoff, either, and he hailed the Czar's crusade against vodka as a direct reply to his own appeals to heaven. If he had his way, every intoxicant would be banished even from the diplomatic dinners, which he is always giving, his home being the most hospitable in Russia,

altho the war has greatly reduced his once large household. The ladies of the Sazonoff family are nursing in the hospitals. Flowers no longer come daily to his desk at the foreign office, an institution which he is said to rule not



IS HE FOREIGN MINISTER?

One morning the European newspapers tell us that Mr. Sazonoff has been dismissed as chief of the chancellery in Petrograd and the next morning there comes an official denial, followed by the rumored resignation of the distinguished diplomatist, which alleged resignation is reported recalled, whereupon Sir Edward Grey is said to refuse all negotiations with Mr. Sazonoff until he learns whether he holds office or not.

with the iron hand of an Isvolsky but with the velvet glove that is so peculiarly his own. He is accused of carrying timidity to such an extent that he is afraid of his own subordinates. He never scolds them.

People believe Sazonoff. His worst enemy in Russia concedes that. He never seems to know what is going on in the foreign office. This ignorance extends to the workings of the whole bureaucracy and there can be no doubt that if a mobilization took place on a certain fatal July day he was kept in ignorance of it. This is due to his indiscretion, a trait ascribed to him not in the German and Austrian press alone but in the personal impressions of writers in Petrograd who are taken seriously in London newspapers. "It is not possible to imagine that this small, anxious and fidgety little man can do anything else but speak the truth. There is no guile in him and he has the frankness of a person who has never sinned, even in intention." Cleverness is no trait of his. He never in

his life made an epigram. No one has accused him of brilliance. There are times when he wears a grotesqueness of aspect, due to the contrast between the splendors and the powers among which he moves and the insignificance reflected by him as an atmosphere of his personality. On the other hand he is earnest, sincere, dull, in the honest, simple fashion of a nature eager to lay all the cards on the table, to reveal himself for what he is.

This peculiar genuineness, together with the blankness of his personality in general, has been the making of Mr. Sazonoff in a court where vacuity is so strong a recommendation. There is old Goremykin, for instance, cited by the *Vossische* as the ideal Premier from the Czar's standpoint, for the reason that he is nothing, says nothing and does nothing. It is difficult to be more of a nullity than Goremykin, we read; but Sazonoff actually comes near it! That makes the foreign minister such an ideal scapegoat. It bewilders our German contemporary to find that a creature so poor in talent as Sazonoff can be guilty of such sublime blunders as are charged to him. He brought on the war, to begin with, because he would encourage the Servians. He lured the English into Gallipoli peninsula against their own judgment. He caused the defection of the Bulgarian Ferdinand. He was responsible for the premature march of the Grand Duke Nicholas into Prussia. In a word, there must be somebody at the court of the Russian Czar to submit to the scoldings, the reproaches, the ridicule and the disgrace entailed by the monumental blunders of bureaucrats, diplomatists, Grand Dukes, chiefs of staff. In that capacity, Mr. Sazonoff is ideal. His voice is very low, very soft. He is so small physically that almost anybody can stand right over him and shake a finger down at him, while he listens with one hand in his trousers' pocket and the other at his lip, as if he were imploring the mercy of reticence. When you are quite through he has tea brought in, or, if the hour be late, asks you to dine.

Those who miss the essence of Sazonoff's character, according to a writer in London *Truth*, deem him a sycophant, trading upon the Czar's well-known dislike of men who, by their greatness or brilliance, eclipse him. This is altogether wrong, it seems. Sazonoff has risen from relatively poor

circumstances, as the Russian rural aristocracy goes, by persistence. He has a real reverence for his sovereign, unlike Bülow, for example, who is accused of deeming William II. a puffed-up mediocrity. His religious faith is genuine, like everything about him, and, with true Russian piety, Sazonoff bends his head when he passes an icon, even in his own home. He is credited with dread of the power of the Roman Catholic Church and to have hailed with delight for that reason the election of Poincaré to the French presidency. Poincaré is supposed to be almost a freethinker, and this fact perturbed the Czar greatly. His Majesty will not tolerate, even in the diplomatic corps as representative of the remotest South American republic, a man who says there is no God. In the end M. Poincaré had to go on a state visit to Russia and there explain himself to Sazonoff,

who in turn explained M. Poincaré to the Czar. The President said he accepted Christianity with reverent humility. The information was conveyed to the sovereign and his consort at the palace by a courier from the foreign office, and the President duly dined with their Majesties. The misunderstanding was cleared up by the usual discovery that it was all M. Sazonoff's fault! A book could be filled with the troubles for which he is thus responsible.

In the Duma Mr. Sazonoff speaks easily and in a voice that reaches to every part of the house, which, like the French chamber of deputies, has a "tribune." His language reveals how carefully he was trained in the Russian language. Never, says a correspondent of the Paris *Temps*, does he use an idiom borrowed from a foreign tongue. His intimacy with Russian literature as well as the Russian language seems clear if

there be any truth in the story that the Grand Duke Constantine asked Mr. Sazonoff to go over his passion play as well as his renderings of some of the plays of Shakespeare. Sazonoff, indeed, is in closer touch with the literary and mystical cliques at the Russian court than either Mr. Bark, the financier, or Mr. Krivoshein, who seems hopelessly compromised by his lack of spirituality. No statesman, however brilliant or successful, can find a way to the favor of Nicholas II. unless his life and thought be spiritualized; and, viewed from this standpoint, as the German dailies tell us, the efforts of the French ambassador and the British ambassador in Petrograd combined to destroy Mr. Sazonoff officially may prove futile, altho there will be unanimous assent to the proposition that, if things have gone wrong, the fault is all his.

BRATIANU, MOST ELEGANT OF BALKAN DICTATORS, AND RADOSLAVOFF, HIS FOIL

OF ALL the dictators in the Balkans, John Bratianu, whose word is law in Rumania, wins most admiration from the European dailies, as they strive somewhat vainly to elucidate his complex nature. His supreme gift, avers the Rome *Tribuna*, is knowledge of human nature. Dissemble as one may, his lambent dark eye reads the soul to its very depths. Even the aged and profound Basil Radoslavoff, the bewhiskered premier of Bulgaria, is a child beside Bratianu when it comes to knowledge of the Balkan heart. Were Bratianu only to hint at his own retirement to private life, all Rumania, confesses Doctor E. J. Dillon, no friendly critic of the man, would be in a panic. "If he declared war against Austria to-morrow," to quote the Balkan expert in *The Contemporary Review*, "every literate Rumanian and many of the illiterates would acclaim his decision enthusiastically." Vainly does Take Jonescu, leader of the opposition to Bratianu, fume and talk. Mr. Bratianu is a seizer of psychological moments, a taker of opportunities, one whose business in life is to be the man of the hour. His success, as hinted already, is based upon that instinctive perception of the traits of his fellow creatures which is the gift of men of genius alone. Mr. Bratianu would have succeeded in anything—literature, theology, medicine, what you will. Nothing could be more cultivated than his mind.

His father before him was a statesman, eminent and respected, says Doctor Dillon, who knows his subject well. Young John imbibed the atmosphere

of Balkan politics with his mother's milk. His youthful entry upon the political stage was made glorious by the paternal halo, since extinguished in the brighter effulgence of the son's glory. In early manhood he revealed conversational as well as oratorical gifts, sweetness of temper, persuasiveness, above all an intense human sympathy. Mr. Bratianu may manifest little attachments to principle as such, but he grasps that of an adversary. He can always see your problem.

He never had to work hard or to discipline himself in any school of bitter experience. His social antecedents opened the most exclusive doors to him. He professed what is known in Rumania as "liberal" ideas, which worked out in desperate efforts to extinguish old King Carol, who was too true a Hohenzollern to understand that Mr. Bratianu ought to have his own way in everything. King Carol passed from the scene and John Bratianu became dictator in the land, quietly, easily, naturally. He has not alone the gift of assuming authority, whether it be his or not, but he knows how to use it after he has assumed it, and that is unusual in the Balkans. Many statesmen think Bratianu ought to be deprived of this dictatorial power of his; but nobody seems to know how to do it. He has but to appeal to the country to find a majority of his partisans in the chamber again, all of whom he manages with the greatest politeness, the most genial humor, the most careless ease.

Mr. Bratianu has a long line of very illustrious ancestors, who began to be heard of first in the fourteenth cen-

tury as Christian captives during the Moslem wars. Nor is it fair to rate him as a being to whom nothing matters much. He has an acute sense of personal responsibility and an integrity so high that not once has his name been involved in the oil scandals that darken the political atmosphere of his own country or the commercial scandals that mark out Bulgaria as a paradise of the exploiter. Altho not rich, the Rumanian Premier has a comfortable private fortune and need fear nothing from those ugly rumors in the capital concerning persons in high places there who have fallen under the spell of gold from London or Berlin. His tendency to put off until to-morrow whatever he can do to-day reflects the hedonism of his temperament, even to the somewhat critical Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*.

Precisely as the term "venerable" is proper in characterizing Premier Radoslavoff of Bulgaria, "elegant" is the word for Premier Bratianu of Rumania. It is not the French elegance of Deschanel, as our Austrian contemporary views it, nor the Prussian elegance of Mackensen, and it lacks the Oriental flavor of the elegance of that distinguished Ottoman Greek, Mr. Skoulidis, who speaks English with a perfection wanting to Bratianu. Nevertheless, Bratianu is of the twentieth century, as Radoslavoff, with his long white beard and patriarchal democracy of manner, is of the nineteenth. Bratianu does not sit at a desk all day receiving visitors, like Radoslavoff, nor does he work from morning until the night is far advanced. Bratianu arrives at the ministry in an

automobile, trips jauntily up the steps in coat fashionably cut, swinging a cane. There is about him no such rusticity of deportment as makes Radoslavoff so impressive when he thrusts his enormous beard aside to talk through the telephone. Bratianu leaves details to his secretaries, lights a cigaret and lets it go out, runs an eye over the newspaper while a visitor talks and is up and off to the palace or the barracks in a twinkling. He has caught the tone and temper of the court completely, a Hohenzollern court at which etiquette is strict and modernism is the note.

There is a sensitiveness in John Bratianu on the score of culture. It is more than a veneer in him, as the *Gaulois* admits. The exalted functionaries in Bucharest read the latest books, look at pictures intelligently and enjoy the opera. This is the key to Bratianu's attitude to life. He has had the benefit of much travel about Europe and he has studied men with care. He is said in the French press to refer to the Bulgarian Tsar as "that brigand," but this is denied in Berlin. He is an immense admirer of the technical schools of the Germans, and has tried to set some of them up in Rumania. He has the tact to profess admiration for the verses of Carmen Sylva and, notwithstanding his political despotism at home, he has escaped any such personal issue with his sovereign as strains the relations of Venizelos with Constantine at Athens. This personal success has been possible because the qualities of the man are social. They can be interpreted from another point of view as insincerity, the charge brought against Mr. Bratianu by the Bulgars, who have had their clashes with him. "Grandfather" Radoslavoff is said to deem Bratianu "slippery"; but the Premier in Sofia is a stern judge of his country's rivals and Mr. Bratianu has had quarrels with him of an official kind on the subject of territorial concessions. When these become involved, the press of Bulgaria will hold Mr. Bratianu up to execration in studies of his duplicity, and his tendency to set opponents by the ears through innuendo when he has them apart from the rest. The Bulgars are rural and homely in the English sense of the word, whereas the Rumanians are polished, citified, sophisticated. The types are finely represented by Radoslavoff on the one hand and Bratianu on the other. They can scarcely

agree or manifest even a mutual comprehension.

Only Nicholas of Montenegro in all the Balkans has a talent as press agent at all comparable with that of John Bratianu, if we may believe *As Est*

derstand, for some of his pessimistic impressions of Mr. Bratianu. Moreover, when Mr. Radoslavoff wants anything concealed for the sake of peace in the Balkans, it seems to occur to Mr. Bratianu to have that very detail leak out from Bucharest.

There is an impression in the organs of Bulgaria—a land of democratic manners—that John Bratianu gives himself too many grand airs and Basil Radoslavoff inclines occasionally to the same view. The men are as the poles asunder, Radoslavoff living in a tiny house at Sofia while Bratianu keeps a motor car in Bucharest and maintains his family on a grand scale. Radoslavoff is at his desk at eight in the morning, while the elegant Bratianu breakfasts in the French manner off coffee and rolls at nine. Mr. Bratianu is too social in his habits to snatch a hasty luncheon in the middle of his working day, like the Bulgarian Premier, nor does he go through the streets of his capital afoot followed by a group of unfashionable persons, as even the great General Savoff does in Sofia. The truth is that Mr. Bratianu is wholly Europeanized in a western sense, shocking even the Montenegrin court with his views of the emancipation of women and playing tennis when he has a chance. That game is rather despised by men in the Balkans because women can defeat soldiers at it. Mr. Bratianu does not hesitate to enjoy it with members of the diplomatic corps and the court circle, a point of which much is made in So-



EVERYBODY'S GRANDFATHER

Basil Radoslavoff is just that in Bulgaria, where his patriarchal attitude to the very humblest has made him in effect the head of one vast family made up of all the voters there are on the national register.

(Budapest). The Rumanian statesman has all the great newspapers of Europe at his elbow and, while not a brilliant linguist in conversation, he can read a number of idioms and dialects. He seems ever to have what the French call a "good press," by the simple process of seeing that journalists of importance get "tips." Bucharest, thanks to Bratianu, has become a center from which proceed streams of despatches in all directions. The Premier's method is said to be the careful accumulation of details respecting any intrigue that may be afoot in Balkan capitals. These he keeps to himself until the arrival of that psychological moment which he knows so well how to seize. At last the sensation is sprung and it never fails to be prodigious. The indignation of Premier Radoslavoff as these bombs are exploded under his feet accounts, we un-

derstand, for some of his pessimistic impressions of Mr. Bratianu. Moreover, when Mr. Radoslavoff wants anything concealed for the sake of peace in the Balkans, it seems to occur to Mr. Bratianu to have that very detail leak out from Bucharest. There is an impression in the organs of Bulgaria—a land of democratic manners—that John Bratianu gives himself too many grand airs and Basil Radoslavoff inclines occasionally to the same view. The men are as the poles asunder, Radoslavoff living in a tiny house at Sofia while Bratianu keeps a motor car in Bucharest and maintains his family on a grand scale. Radoslavoff is at his desk at eight in the morning, while the elegant Bratianu breakfasts in the French manner off coffee and rolls at nine. Mr. Bratianu is too social in his habits to snatch a hasty luncheon in the middle of his working day, like the Bulgarian Premier, nor does he go through the streets of his capital afoot followed by a group of unfashionable persons, as even the great General Savoff does in Sofia. The truth is that Mr. Bratianu is wholly Europeanized in a western sense, shocking even the Montenegrin court with his views of the emancipation of women and playing tennis when he has a chance. That game is rather despised by men in the Balkans because women can defeat soldiers at it. Mr. Bratianu does not hesitate to enjoy it with members of the diplomatic corps and the court circle, a point of which much is made in So-



MUSIC AND DRAMA



"HOBSON'S CHOICE"—A COMEDY OF BOOTMAKING AND LOVE-MAKING IN LANCASHIRE

THE COMEDY by Harold Brighouse of the bootmaking business in Salford, which is a town adjoining Manchester, is, according to the critic of the New York *American*, "the best comedy of English life produced for years." Its merits are solid, if not brilliant, in the opinion of the conservative *Evening Post*. "They include fresh, vital and humorous characterization, a human story, and homely humor." "The author has succeeded," in the words of Heywood Brown of the New York *Tribune*, "in putting breath and blood into all twelve characters around whom he builds his story. . . . Dramatically the play suffers a trifle from its fidelity to life. It is interesting and humorous always, but its best moment of drama, its thrill point, is at the end of the first act. That is the way of life. Truth may be stranger than fiction, but it is a poorer writer of scenarios."

Mr. Brighouse, who is apparently one of the clever school of Manchester dramatists whose art has been developed through association with Miss Horniman's Gaiety Theater company, places the scene of his comedy in Salford, during the years of 1879 and 1880. In a note in the program of the Comedy Theater, where his play is now being produced under the direction of Messrs. Shubert (to whom we are indebted for the following excerpts), Mr. Brighouse explains some of the characteristics of the Lancashire town and its inhabitants:

"Salford, altho technically a separate boro from Manchester, is actually so close to and encroaches so much upon the latter that the two places merge into one big city. It is, however, much less prosperous than its more celebrated neighbor, and its inhabitants partake more of the typical Lancashire characteristics of blunt self-assertion, rough colloquial speech, and pride in the deliberate exercise of worldly wisdom."

We are introduced, in the first act, to the bootshop of Henry Horatio Hobson in Chapel Street, presided over by Mr. Hobson's three daughters—Maggie, no less than thirty years old, Alice, who is twenty-three, and Vicky, who is but twenty-one. The business in "Hobson's" is prosperous, but "to prosper on Salford . . . you did not require the elaborate accessories of a

latter day." In the center of the shop there is a trap-door leading to the cellar, where the bootmakers, old "Tubby" Wadlow and young Will Mossop and their apprentices, are working. Alice, we learn, is in love with Albert Prosser, a young attorney. Vicky, or Victoria, is in love with Freddy Beensstock, son of a well-to-do family of Salford. But Maggie, the brains of the shop and of the family, has come to a realization that matrimonial chances are slipping from her. Old Hobson is a tyrant in home and in shop. He would like to marry off his two younger daughters, but he is hopeless for Maggie—who is, to tell the truth, too valuable an assistant to lose. Henry Horatio Hobson, who holds the reputation of being the best "debater" and the best drinker in Moonraker's Inn, has begun to feel the "bumptiousness" of "the rebellious females of this 'ere 'ouse," and decides to assert his authority. He protests against their manner of dressing, which includes the highly fashionable bustles of the period. "I'm British middle-class. I stand for common sense and sincerity. You've overstepped nice dressing and you've tried grand dressing. You forget the majesty of trade and the unparalleled virtues of the British Constitution, which are all based on the sanity of the middle classes, combined with the diligence of the working classes." He announces that he will get a couple of husbands for them; but when Maggie pertly asks for one for herself, he replies: "If you want the brutal truth, you're not the sort of wench men marry. You'll make a proper old maid, Maggie, if ever there was one."

But Maggie takes matters into her own hands. A visit to the shop from old Mrs. Hepworth, a wealthy *grande dame* of the town, who comes to praise a pair of shoes made for her by Will Mossop, opens Maggie's eyes to the "uncut diamond" in her father's workshop. Left alone in the quaint shop, she calls Will Mossop up through the trap-door for an interview. Will is a lanky fellow, about 30, not naturally stupid but stunted mentally by a brutalized childhood. He is the raw material of a charming man, but it has required the keen eye of Maggie Hobson to detect his possibilities. Follows an interesting example of Lancashire love-making:

MAGGIE. Don't you want to get on, Will Mossop? You heard what Mrs. Hepworth said. You know the wages you get and you know the wages a bootmaker like you could get in one of the big shops in Manchester.

WILLIAM. Nay, I'd be feared to go in them fine places.

MAGGIE. What keeps you here? Is it the—the people?

WILLIAM. I dunno what it is. I'm used to being here.

MAGGIE. Do you know what keeps this business on its legs? Two things. One's the good boots you make that sell themselves; the other's the bad boots other people make and I sell. We're a pair, Will Mossop.

WILLIAM. By gum! you're a wonder in the shop, Miss Maggie.

MAGGIE. And you're a marvel in the workshop. Will?

WILLIAM. Well, what?

MAGGIE. It seems to me to point one way.

WILLIAM. What way is that?

MAGGIE. You're leaving me to do the work, my lad.

WILLIAM. I'll be getting back to my stool, Miss Maggie.

MAGGIE. (*Foot on trap.*) You'll go back when I've done with you. I've watched you for a long time and everything I've seen, I've liked. I think you'll do for me.

WILLIAM. What way, Miss Maggie?

MAGGIE. Will Mossop, you're my man. Six months I've counted on you and it's got to come out some time.

WILLIAM. Well, I never did—

MAGGIE. I know you never or it 'ud not be left to me to do the job like this.

WILLIAM. I'll—I'll sit down. (*He sits on stool, mopping his brow.*) I'm feeling queer like. What dost want me for?

MAGGIE. To invest in. You're a business proposition in the shape of a man.

WILLIAM. I've got no head for business.

MAGGIE. But I have. My brain and your hands 'ull make a working partnership.

WILLIAM. (*Getting up relieved.*) Partnership! Oh, that's a different thing. I thought you were axing me to wed you.

MAGGIE. I am.

WILLIAM. Well, by gum! And you the master's daughter!

MAGGIE. Maybe that's why, Will Mossop. Maybe I've had enough of father and you're as different from him as any man I know.

WILLIAM. It's a bit awkward-like.

MAGGIE. And you don't help me any, lad. What's awkward-like?

WILLIAM. You talking to me like this.

MAGGIE. I'll tell you something, Will. It's a poor sort of woman who'll stay lazy

when she sees her best chance slipping from her. A Salford life's too near the bone to lose things through the fear of speaking out.

WILLIAM. I'm your best chance?

MAGGIE. You are that, Will.

WILLIAM. Well, by gum, I never thought of this.

MAGGIE. Think of it now.

WILLIAM. I am doing. Only the blow's a bit too sudden to think very clear. I've a great respect for you, Miss Maggie. You've a shapely body, and you're a masterpiece at selling in the shop; but when it comes to marrying, I'm bound to tell you that I'm none in love with you.

MAGGIE. Wait till you're asked. I want your hand in mine and your word for it that you'll go through life with me for the best we can get out of it.

WILLIAM. We'd not get much without there's love between us, lass.

MAGGIE. I've got the love all right.

WILLIAM. Well, I've not and that's honest.

MAGGIE. We'll get along without.

WILLIAM. You're kind of set on this. It's a puzzle to me all ways. (*Looking around.*) What 'ud your father say?

MAGGIE. He'll say a lot, and he can say it. It'll make no difference to me.

WILLIAM. (*Cajoling.*) Much better not upset him. It's not worth while.

MAGGIE. I'm judge of that. You're going to wed me, Will.

WILLIAM. Oh, nay I'm not. Really I can't do that, Maggie. I can see that I'm disturbing your arrangements like, but I'll be obliged if you'll put this notion from you.

MAGGIE. When I make arrangements, my lad, they're not made for upsetting.

WILLIAM. (*Turns to her.*) What makes it so desperate awkward is that I'm tokened.

MAGGIE. You're what?

WILLIAM. I'm tokened to Ada Figgins.

MAGGIE. Then you'll get loose and quick. Who's Ada Figgins? Do I know her?

WILLIAM. I'm the lodger at her mother's.

MAGGIE. The scheming hussy. It's not that sandy girl who brings your dinner?

WILLIAM. She's golden-haired, is Ada. Ay, she'll be here soon.

MAGGIE. And so shall I. I'll take to Ada. I've seen her and I know the breed. Ada's the helpless sort.

WILLIAM. She needs protecting.

MAGGIE. Ay, how she got you, was it? Ay, I can see her clinging round your neck until you fancied you were strong. But I'll tell you this, my lad, it's a poor kind of a woman that'll look for protection to the likes of you.

WILLIAM. Ada does.

MAGGIE. And that gives me the weight of her. She's born to meekness, Ada is. You wed her and you'll be an eighteen-shilling-a-week workman all the days of your life. You'll be a slave and a contented slave.

WILLIAM. I'm not ambitious that I know of.

MAGGIE. No. But you're going to be. I'll see to that. (*Rises.*) I've got my work cut out, but there's the making of a man about you.

WILLIAM. I wish you'd leave me alone.

MAGGIE. So does fly when spider

catches him. You're my man, Willie Mossop!

WILLIAM. Ay, so you say. Ada would tell another story, tho. (*Ada Figgins enters from street. She is not ridiculous, but a weak, poor-blooded, poor-spirited girl of 20, in clogs and shawl, with Willie's dinner in a basin carried in a blue handkerchief. She goes to him and gives him the basin.*)

ADA. There's your dinner, Will.

WILLIAM. Thank you, Ada. (*She turns to go, and finds Maggie in her way.*)

MAGGIE. I want a word with you. You're treaching on my foot, young woman.

ADA. Me, Miss 'Obson? (*She looks stupidly at Maggie's feet.*)

MAGGIE. What's this twixt you and him?

ADA. (*Gushing.*) Oh, Miss 'Obson, it is good of you to take notice like that.

WILLIAM. Ada, she—

MAGGIE. You hold your hush. This is for me and her to settle. Take a fair look at him, Ada.

ADA. At Will?

MAGGIE. (*Nodding.*)

Not much there for two women to fall out over, is there?

ADA. Maybe he's not so much to look at, but you should hear him play.

MAGGIE. Play? Are you a musician, Will?

WILLIAM. I play the Jew's harp.

MAGGIE. That's what you see in him, is it? A sawney fellow that plays the Jew's harp?

ADA. I see the lad I love, Miss 'Obson.

MAGGIE. It's a funny thing, but I can say the same.

ADA. You!

WILLIAM. That's what I've been trying to tell you, Ada, and—and, by gum, she'll have me from you if you don't be careful.

MAGGIE. So we're quits so far, Ada.

ADA. You'll pardon me. You've spoke too late. Will and me is tokened.

MAGGIE. That's the past. It's the future that I'm looking to. What's your idea for that?

ADA. You mind your own business, Miss 'Obson. Will Mossop's no concern of thine.

MAGGIE. I'm asking your idea of Willie's future. If it's a likelier one than mine, I'll give you best and you can have the lad.

ADA. I'm trusting him to make the future right.

MAGGIE. Eh! It's as bad as I thought. Willie, you wed me.

ADA. It's daylight robbery.

WILLIAM. Aren't you going to put up a better fight for me than that, Ada? You're fair giving me to her.

MAGGIE. Will Mossop, you take your orders from me in this 'ere shop. I've

told you you'll wed me.

WILLIAM. Seems like there's no escape.

ADA. Wait while I get you at home, my lad. I'll set my mother on to you.

MAGGIE. Oh, so it's her mother made this match?



MAKING A HUSBAND

Out of a plodding Lancashire bootmaker. A fascinatingly feminine performance by Molly Pearson.

WILLIAM. She had above a bit to do with it.

MAGGIE. I've got no mother, Will.

WILLIAM. You need none, neither.

MAGGIE. Well, can I sell you a pair of clogs, Miss Figgins?

ADA. No. Nor nothing else.

MAGGIE. Then you've no business here, have you? (*Forward, to Ada.*) Good morning, Miss Figgins. (*Opens door.*)

If Will Mossop is not enthusiastic over the project of marrying Maggie Hobson, that energetic young woman is entirely undismayed. She announces her decision to her horrified and snobbish younger sisters. Class distinctions are sharp in Salford. And when old Hobson returns from Moonraker's "parlor," Maggie is not in the least afraid to face his wrath. The first act ends in this fashion:

MAGGIE. I'm going to marry Willie, father. That's what's causing all the fuss.

HOBSON. Marry—you—Mossop!

MAGGIE. You thought I'd never marry, father. I'm going to, that's all.

HOBSON. Didn't you hear me say I'd do the choosing when it comes to a question of husbands?

MAGGIE. You said I was not the sort to get a husband.

HOBSON. You're not. None of you are. VICKY AND ALICE. Father!

HOBSON. And if you are, it makes no matter. I'll have no husbands here.

ALICE. But you said—

HOBSON. I've changed my mind. I've learnt some things since then. There's a lot too much expected of a father now-a-days. There'll be no wedding here.

ALICE. Oh, father.

HOBSON. Go and get my dinner served and talk less. *(To Maggie.)* Go on now, go on, Maggie. I'm not in right temper to be crossed. *(He drives Alice and Vicky before him. They go out. But Maggie closes door. She looks at him from the stair.)*

MAGGIE. You and I 'ull be straight with one another, father. I'm not a fool and you're not a fool and things may as well be put in their places as left untidy.

HOBSON. I tell you my mind's made up. You can't have Willie Mossop. Why, lass, his father was a workhouse brat. A come-by-chance.

MAGGIE. It's news to me we're snobs in Salford. I settle my life's course. So think on, father.

HOBSON. I'd be the laughingstock of the place if I allowed it. I won't have it, Maggie.

MAGGIE. I'm marrying Will Mossop. And I'll tell you my terms.

HOBSON. You're in a nice position to state terms, my lass.

MAGGIE. You will pay my man the same wages as before. And as for me, I've given you the better part of my life so far without wages. I'll work eight hours a day in future and you will pay me fifteen shillings by the week.

HOBSON. Do you think I'm made of brass?

MAGGIE. You'll soon be made of less brass than you are if you let Willie go. And if Willie goes, I go. That's what you've got to face.

HOBSON. I might face it, Maggie. Shop hands are cheap.

MAGGIE. Cheap ones are cheap. I'm value to you. So's my man, and you can boast it at the "Moonraker's" that your daughter Maggie's made the strangest finest match a woman's made this fifty years. And you can put your hand in your pocket and do what I propose.

HOBSON. I'll show you what I propose, Maggie. *(He lifts trap and calls.)* Will Mossop! *(He unbuckles belt.)* I cannot leather you, my lass. You're female and exempt, but I can leather him. Come up, Will Mossop. *(Will comes up trap.)* You've taken up with my Maggie, I hear. *(He conceals strap.)*

WILLIAM. Nay, I'm not. She's done the taking up.

HOBSON. Well, Willie, either way, you've fallen on misfortune. Love's led you astray and I feel bound to put you right.

WILLIAM. Maggie, what's this?

MAGGIE. I'm watching you, my lad.

HOBSON. Mind, Willie, you can keep your job. I don't bear malice, but we must beat the love from your body, and every morning you come here to work with love still sitting in you, you'll get a leathering.

WILLIAM. You're making a great mistake, Mr. Hobson.

HOBSON. You'll put aside your weakness for my Maggie if you've a liking for a sound skin. You'll waste a gradely lot

of brass at druggists if I am at you for a week with this. *(He swings the strap.)*

WILLIAM. I'm none wanting thy Maggie. It's her that's after me; but I'll tell you this, Mr. Hobson, if you touch me with that belt, I'll take her quick, ay, and stick to her like glue.

HOBSON. There's not but one answer to that kind of talk, my lad. *(He strikes with belt.)*

WILLIAM. *(Snatching belt and throwing it at Hobson's feet.)* And I've nobbut one answer back. Maggie, I've none kissed you yet. I shirked before. But, by gum, I'll kiss you now, and take you and hold you. And if Mr. Hobson raises up that strap again, I'll do more. I'll walk straight out of shop with thee and us two 'ull set up for ourselves.

MAGGIE. Willie! I *knew* you had it in you, lad. *(She kisses him. Hobson stands in amazed indecision.)*

The wedding of Will and Maggie takes place one month later. The couple come to the little shop, accompanied by Freddy Beenstock and Albert Prosser, to get Vicky and Alice to go with them to St. Phillip's Church for the wedding. Henry Horatio Hobson is luckily out of the way. After a prolonged visit at Moonraker's, he has had the misfortune to fall in the trap-door of Beenstock's corn warehouse, where he has since been snoring soundly. Maggie decides to use this mishap to good advantage.

Will is setting himself up as a "master bootmaker" in a shop of his own in a cellar in Oldfield Road. Mrs. Hepworth has advanced the money for this. Maggie and Will intend as well to live there, and Maggie has brought a hand-cart to her father's home to gather up a few sticks of old furniture to furnish her new home. Undaunted and courageous, she goes about the preparations for her marriage.

MAGGIE. And that reminds me. You can sell me summat. There are some rings in that drawer there, Vicky.

VICKY. Brass rings?

MAGGIE. Yes. I want one. That's the size. *(She holds up her wedding-ring finger.)*

VICKY. That! Eh, but you're not taking it for a wedding-ring, surely! *(Vicky puts box of rings on counter.)*

MAGGIE. Yes, I am. Will and me aren't chucking money into gutter, but we can pay our way. There's fourpence for the ring. Gather it up, Vicky. *(Putting down money and trying on rings.)*

ALICE. Well, I don't know. Wedded with a brass ring!

MAGGIE. This one will do. It's a nice fit. Eh, Alice, you haven't entered that sale in your book. No wonder you're worried with the accounts if that's the way you see to them. *(She puts ring in her bag.)*

ALICE. I'm a bit too much astonished at you to think about accounts. *(She enters the account.)*

VICKY. Well, I'd think shame to myself to be married with a ring like that.

MAGGIE. When folks can't afford the best they have to do without.

VICKY. I'll take good care I never go without!

MAGGIE. A desirable villa residence for you, I suppose, and a houseful of new furniture.

ALICE. Haven't you furnished?

MAGGIE. We've made a start at Flat Iron Market.

ALICE. Second-hand? I'd stay single sooner than have other people's cast off sticks in my house. Where's your pride gone to, Maggie?

MAGGIE. I'm not getting wed to help furnishing trade along. I suppose you'd turn your nose up at second-hand stuff too, Vicky?

VICKY. I'd start proper or not at all.

MAGGIE. Then you'll neither of you have any objection to my clearing out the lumber-room upstairs. We brought a hand-cart round with us. *(Will takes his coat off.)* Get upstairs, Will. You know the way and I told you what to bring.

ALICE. 'Ere, wait a bit.

MAGGIE. Go along when I tell you, Will. *(He hesitates.)* Go along, my lad. *(Will goes into house.)*

ALICE. Let me tell you if you claim the furniture from your old bedroom, that it's my room now, and you'll not budge a stick of it.

MAGGIE. I said lumber-room. There's a two—three broken chairs in the attic, a sofa with the springs all gone. You'll not tell me they're of any use to you.

ALICE. Nor to you, neither.

MAGGIE. Will's handy with his fingers. They'll be secure against you come to sit on them at supper time to-night.

VICKY. And that's the way you're going to live! With cast-off furniture?

MAGGIE. Ay. In two cellars in Oldfield Road.

ALICE. *(Screaming.)* A cellar!

MAGGIE. Two of 'em, Alice. One to live and work in and the other to sleep in.

ALICE. Well, I don't know, it 'ud not suit me.

VICKY. Nor me.

MAGGIE. It suits me fine. And when me and Will are richer than the lot of you together, it'll be a gradely satisfaction to look back and think about how we were when we began. *(Will appears with two crippled chairs.)*

VICKY. 'Ere just a minute, Will.

ALICE. *(To Will.)* 'Ere, where are you going to?

VICKY. *(Examines chairs.)* Ay, these chairs are not so bad.

ALICE. They're not at all. *(Vicky and Alice each take chair.)*

MAGGIE. You can sit on one to-night, and see.

VICKY. You know, mended up, them chairs would do very well for my kitchen when I'm wed.

ALICE. Yes, or for mine.

MAGGIE. I reckon my parlor comes aftront of your kitchens, tho.

VICKY. Parlor! I thought you said you'd only one living-room.

MAGGIE. Then it might as well be called a parlor as by any other name. *(Takes chairs from girls and gives them to Will.)* 'Ere, come on now, Will, put them chairs on the hand-cart, Will *(Will goes out to street)*, and as for your kitchens, you've got none yet and if you want my plan for you to work, you'll just remember all I'm taking off you is some crippled stuff



"FATHER, DEAR, HOW CAN YOU BE BEATEN WHEN THEY WANTED £1,000 AND YOU'RE ONLY GOING TO GIVE £500?" At her own wedding-feast, Maggie, business and family manager, secures marriage portions for her two sisters, since Father Hobson can not bear the thought of publicity for his fall through drink.

that isn't yours and what I'm getting for you is marriage portions.

ALICE. What?

VICKY. Marriage portions, Maggie?

Maggie does not reveal her plan to the girls. But we soon learn that she has induced Albert Prosser, the young attorney, to draw up a suit for damages against her father for falling on the Beenstock's corn bags, in the name of the elder Beenstock, and to place a copy of the suit in the sleeping bootmaker's hand. Then she goes to be married. In the next act we see a cozy wedding-feast in the cellar in Oldfield Road. The three Hobson sisters, Will Mossop, Freddy Beenstock and Albert Prosser compose the party, all sitting on the broken-down sofa. There are speeches—Maggie has even taught Will one—there are tea and wedding-cake, and everything is cheerful and cozy. Presently Old Mr. Hobson knocks at the Mossops' door. Maggie and Will receive him alone, the rest adjourning to the other cellar.

HOBSON. I had an accident. I don't deny it. I'd been in the "Moonraker's" and I'd stayed too long. And why? Why did I stay too long? To try to forget that I'd a thankless child, to erase from the tablets of memory the recollection of your conduct. That was the cause of it. And the result, the blasting, withering result? I fell into that cellar. I slept in that cellar and I awoke to this catastrophe. Lawyers—law-costs—shame and ruin. I'm in their grip at last. I've kept away from lawyers all my life, I've hated lawyers and they've got their chance to make me bleed for it. I've dodged them, and they've caught me in the end. They'll squeeze me dry for it.

WILLIAM. By gum, and this is summat like a squeeze and all.

MAGGIE. I can see it's serious. I shouldn't wonder if you didn't lose some trade from this.

HOBSON. Wonder! It's as certain as Christmas.

WILLIAM. Do you think it will get into the paper, Maggie?

MAGGIE. Yes, for sure. You'll see your name in the *Salford Reporter*, father.

HOBSON. *Salford Reporter!* Yes, and more. When the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune overwhelms a man of my importance to the world, it isn't only the *Salford Reporter* that takes note of it. It will be recorded in the *Manchester Guardian*.

WILLIAM. Eh, by gum, think of that! To have your name appearing in the *Manchester Guardian*! Why, it's a very near worth while being mixed for sake of that.

HOBSON. It's there for others to read besides me, my lad.

WILLIAM. I didn't think of that. Ay, this 'ull give a lot of satisfaction to a many I could name. (*He is perfectly simple and has no malicious intention.*)

HOBSON. To hear you talk it sounds like a pleasure to you.

WILLIAM. (*Sincerely.*) Nay, indeed it's not. But I always think it's best to look on the worst side of things furst, then whatever chances can't be worse than you looked for. There's St. Philip's now. I don't suppose you'll go on being Vicar's warden after this to do, and it brought you a powerful lot of customers from the church, did that.

HOBSON. I'm getting a lot of comfort from your husband, Maggie.

MAGGIE. It's about what you deserve.

WILLIAM. I can keep my mouth shut if you'd rather.

HOBSON. (*Boiling.*) Don't strain yourself, Will Mossop.

WILLIAM. I'm sorry if my well-meant words don't suit your taste, but I thought you came here for advice.

HOBSON. (*Rising.*) I didn't come to you, you jumped-up cock-a-hooping—

MAGGIE. That 'ull do, father. My husband's trying to help you.

HOBSON. (*Sits. Glares impatiently for a time, then meekly says.*) Yes, Maggie.

MAGGIE. Now, about this accident of yours.

HOBSON. Yes, Maggie.

MAGGIE. It's the publicity you're afraid of most. So we must try to keep it out of court.

HOBSON. If there are lawyers in Heaven, Maggie, which I doubt, they may keep cases out of court there. On earth a lawyer's job's to squeeze a man and squeeze him where his squirming's seen the most—in court.

Albert Prosser and Mr. Beenstock, the plaintiff, are called in to effect a compromise with Mr. Hobson. But their methods of dealing with her father are not pleasing to Mrs. Maggie Mossop, who calls a halt to the proceedings.

MAGGIE. If there are any more signs of greediness from you two, there'll be a counter-action for personal damages due to your criminal carelessness in leaving your cellar-flap open.

HOBSON. Maggie, you've saved me. I'll bring that action. I'll show them up.

MAGGIE. You're not damaged, and one lawyer's quite enough. But he'll be more reasonable now. I know perfectly well what father can afford to pay and it's not a thousand pounds nor anything like a thousand pounds.

HOBSON. Not so much of your "can't afford," Maggie. You'll make me out a pauper.

MAGGIE. You can afford £500 and you're going to pay £500.

HOBSON. There's a difference between affording and paying.

MAGGIE. You can go to the courts and be reported in the papers if you like.

HOBSON. It's the principle I care about. I'm being beaten by a lawyer.

VICKY. Father, dear, how can you be beaten when they wanted a thousand pounds and you're only going to give £500?

HOBSON. I hadn't thought of that.

VICKY. It's they who are beaten.

HOBSON. I'd take a good few beatings myself at the price, Vicky. Still, I want this keeping out of court.

ALBERT. Then we can take it as settled?

HOBSON. Do you want to see the money before you believe me? Is that your nasty lawyer's way?

ALBERT. Not at all, Mr. Hobson. Your word is as good as your bond.

VICKY. It's settled! It's settled! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! (To Fred.)

HOBSON. Well, I don't see what you have to cheer about, Vicky. This is a tidy bit of money to be going out of the family.

MAGGIE. It's not going out of family, father. Their wedding-day is nearer, now there's the half of five hundred pounds apiece for them to make a start on.

HOBSON. (Rises.) You mean to tell me—

MAGGIE. You won't forget you've passed your word, will you, father?

HOBSON. I've been done. It's a plant. (Sits.)

MAGGIE. It takes two daughters off your hands at once, and clears your shop of all the fools of women that used to lumber up the place.

ALICE. It will be much easier for you without us in your way, father.

HOBSON. Ay, and you can keep out of my way and all. Do you hear that, all of you? I'll run that shop with men and—I'll show Salford how it should be run. Don't you imagine there'll be room for you when you come home crying and tired of your fine husbands. I'm rid of ye and it's a lasting riddance, mind. I'll pay this money that you've robbed me of, and that's the end of it. All of you. You especially, Maggie. I'm not blind yet, and I can see who 'tis I've got to thank for this.

MAGGIE. Don't be vicious, father.

HOBSON. Will Mossop, I'm sorry for you. Take you for all in all, you're the best of the bunch. You're a backward lad, but you know your trade and it's an honest one. (Going up the stairs.)

ALICE. So does Albert know his trade.

HOBSON. (Half way upstairs.) Ay, I'll grant you that. He knows his trade. He's good at robbery.

VICKY. It didn't worry your conscience to keep us serving in the shop at no wages.

HOBSON. I kept you, didn't I? It's someone else's job to victual you in future. Ay, you may grin, but girls don't live on air. Your penny buns 'ull cost you twice as much now—and more. Wait till the families begin to come. Don't come to me for keep, that's all.

ALICE. Father!

HOBSON. I've done with fathering, and they're beginning it. They'll know what marrying a woman means before so long.

They're putting chains upon themselves and I have thrown the shackles off. I've suffered thirty years and more and I'm a free man from to-day. Lord, what a thing you're taking on. You poor, poor wretches. You're red-nosed robbers, but you're going to pay for it. (He opens door and exits.)

After the two newly "betokened" couples have left them alone, Maggie bids Will to get his slate. She is teaching him penmanship. He brings out his slate to the lamp-lighted table, yawning sleepily at the end of this most eventful day in his life.

MAGGIE. (Reading.) "There is always room at the top" (washing it out). Your writing's improving, Will. (She sits and writes.) I'll set you a short copy for to-night, because it's getting late and we've a lot to do in the morning. "Great things grow from small." Now, then, you can copy that, and I'll let you off with half the slate to-night. (Maggie watches a moment, then goes to fireplace, and fingers the flowers.)

WILLIAM. "Great things grow from small."

MAGGIE. I'll put these flowers of Mrs. Hepworth's behind the fire, Will. We'll not want litter in the place come working time to-morrow. (She takes up basin, stops, looks at Will, who is bent over his slate, and takes a flower out, throwing the rest behind the fire and going to bedroom with the one.)

WILLIAM. (Looking up.) You're saving one.

MAGGIE. (Caught in the act of sentiment and apologetically.) I thought I'd press it in my Bible for a keepsake, Will. I'm not beyond liking to be reminded of this day. (She looks at screen and yawns.) Eh, but I'm tired. I reckon I'll leave them pots till morning. It's a slackish way of starting, but I don't get married every day.

WILLIAM. (Industrious at his slate.) No.

MAGGIE. I'm for my bed. You finish that copy before you come.

WILLIAM. Yes, Maggie. "Great things grow from small."

MAGGIE. (Off.) Will, have you nearly finished?

WILLIAM. Yes, Maggie.

MAGGIE. (Off.) Come on, then, Will.

WILLIAM. Eh, by gum! (Will copies, finishes, then rises. He looks shyly at bedroom door. Sits and takes his boots off. He rises, boots in hand, moves toward door, hesitates, and turns back, gets boots down and takes off his collar. Then hesitates again, finally makes up his mind, puts out light and lies down on sofa. In a minute Maggie opens the bedroom door. She has a candle and is in a plain calico night-dress. She comes to Will. Shines the light on him.)

MAGGIE. Come along, my lad. (Takes him by the ear, and returns with him to bedroom.)

A year passes. Alice and Vicky marry and leave their father's house and shop. "Hobson's" steadily loses trade, and is reduced mostly to making clogs for the poor folk of Salford and Manchester. Will Mossop, with

Maggie's assistance, is thriving. Mrs. Hepworth has been paid back. The curtain of the last act rises upon old Hobson's living-room, with the aged "Tubby" Wadlow trying to prepare breakfast for Mr. Hobson, who has aged greatly and is now ill. The doctor comes and tells the master boot-maker he must give up both liquor and Moonraker's. But Hobson is rebellious against his orders. Dr. Macfarlane sends "Tubby" for Mrs. Mossop. In the meantime the two younger daughters, now fashionable young matrons of the town, have come to see their father. The three daughters are informed that the old man needs a woman's care. Vicky and Alice refuse to come. The doctor, quick to size up character, prescribes Maggie.

Maggie is now all meekness and obedience. She can do nothing, she avers, without consulting her lord and master. She is not sure that he will allow her to come and live with her father, or that he will come himself. Presently Will arrives and the arrangements are discussed:

HOBSON. Now, my lad, I'll tell you what I'll do. There's times for holding back and times for letting loose, and being generous. Now, you're coming here, to this house, both of you, and you can have the back bedroom for your own and the use of this 'ere room split along with me. Maggie 'ull keep house and if she's time to spare she can lend a hand in the shop. You can come back to your old bench in the cellar, Will, and I'll pay you the old wage, 18 a week, and you and me 'ull go equal whacks in the cost of the housekeeping, and if that's not handsome, I dunno what is.

WILLIAM. Come home, Maggie.

MAGGIE. I think I'll have to. (Rises.)

HOBSON. Whatever's the hurry for?

WILLIAM. I've a business round in Oldfield Road and I'm neglecting it with wasting my time here.

HOBSON. Wasting time? Maggie, what's the matter with Will? (Will is by door.)

MAGGIE. He's a shop of his own to see to, father.

HOBSON. A wretched cellar in Oldfield Road!

WILLIAM. A wretched cellar, eh! Listen to me, Mr. Hobson. We've been a year in yon wretched cellar and do you know what we've done? We've paid off Mrs. Hepworth what she lent us for our start and made a bit o' brass on top o' that. We've got your high-class trade away from you. Your trade's gone down till all you sell is clogs, and now you're on your bended knees to Maggie to come and live with you and all you think to offer me is my old job. Me, that's the owner of a business that is starving yours to death.

HOBSON. But—but—you're Will Mossop! You're my old shoe hand.

WILLIAM. Ay, I were, but there's a change since then. Your daughter married me and set about my education. And—and now I'll tell you what I'll do and it'll be the handsome thing and all from

me to you. I'll close my shop. (*Hobson takes chair of table, stands back of it.*) I'll transfer to this address and I'll take you into partnership and give you your half share on the condition you're silent partner and you don't interfere.

HOBSON. A partner! You—here—

WILLIAM. "William Mossop, late Hobson," is the name this shop 'ull have.

MAGGIE. Wait a bit. It had better not be "late Hobson."

HOBSON. Well, I've heard of impudence before, but —

MAGGIE. That's all right, father.

HOBSON. But did you hear what he said?

MAGGIE. Yes. Quite settled, father. (*Hobson gasps.*) It's only the name we're arguing about. I won't have "late Hobson," Will.

HOBSON. I'm not dead yet, my lad.

MAGGIE. I think "Hobson and Mossop" is best.

HOBSON. His name on my sign-board!

WILLIAM. The best I'll do is this: "Mossop and Hobson."

MAGGIE. No.

WILLIAM. "Mossop and Hobson," or it's Oldfield Road for us, Maggie.

MAGGIE. Very well. "Mossop and Hobson." (*Sits again.*)

HOBSON. But—

WILLIAM. (*Opening door and looking through.*) I'll make some alteration in this shop, and all. I will so. (*He goes through door and returns at once with a battered cane-chair.*)

HOBSON. Alterations in my shop!

WILLIAM. In mine. Look at them chairs! How can you expect the high-class customers to come and sit on chairs like that? Why, we'd only a cellar, but

they did sit on cretonne for their trying on.

HOBSON. Cretonne! It's pampering folk.

WILLIAM. Cretonne for a cellar, and morocco for this shop. (*Hobson gasps.*) Folk like to be pampered. Pampering pays. There'll be a carpet on that floor, too.

HOBSON. Carpet! Morocco!

WILLIAM. Maggie, I reckon your father could do with a bit of fresh air after this. I daresay it's come sudden to him. Suppose you walk with him to Prosser's office and get Albert to draw up the deed of partnership.

MAGGIE. Now then, father.

HOBSON. Yes, but Maggie.

MAGGIE. Now then, father—

HOBSON. (*Looking pathetically first at Maggie, then at Will, rising obediently.*) I'll go and get my hat. I want a bit of air!

WILLIAM. He's crushed-like, Maggie. I'm afraid I bore on him too hard.

MAGGIE. You needn't be.

WILLIAM. I said such things to him.

MAGGIE. You meant them, didn't you?

WILLIAM. I suppose I did. You told me to be strong and use the power that's come to me through you, but he's the old master.

MAGGIE. And you're the new.

WILLIAM. Master of Hobson's! Eh, by gum! Did I sound confident, Maggie?

MAGGIE. You did all right.

WILLIAM. Eh, but I weren't by half so certain as I sounded. I tell you I fair trembled in my shoes.

MAGGIE. Don't spoil it, Will. You're the man I've made you and I'm proud.

WILLIAM. Thy pride is not in same

street, lass, with the pride I have in you. And that reminds me. (*Rises.*) I've a job to see to.

MAGGIE. What job?

WILLIAM. Oh, about the improvements.

MAGGIE. (*Rises.*) You'll not do owt without consulting me.

WILLIAM. I'll do this job, lass. Give and have. (*Takes her hand.*)

MAGGIE. What are you doing? You leave my wedding-ring alone.

WILLIAM. (*Following her.*) You've worn a brass one long enough, lass.

MAGGIE. I'll wear that ring for ever, Will. (*Will puts his arm around her.*)

WILLIAM. I was for getting you a proper one, Maggie.

MAGGIE. I'm not preventing you. I'll wear the gold for show, but this brass one stays where you put it, Will, and if we get too rich and proud we'll just sit down together quiet and take a long look at it, so we'll not forget the truth about ourselves. (*Enter Hobson with his hat.*) Ready, father? Why, you're looking better already.

HOBSON. Ay, Maggie, when all's said, it's champion to have you about the house again.

MAGGIE. That's right, Father.

HOBSON. (*With a gleam of his old spirit.*) Will Mossop, you're a made man now I've taken you into partnership. Maggie, you come along of me to Albert Prosser. I reckon I'll lose no time in drawing up the deed. Come on, now, do as I bid you; I'm master 'ere. (*He goes out on Maggie's arm; she looks back and winks to Will.*)

WILLIAM. (*Beaming.*) Well, I don't know!

END.

SERGE DIAGHILEFF, THE SLAVIC SORCERER WHO IS THE ORGANIZING GENIUS OF THE RUSSIAN BALLET

THE unique Serge Diaghileff himself is to visit the United States this year with the famous Ballets Russes. Altho, as Léon Bakst has explained to William J. Guard, Diaghileff avoids all personal publicity, he is the bright particular light of the most artistic theatrical organization in existence. Neither the unique Waslav Nijinsky, reputed to be the greatest of living dancers, nor Igor Stravinsky, most revolutionary of composers, nor Léon Bakst himself, who designs the sensational scenery and costumes, could have achieved supremacy in their chosen spheres without the aid of the uncanny genius of Serge Diaghileff.

At least so Mr. Guard informs us in a remarkable essay and interview recently published in the New York Times. M. Bakst is quoted as declaring: "He is the central star, for everything in the Ballets Russes organization revolves around Diaghileff. He is its maker, its soul and its spirit. No such ballet existed before Serge Diaghileff brought it into being. . . ." Mr. Guard calls him the Allah and

Mahomet of the organization. And it will be due chiefly to the presence of



THE MAHOMET OF THE RUSSIAN BALLET
Serge de Diaghileff, supreme genius of the new art movement.

this organizing genius that the public of New York and the principal cities of the United States will be enabled to witness the authentic and "authorized" version of this unique type of art.

M. Diaghileff is a Russian of Russians, Slav of Slavs, the child of a noble family. He was born only thirty-five years ago, and he has played the chief part in the new art movement in the land of the Muscovite, "the borderland of Oriental and Occidental civilization." To all the advantages of his aristocratic position, M. Diaghileff "brought a nature of singular charm, a rare artistic sensibility, a Sherlock Holmes-like 'flair' for talent in others, a genius for organization in unexpected conjunction with an artist's temperament, and, above all, a personality so potent that once within the zone of its influence you must surrender to it, or be torpedoed!" Mr. Guard continues his enthusiastic personal sketch:

"It was shortly before the Russo-Japanese war that young Diaghileff sunk part of his fortune in founding and publishing in Petrograd an art journal altogether his own. Already at that time he had

surrounded himself with a group of enthusiastic and ambitious young men and women—painters, writers, musicians. Mr. Bakst saw Diaghileff had an unusual gift of discovering a young fellow 'who had something in him,' and who was at once



GREATEST OF LIVING DANCERS
Waslav Nijinsky, of the Ballets Russes, brought to this country.

invited to join the chosen circle. The war with Japan closed up the art journal and for awhile the little band of Art Modernists was disorganized. They were all too full of youth and daring, however, to remain inactive for long, and, besides, Diaghileff still had his ideals and his potency of personality.

"It was in the spring of 1906 that Diaghileff put into action his long-meditated plan for an artistic Russian invasion of Paris. Picking out the boldest and most characteristic canvases of his young artist friends, Léon Bakst among the principal ones, he took them quietly to the French capital, engaged a suitable exposition hall, superintended the hanging himself, and when all was ready, without any meretricious ado, invited artistic, literary and *mondaine* Paris to pass judgment upon the product of the brush and palette of the Twentieth-Century Muscovite—the reawakening of whose art genius would now seem to have been the premonition of the awakening of the national consciousness to-day."

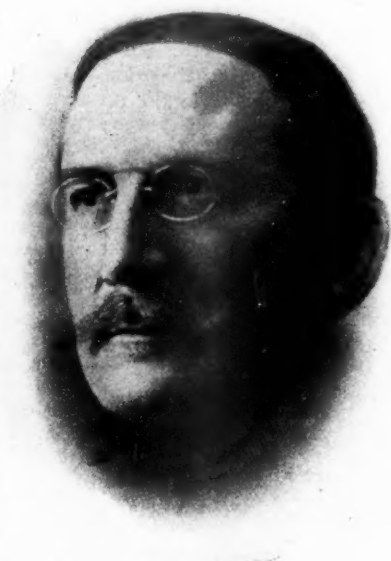
The effect produced was nothing less than sensational. "The Russians" became the talk of the town. Productions of the Russian opera "Boris Godunoff" and "Prince Igor" followed

the next season. But these two militant Russian seasons in Paris were only the beginning of M. Diaghileff's ambitious plans:

"He had plans newer and bigger to unfold—the apotheosis of choreography. He had dreamed of Ballet Russe such as the world—even Russia—had not yet seen. And to realize it he coordinated the genius and talents of the young artists, composers and poets into whom he had infused his own intense enthusiasm. So to one he assigned the welcome duty of devising plots and themes for ballets, to another the designing of scenery and costumes, to another the solving of mechanical or lighting problems, to another the composition of appropriate music. Meanwhile, with the knowledge and taste of a cultured connoisseur, he selected the members of his ballet troupe, from the 'stars' to the last coryphée or figurante, establishing a standard so high that ballet masters often lost patience with him and said he was insisting upon the unreasonable. But Mr. Diaghileff's ideas were lofty and his tenacity of purpose unyielding.

"He is a genius in the matter of organization," exclaimed Mr. Bakst during our recent talk. "He ought to be a member of the Russian war cabinet. There would have been no lack of munitions, I'm sure, if Diaghileff had been in the Ministry."

Serge Diaghileff's success in Paris was unparalleled. The performances, with their riot of color, movement, music, at once awakened and fascinated every human sense and sensibility. Diaghileff was declared a magician, but in the brilliant light of even the



LÉON BAKST
The most distinguished artist in line and color the theater now knows.

lesser stars like Nijinsky, Bakst, Fokine, Stravinsky and others, the European public occasionally lost sight of the organizing genius of the ballets. Mr. Guard recounts an interesting in-

terview with the great Russian when, as representative of the American capitalists who wished to bring the Ballets Russes to America, he discussed the plan with M. Diaghileff for the first time. "While on the one side



KARSAVINA
Who shares leadership of the dancers of the Ballets Russes.

'Business' was the keynote, on the other 'Art' furnished the tonality."

"Remember, the Russian Ballet creator and director had never crossed the ocean; that the United States meant something new and strange, something quite beyond his experience; that whenever he has gone to Paris or London the local authorities have been his eager hosts, relieving him of any and every possible local annoyance or inconvenience. In fact, he and his troupe have had a sort of semi-official recognition in both capitals and he only has had to say what he wanted to have it supplied without a second asking.

"What wonder, then, when he was told in the plain language of American 'Business' that he must do thus and so, have his troupe on hand at such an hour on such a date and see that his scenery is at the theater on such a moment on such a morning, he almost turned pale with amazement.

"Why!" he exclaimed, jumping up from his table—and this not once but half a dozen times—in fine artistic fury, the one white lock in his thick dark hair dancing menacingly on his broad high forehead—"why, if I have to be bothered about all these details imposed upon me in a country I never saw and of which I

know nothing, I'll just tear up the contract! I won't go! I simply won't go! If you want my Ballet Russe; if you want it as I have given it in Paris and London, then you must make it possible for me to present it in the only way in which I would think for a moment of presenting it—as perfectly as possible. This is not a "show" that I am going to take to America. It is an art exposition. But if you don't facilitate my coming, if you are going to hamper me in this absurd way, then in Europe I stay and America will have to get along without my Ballet Russe!

"That is one view of the man."

Under the direction of M. Diaghileff, the Russian Ballet will perform for four weeks at the Metropolitan Opera House and two at the Century Theater

in New York City, beginning this month. A tour of the principal cities of the United States, including Boston, Albany, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Kansas City, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Columbus, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Atlantic City will follow. According to the preliminary prospectus:

"For this tour, M. Diaghileff has reassembled his company in full ranks and, as the contract with him specifies, he will bring to America fifty and more dancers. At their head stand the incomparable Nijinsky and the renowned Karsavina. Arrayed around them are the graphic and virile Bolm, who is producer, too; the expert and comic Cecchetti; the rising Mias-

sin; Mmes. Lubov, Tchernichowa, Sokolova and Pflanz—each a danseuse of distinction, and two score more—all trained in the ballet schools and the imperial theaters of Russia and then practiced in the ways and standards of M. Diaghileff's company. They will be seen in eighteen or twenty different ballets, and every one of them—again as the contract specifies—will be set in the scenery and clothed in the costumes originally or newly designed for it. Most of these settings and of this paraphernalia is the work of Léon Bakst, the most distinguished artist in line and color that the theater now knows. With them also, as chief conductor, will come Ernest Ansermet. In a word, the full Ballet Russe will repeat on this side of the Atlantic its acclaimed performances on the other, without abating so much as a detail of them."

SYNTHESIS OF MOVEMENT AND MUSIC IN A POSSIBLE NEW ART OF THE THEATER

IS IT possible, Prince Serge Wolkonsky asks in a very suggestive essay recently published in *The Bellman*, to develop a new art which shall appeal simultaneously to the eye and the ear—a synthetic art of double action and double perception? We have believed, of course, that such synthetic arts already exist—the ballet, the opera, the drama—all of which are supposed to fuse movement and sound in the creation of a single harmonious impression. But this fusion of music and the scenic arts has been a poor and fragmentary one, Prince Wolkonsky claims. "Movement cannot be reproduced," he writes. "Even the cinematograph, the only form of reproduced movement, is but a rapid succession of static movements. Movement, therefore, must be 'performed.' . . .

"As movement is the essential condition of combined art, the question arises as to the material capable of embodying movement. Of all arts only music possesses a 'moving' material, yet sound has movement only in time—from past to future—not in space. What material can embody movement visibly and transfer it from nature into art with the exact subordination requisite to artistic effects? There is only one material on earth—the human body. Man, transferring his body into art, transfers thereby its faculty of performing movement and his faculty of regulating it.

"Man, we have said, brings into art, together with his body, two capacities: capacity for movement and capacity for control. The first capacity man shares with all animated beings, and therefore it has for art but the value of raw material and no more. The second capacity, that of directing his movements subordinate to his command, which has nothing to do with the struggle for life, is a privileged capacity of man over the animal, and therefore in art the most precious. Now, if the capacity of directing the body is precious, still more precious

is the force to which we must subject our movements to secure regularity in their guidance. This force is rhythm."

Neither in the opera nor the ballet—even the great Russian ballets—according to Prince Wolkonsky, is the fusion of music and artistic movement possible. There are inevitable movements called forth in the production by casual circumstances not of an artistic character; there are those casual movements which are unconscious and neither connected with the part nor the music; and, third, there are those conscious movements made with artistic intention but lacking artistic effect. The critic gives some examples:

"Who does not know those moments of rest which follow the group effects after the culminating point of success? Those 'sighs of relief' at the sound of applause when some are 'arranging themselves,' and others, tho remaining in their places, cannot help showing their feeling of satisfaction at the successfully passed examination?

"The dampening effect of these sighs of relief produces a bored impression of continuous rebeginnings, and the ballet thus turns to alternating art with that which is not art. And with what right? The music does not cease, the ear lives in art—why, then, is the eye being offended by disorder? Attention should be called to the psychological coloring or, rather, discoloring, which such movements cast over the whole scenic action, vitiating the intensity of the dramatic atmosphere.

"Who has not seen those kings and queens seemingly bored to death on their thrones while fools are dancing or minstrels are singing for them? What a lowering of the dramatic temperature! Composers of the future will have to reckon with this side of the question and no longer write music which animates one half of the stage and throws the other into lethargy."

There is no true fusion of music and movement in the ballet, even in the

best examples of the choreographic art, according to this rather severe critic. He points out the obvious defects of this type of art:

"Movement in the ballet is annexed to music, not born in it. This annexation of invented movement to the musical piece more than anything prevents the ballet from becoming a really expressive art, an art of such expressive force as we are entitled to expect it to be once it possess the strongest and the most comprehensive of all instruments of expression—the human body with complete freedom of motion. No plastic formulas, invented independently from music, will give to this expressiveness freedom to show all they are capable of. The bodily movement must not be subordinated to the design which the ballet master combines in his head, thinking only of the plastic result, but to the designs which we hear in the music and the dynamic root of which is in the movement of sounds, that is, in the rhythm."

Prince Wolkonsky suggests that we are really on the threshold of a completely new art of the theater, an art that may surpass the ballet of the Russians. We can only surmise its form and charm. He concludes:

"It will be long before the principle of exact coincidence of music and the plastic will be realized in the musical-scenic arts, and a complete fusion of visual and auditive impressions attained. Let us hope that the reform of the visual pictures which has been undertaken lately will also take in those which involve music, and also that soon the ballet school will put at the disposal of the leaders a liquid but obedient material. Then let us see what will remain of the ballet, and into what it will turn. I venture to say that I think little will remain; whether it will turn into a new art, or a new art will be substituted for it, will depend upon how much the leaders will or will not assimilate the principle of the embodiment of audible movement in space and the distribution of visual movement in time."

SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY

A MECHANISTIC VIEW OF THE SOLDIER'S INDIFFERENCE TO THE HORRORS OF WAR

A FIRST effect of the outbreak of war was the mobilization of the forces within the body of each individual in the fighting countries, explains that distinguished physiologist of Cleveland, O., Doctor George W. Crile, who was surgeon in charge of an important ambulance corps at the front in France. The kinetic system of each individual was activated. The kinetic system is the group of organs in the body by means of which man and animals transform the potential energy contained in food into muscular action, emotion, body heat—in brief, it is the system by whose activity life is expressed. It may be compared with the motor in an automobile. Hence, when there came actual war, there was an increased output in the individual involved of adrenalin, of thyroiodin, of glycogen, and an increased mobilization of the so-called "Nissl substance" in the brain cells. From all of these there resulted an increased transformation of energy in the form of heat, motion or chemical action. The individual moved quickly. He sang or prayed. His face was flushed. His heart beat faster. His respiration

was quickened and there was usually an increase of the bodily temperature.* In each individual the organs and tissues mobilized just as each government mobilized its men and material.

The "action patterns," as Doctor Crile says, of war had become established in the brains of the men at the front. Now man in war, as a hunting animal, is elusive, resourceful, adaptive, brave, persistent. When hunted, man turns hunter himself, and, like wolves, men hunt in packs. Therefore, when men are mutually hunting each other their brains are activated intensely to this end and all other relations of life are dispossessed.

"The nearer the trenches, the more desperate and intense is the fighting. In trench fighting both sides have adopted every variety of flame, acid, and explosive that ingenuity can devise. Every ruse, every stratagem, is employed in the close personal contact. It is as if one were contending all day and all night with a murderer in one's own house.

"Under these conditions the personalities of the men become altered; they become fatalists and think no longer of their personal affairs, their friends, or

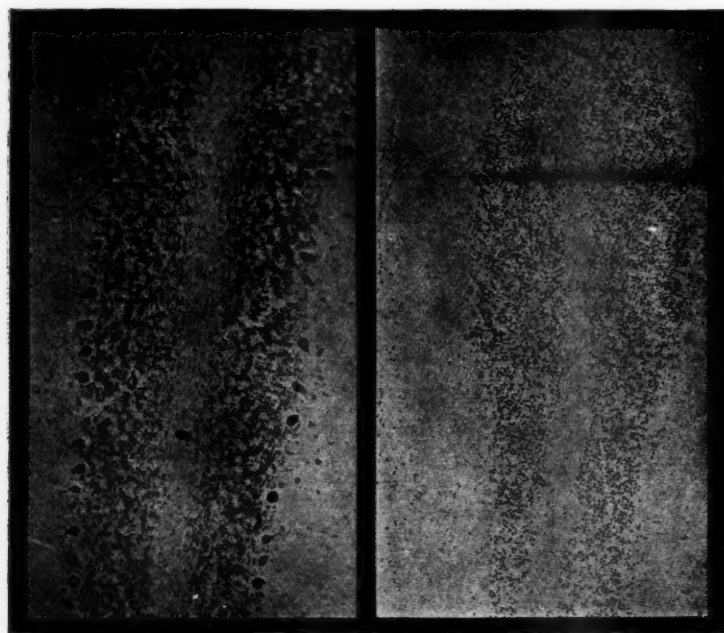
* A MECHANISTIC VIEW OF WAR AND PEACE. By George W. Crile. The Macmillan Company.

their homes. Their intensified attention is directed solely to their hostile *vis-à-vis*. They look neither to the right, to the left, nor behind. The gaze of each is fixed upon the end of the hostile gun. . . .

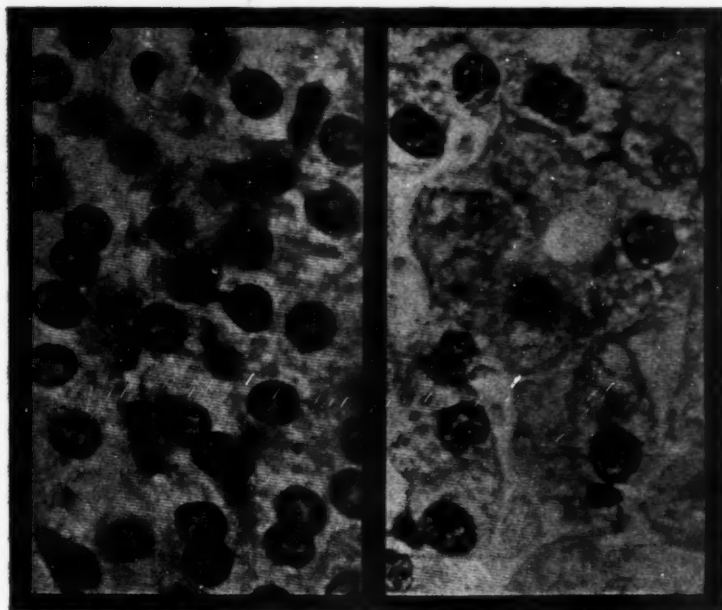
"In the first impact of war many men in all of the armies became insane; many underwent nervous breakdown; some became hysterical; but the greater majority became seasoned and maintained a state of good health. The rigid, alert, muscular response uses up much energy; the appetite is active, digestion good, and if the supply of food is adequate, the balance of nutrition is maintained. I have observed, however, that soldiers in the trenches show unusual lines of strain upon their faces, giving them the appearance of being from five to ten years older than their actual ages.

"In contrast to the *vis-à-vis* trench fighting with rifles and hand grenades and dynamite, artillery fire is more severe only when concentrated, and the concussive effect of bursting shells brings other forms of injury. The sudden explosion of the shell shocks the ear, frequently breaking the ear-drum; it shakes the body, and often produces a molecular change in nervous tissues. The rarefaction and condensation of the air cause such violent changes in the gaseous tension in the blood as to rupture blood vessels in the central nervous system—thereby producing an injury in a vital part and causing sudden death. The process is in a measure comparable to 'caisson disease' or 'bends' in workmen laboring under atmospheric pressure in tunnels under water. But artillery is less personal than the rifle or bayonet. The artillery man rarely sees the object of his fire; he has no personal contact with the enemy, but suddenly finds himself under a scorching fire, from a source which he cannot ascertain, from an enemy he cannot see. It is like quarreling by telegraph."

Lying under fire for the first time while waiting for orders to charge is, perhaps, the most trying ordeal for the soldier. His instinct urges him to face the oncoming enemy. His kinetic system is speeded to the utmost. He is "activated" for a fierce physical attack. He is under extreme emotion. He is drenched with perspiration. In mechanistic terms, the things manifested by the soldier waiting under fire may be interpreted simply. His brain is activated by the approach of the enemy. The activated brain in turn stimulates the adrenals, the thyroid, the liver. In consequence, thyroiodin, adrenalin and glycogen are thrown into the blood in more than normal quantities. These



A B
SECTION OF NORMAL CEREBELLUM SECTION OF CEREBELLUM AFTER INSOMNIA
(x 100) — 100 hours (x 100)
Compare the well-stained clearly defined Purkinje cells along the margin of section A with the faint traces of the Purkinje cells which are barely visible along the margins of section B.



A
SECTION OF NORMAL LIVER
(x 1640)

B
SECTION OF LIVER SHOWING EFFECT OF EXTREME PHYSICAL EXERTION (x 1640)

activating substances are for the purpose of facilitating attack or escape. As the secretions thus mobilized are used in neither attack nor escape, heat and the muscular actions of shaking are produced. The rapid transformation of energy causes a correspondingly rapid production of acid by-products:

"These increased acid by-products stimulate the respiratory center to greater activity to eliminate the carbonic acid gas. The increased adrenalin output mobilizes the circulation in the limbs; withdraws blood from the abdominal area; causes increased heart action and dilatation of the pupils. In addition, the increased acidity causes increased sweating, increased thirst, and increased urinary output, all of these water phenomena being adaptations for the neutralization of acidity.

"Thus the intense activation of the soldier waiting under fire for orders is explained on mechanistic grounds, and the resultant changes in the brain, the adrenals, and the liver are easily demonstrable. It is this strong stimulation of the kinetic system to fight or to flight that in the first experience sometimes results in fleeing. The subsequent stimulus is never so intense as the primary stimulus, and with experience the kinetic system is progressively less driven, until at last the soldier is said to be 'steady under fire.'

"Soldiers say that they find relief in any muscular action; but the supreme bliss of forgetfulness is in an orgy of lustful satisfying killing in a hand-to-hand bayonet action, when the grunted breath of the enemy is heard, and his blood flows warm on the hand. This is a fling back in phylogeny to the period when man had not controlled fire, had not fashioned weapons; when in mad embrace he tore the flesh with his angry teeth and felt the warm blood flow over his thirsty face. In the hand-to-hand fight the sol-

dier sees neither to the right nor to the left. His eyes are fastened on one man—his man. In this lust-satisfying encounter injuries are not felt, all is exhilaration; injury and death alike are painless. A life-sized photograph giving each detail of the face of a soldier thus transformed in the supreme moment of hand-to-hand combat would give the key to the origin of war.

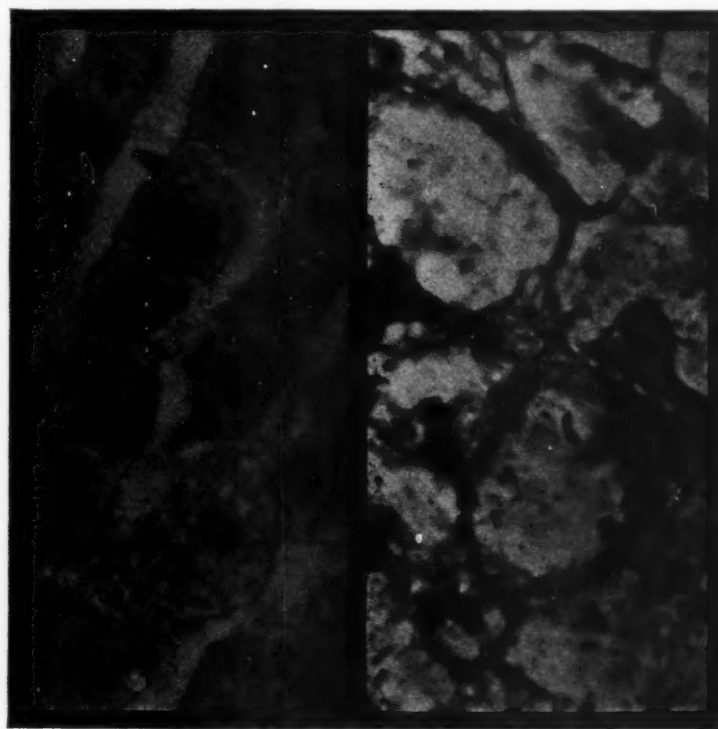
"When a little child is pursued it turns just before it is caught. All through life, in play and in earnest, the individual turns

for the last struggle. During phylogeny those individuals who did not fight perished and by perishing left no progeny. And so it is that now most men—perhaps all men—under certain conditions face death and fight until death."

A point of paramount importance is the sleep of the fighting men. Consider the experience in the tremendous retreat of the French and British from the Mons to the Marne. It has been shown that animals subjected to the most favorable conditions and kept from exertion or worry, supplied with plenty of food, and in good hygienic surroundings, do not survive longer than from five to eight days without sleep:

"The mere maintenance of the conscious state is at the expense of the brain, the adrenals, and the liver, and these changes are identical with the changes in these organs wrought by exertion, infection, and emotion. The changes wrought by these activators can be repaired only during sleep. Sleep, therefore, is as essential as food and air. In this retreat from Mons to the Marne we have an extraordinary human experiment, in which several hundred thousand men secured little sleep during nine days, and in addition made forced marches and fought one of the greatest battles in history.

"How then did these men survive nine days apparently without opportunity for sleep? They did an extraordinary thing—they slept while they marched! Sheer fatigue slowed down their pace to a rate that would permit them to sleep while walking. When they halted they fell asleep. They slept in water, and on rough ground, when suffering the pangs of



A
SECTION OF NORMAL LIVER
(x 1640)

B
SECTION OF LIVER AFTER INSOMNIA (x 1640)

Compare A and B, noting the vacuolated spaces and general loss of cytoplasm in the latter.

hunger and of thirst, and even when severely wounded. They cared not for capture, not even for death, if only they could sleep."

And what a sleep is that of the soldier in war! Typical is the instance of the surgeon who visited one improvised hospital in a ruined village at the front. Not a sound! Five hundred wounded men packed in a space that would have accommodated a hundred with some difficulty! Some were dying, some were wounded, but every one was in deep sleep. Some bled; yet they slept. Many had shattered legs, as yet untreated; yet they slept like babes. Many had the abdomen torn wide open and their sleep was sweet and regular. They were lying on the hard floor or on bits of straw. There was no motion, no complaint, no groan—only sleep, deep, peaceful, unbroken. And thus they slept on while their wounds were dressed.

Pain as a concomitant of battle exhibits several variations of great interest, the key to which is found in the conception of pain as a part of an adaptive muscular reaction, or action. Identical injuries inflicted under varying conditions yield pain of unequal intensity. The most striking phenomenon exhibited by soldiers is the absence of pain under many provocative conditions. In the midst of a furious charge the soldier feels no pain if wounded. Sore and bleeding feet are not noticed. In the overwhelming excitement of battle he may be shot, stabbed or crushed without feeling pain. The blow of a high-velocity bullet or projectile unaccompanied by the heat of battle causes no pain on impact, though there may be a burning sensation at the point of entrance, and the soldier may feel as if he had been jarred or struck. Frequently he first learns of his wound from comrades. In the

state of complete exhaustion in which loss of sleep is the chief factor, pain is quite abolished. Under heavy emotion, pain is greatly diminished, even prevented.

The mechanistic explanation is again simple. During the overwhelming activation in a charge, the stimulus of the sight of the enemy is so intense that no other stimulus can obtain possession of the final common path of the brain, that is, of the path of action. Therefore, if a bullet wound or bayonet wound is inflicted at the moment when this injury cannot obtain possession of the final common path, it can excite no muscular action and consequently no pain. Hunters attacked by wild beasts testify to the fact that the tearing of the flesh by teeth and claws cannot dispossess the excessive activation of the brain by the realization of danger. This explains the marvelous in many an ancient tale.

AN AMERICAN EXPERT'S INDICTMENT OF AMERICAN DREAM ANALYSIS AS A PSYCHOLOGICAL HUMBUG

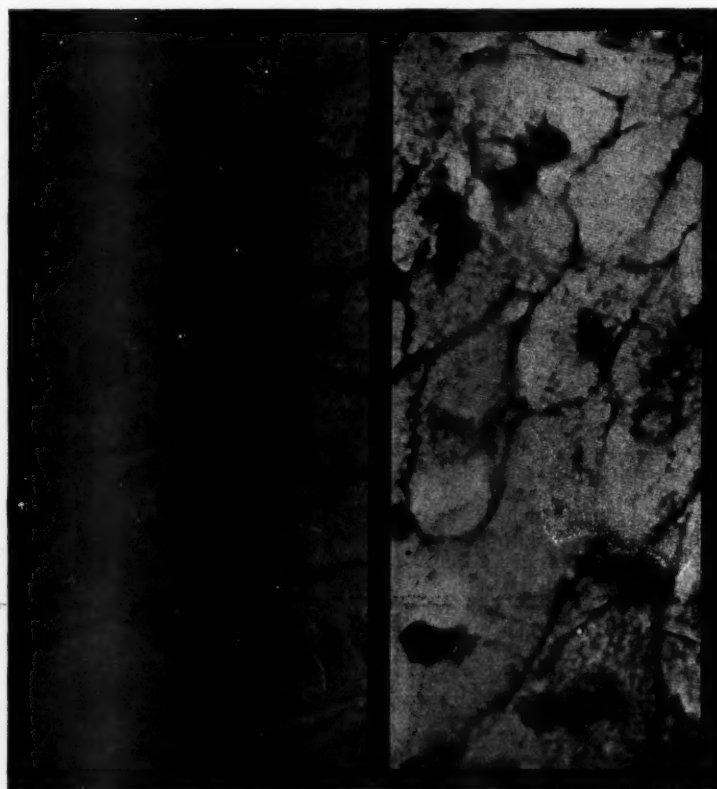
A FACTOR in the field of mental therapy concerning which much misunderstanding exists has to do with the "subconscious." This word for most of us echoes with such strange witchery that it is difficult when faced with it at times to retain one's common sense. To understand hysteria and much else, we have been told, one must get into the subconsciousness of the patient. If the physician can not get into this subconsciousness, he is told by the expert that he can not master the case. To followers of the famed Freud of Vienna, who treats so many diseases by means of psychological analysis, the subconscious is the very atmosphere they breathe. Critics have intimated that there probably is no such subconsciousness at all and that no psychologist worthy of the name really believes in it. The Freudian counter-criticism has been, on the one hand, that all real psychologists believe in such a subconsciousness, and, on the other hand, that Freud himself knows no subconscious, but an "unconscious"—an unconscious which is the very key to his psychology. How, asks Doctor J. Victor Haberman, writing in *The Journal of Abnormal Psychology*, can we simplify this tangle?

In the first place, he replies, many American followers of Freud use the terms subconscious and unconscious indiscriminately. They are not quite sure which is which or whether there is a difference. Some use the term subconscious, but point out that this is Freud's "unconscious." This is correct. One will also find the word

"subconscious" applied to phenomena, which are neither subconscious nor unconscious in Freud's sense. Says Dr. Haberman:

"It is a knavish word, this, under whose cloak more ignorance has been hid than

even under the convenient mantle of 'grippe,' or the more recent 'auto-intoxication'! A glance through the published papers of our Freudists will show in what capricious cacophonics its mysteries are sung. But our Freudists do not err entirely alone in this. It is astounding what



A
SECTION OF NORMAL ADRENAL
(x 1640)

B
SECTION OF ADRENAL AFTER
INSOMNIA—100 hours (x 1640)

Compare A and B, noting in the latter the disappearance of cytoplasm, the loss of some nuclei, and the generally disorganized appearance of the cells.

one reads of it in the medical magazines, in the medically informing books for the layman and in the lay press. It becomes a sub-cellar into which aught of the mental may be shoved or whence anything may be hauled forth on emergency. It is the Circe known of old, the Aphrodisiac in Isolde's draught, the demon within us who does in spite of our control, who shames us with his actions in our dreams."

For some accepted writers on what has come to be called "psycho-analysis," complains Doctor Haberman (who is instructor in psycho-pathology at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York), we are transcended by subliminal phenomena spiritistic in essence. For others our conscious self carries not alone in its home in the skull but has for neighbor a lower order of tenant who, on a floor below, lives a life after his own fashion and desires—imprudent, often lawless to the "us" of upstairs, intruding with noises, vulgar thoughts or feelings, never very respectable—a degraded fellow who puts "us" to shame.

Now it was against this "floor-below activity" kind of subconscious that the illustrious Wundt long ago entered the lists, deeming it an atavistic remnant of the old idea of being "possessed," which was used to explain the mysterious in the early days of our race. Since then continental European psychologists of the highest renown have taken the same stand. It is of this type of subconsciousness that Freud's "unconscious" consists—a metaphysically conceived realm to which certain happenings in consciousness are relegated by conflict within the individual mind and ultimate repression of them. They are put under cover to save the conscious life. They are unable to return. In this metaphysically conceived realm they live individual existences unknown to consciousness, save perhaps in masquerades, making things hot enough for the

individual, who is unconscious of them. Conscious, yet unconscious!

"It might be remembered, for clearness' sake, that in the theories as held by the Vienna School, this subconscious realm is made up of the repressed and displaced ideas (memories), and such are always sexual. Subconsciousness therefore (or 'unconsciousness,' to use Freud's word) is composed of the suppressed sexual. We have, then, in Freud's *unconscious*, to recapitulate, a meta-psychological or mytho-psychological subconscious, a conception remarkably interesting, but a vague hypothesis nevertheless, nowhere accepted by psychologists, built upon as yet undemonstrated fundamentals—and far removed from the path of factual science.

"If the sexualism of these theories, then, is all phantasmie, even now dismissed by a large faction of the Freudists themselves; if this 'unconscious,' the supposed keystone of the entire teachings, remains as yet within the purview of mere metaphysics; if sexuo-symbolism, by which one ferries on into this sub-mental, has so far been shown to be no less mythical than those shades of old across the Styx (now even paled to 'thin air' by the Zürich apostasy), must we not stop to think for a moment that the present method of psycho-analysis which travels the above path of procedure has been sorely invalidated, not only by judicious criticism, but by the startling deflection of a large body of Freudists themselves, and that its present appraisal in America must be due to some deception or strangely active phenomenon of suggestion?

"I say in America, for in Europe the most important authorities have written against these theories, while scarcely a paper by any reputable man has appeared in the chief journals in their behalf."

Were a man to make a bold statement as to a new method of cure in carcinoma, says Doctor Haberman, sharp criticism would be applied to his work and to his announcement; but the American Freudist may publish the very quintessence of inanity and it is accepted without challenge or comment. Here, for instance, is the an-

nouncement sent out broadcast in connection with the publication of the English translation of Freud's *Traumdeutung*:

"The main facts of 'The Interpretation of Dreams' have never been refuted. The insight which this method of dream-analysis gives us into the past of the individual, and of the race reveals the depths of human nature in a way that is already revolutionizing our views on ethics, sociology, art, literature and philosophy. The central idea of the book, that all dreams are the fulfilment of past and present wishes, enables us to reconstruct the psychic life of the individual from infancy. The development of our personality from what it might have been at our unprejudiced birth to what it still aspires to become, the whole genesis of the abnormal psyche, all can now be unlocked by this open sesame of dreams.

"The most immediate practical application of the Freudian dream-analysis has been the study of the nervous and mental diseases. Here the book has led to a revolution in the science and methods of psycho-therapeutics. In it he develops his psycho-analytic technique, a thoro knowledge of which is absolutely indispensable for every worker in this field. It was Freud who divested the dream of its mystery and solved its riddles!"

Think of a statement of such "glaring scientific falsehood as this," says Doctor Haberman, circulated by mail to hundreds of physicians, without the slightest protest being raised. And everywhere in the journals read by the physicians and experts, medical and neurological, and at academy meetings, have the members of the profession been treated to the "same flim-flam and fustian." Criticism has shown and pronounced the several links in the process of psycho-analysis to be scientifically of falsest alloy, and we must hold the entire "sex" theory with its many ramifications as standing upon the same ground as the green cheese hypothesis of the composition of the moon.

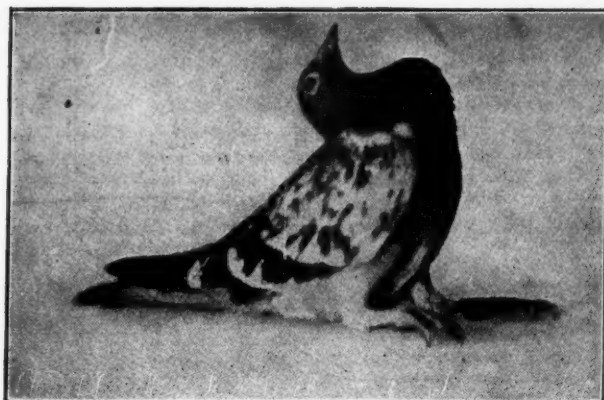
THE VITAMINE AS A KEY TO THE MYSTERY OF "DEFICIENCY DISEASES"

WHEN physiology was just beginning to be recognized as a distinct science, the articles of our food were regarded as made up of three classes of materials—fats, carbohydrates and proteins—and it was thought that if these materials were present in the diet in sufficient quantity, the maintenance of health was assured. Much later it was seen that if the protein element be deficient in certain "amino-acids," no superabundance of the other materials will make good the deficiency and the food is unable to maintain the integrity of the

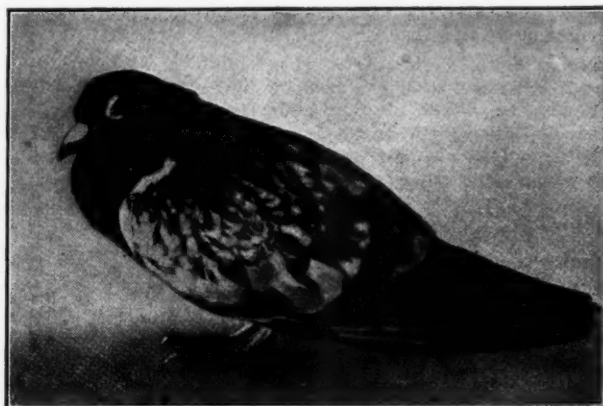
living tissues. The essential factors of a complete diet are therefore more numerous than was suspected. Recognition of the limitation of the synthetic or building powers of the living organism has suggested the possibility that other substances may be present in the food which are indispensable, whose withdrawal from the diet would be attended with fatal results. To this effect Dr. H. W. Bywaters writes in *Science Progress*.

"There are certain mysterious substances in the body—the so-called internal secretions, hormones, enzymes and so forth—of which very small

traces bring about changes of immense importance in the living organism. These substances are being constantly destroyed and renewed. The peculiarity of their structure suggests that their elaboration is dependent upon the presence in the food of materials essentially different from the common proteins, carbohydrates and fats. If these essential materials are persistently absent from the diet, the normal metabolic processes are likely to become disturbed and deranged culminating in changes of a pernicious character. The justification of this hypothesis is shown in the remarkable



BIRD BEFORE INJECTION OF VITAMINE



SAME BIRD AFTER INJECTION OF VITAMINE

The minuteness of the quantities of these vitamins which are requisite to maintain normal processes of life suggest that they must have something to do with the production of some of the essential hormones, internal secretions, enzymes, etc., in the animal organism.

light it throws upon a number of diseases caused by a too rigid diet. Such diseases have been grouped as "deficiency diseases." They include rickets, beri-beri, scurvy, pellagra. In each case the condition is attributed to the absence from the diet of an essential material termed by Casimir Funk a vitamin. The vitamin is more or less specific in its action in preventing the onset of the disease. Beri-beri affords a conspicuous example:

"Beri-beri is a disease which used to be common in Japan, the Malay Peninsula and the Philippines—countries where rice is the staple article of diet. That rice consumption was really the cause of beri-beri was suggested as early as 1878, but Eykman was the first to bring forward, in 1897, evidence which seemed to establish a close connection between the use of 'polished' rice and the appearance of the disease.

"The rice grain . . . consists of an inner part and an outer husk. The inhabitants of the regions just referred to live almost entirely on rice which has had its husk removed—polished rice—and Eykman showed that the addition of the missing husk, rice bran, or the substitution of unpolished for polished rice, was sufficient to effect the cure of the disease and prevent its subsequent recurrence.

"The nature of the evidence is interesting. Eykman found weakness, and, *post mortem*, the peripheral nerves, the vagus, spinal cord, and cranial nerves all show signs of degeneration, whilst the muscles, including the heart muscle, are also degenerated and atrophied. In birds, the paralysis of wings and legs is most apparent, and the head is usually pressed back in a characteristic manner by contraction of the muscles in the neck. When these characteristic symptoms appear, the birds, if undisturbed, seldom live for more than twenty-four hours. Eykman found that if, when such a condition has become developed, the rice bran, or an extract of it, is given to the bird, it rapidly recovers, and regains its normal condition."

The anti-beri-beri vitamin has also been detected in milk, oats, wheat, barley, maize and beans, in cabbage and other vegetables, in white bread and

in ox bran. It is soluble in water and alcohol, and passes through a semi-porous membrane. It is destroyed by heating to a very high temperature. As regards its chemical structure not much is known.

A theory suggested by Eykman was that the polished rice contained an injurious toxin and that the husk contained an anti-toxin. But the vitamin theory of Casimir Funk is regarded as the most simple and reasonable explanation of the known facts. This is stated by Dr. Bywaters as follows: "The vitamin being necessary for the maintenance of the metabolic processes, particularly of the nervous tissues, the store of it in the body becomes, on feeding with vitamin-free food, gradually exhausted. First the store in the muscles is called upon, then that in the liver, and finally the heart, brain, and nerves, themselves become involved. In this way we can account for the onset of the marked nerve degeneration occurring towards the end of the disease."

Turning to pellagra, we find that the cause of this disease is still uncertain. Yet evidence indicates that it is due to a deficiency of vitamins. Scurvy is due to a defect in the food, not in the quantity of it. Experiment establishes the relation of the malady itself to the presence or the absence of vitamins. The exact nature of the

anti-scorbutic vitamin has not been shown. Vitamins are not necessarily potassium salts, as one investigator has suggested, nor are they effective because of their acid-neutralizing properties, as another thinks. It would appear at first that there must be several different anti-scorbutic vitamins because of the variability of the curative principle in different food stuffs. It is possible that the real agent is identical in each case:

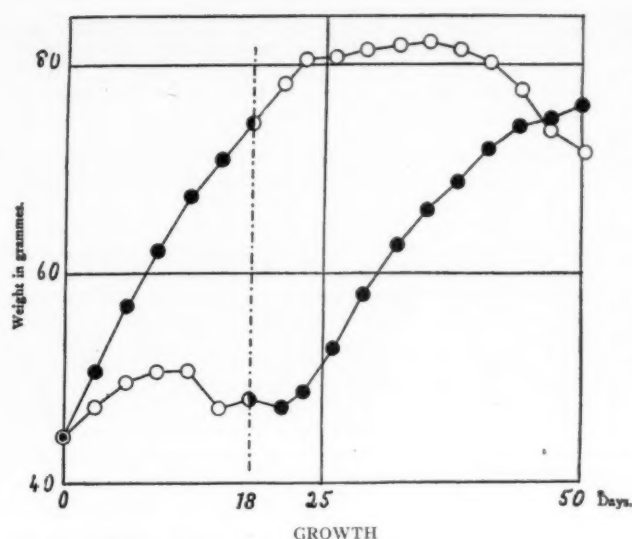
"The fact that heating the milk destroys the anti-scorbutic vitamin accounts for the appearance of scurvy in infants fed on artificial substitutes for human milk. . . . A female infant, one of twins, developed the disease at the age of seven months. For the first six weeks of life the child had been breast-fed, but after that had been brought up entirely on the Chelsea Boro Council sterilized milk. As there were no teeth, there was no marked congestion of the gums, but the legs and thighs were characteristically swollen and very painful and tender. The X-rays revealed large sub-periosteal swellings situated at the lower ends of both femora. The treatment consisted in giving fresh milk, diluted with water at first, with orange juice and raw meat juice. Within a week, the swellings began to subside, and in a fortnight the tenderness had disappeared. The child left the hospital a month afterwards completely cured. Cheadle and Poynton in their work on this subject state: 'There is nothing in the whole range of medicine—not even excepting the effect of thyroid extract in myxoedema—more striking and remarkable than the immediate and rapid recovery which follows the administration of fresh vegetable material and other fresh elements of food in these cases of infantile scurvy.'

The vitamin which prevents beri-beri is quite distinct from that which controls scurvy. It seems probable that rickets is caused by the absence of a vitamin which associates itself with the fatty portion of the diet. Recent work has shown traces of substances in food which regulate the growth of young animals. The discovery of these substances was made by Gowland Hopkins during a series of



VITAMINE TEST

Two chickens each two months old. The smaller one has been fed on red rice, the other on ordinary food.



White circles:—Rats on artificial diet alone.
Black circles:—Rats on artificial diet + 2 c.c. milk per rat per diem.

experiments which had for their object the maintenance of animals upon artificial mixtures of pure carbohydrates, fats, proteins and salts. The researches of Osborne in America and various workers of Germany show that altho an artificial diet may be constructed which will maintain rats in health for a few weeks, after this time they invariably begin to decline

normal growth of a young animal. For growth some other vitamines must be present which is believed to be contained in the fatty portion of the milk. Among innumerable experiments may be noted that with a young rat fed for 265 days on an artificial diet containing the so-called "gliadin" as its sole protein. Dry protein-free milk was also added. The weight of the rat very slowly in-

creased. On the 266th day, when the normal rat has long since reached maturity and ceased to grow, some milk was added to the diet. Normal growth now set in and this old rat started growing so fast that it put on as much weight in twenty-six days as in the previous 265 days of inadequate diet. Evidently in the added milk there is the vitamine necessary for growth. These experiments all go to show that for growth a mysterious "something"—the growth vitamine—is necessary.

Maintenance is one thing, however, and growth is another. Altho the addition of protein-free milk to the artificial diet is sufficient to render it capable of maintaining health in fully grown rats, it is inadequate to bring about the

normal growth of a young animal. For growth some other vitamines must be present which is believed to be contained in the fatty portion of the milk. Among innumerable experiments may be noted that with a young rat fed for 265 days on an artificial diet containing the so-called "gliadin" as its sole protein. Dry protein-free milk was also added. The weight of the rat very slowly in-

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"It may be asked in what way do these vitamins act. Do they affect the absorption of food from the intestine? Careful investigation by Hopkins showed that, in his experiments involving the addition of small quantities of milk, not the slightest difference in the percentage extent of absorption could be discerned, whether the milk was added or not. The rats without the milk absorbed as much food as those with, but evidently the food in the former case was not being properly applied within the body.

"It is also not a question of appetite. The rats without the milk ate as voraciously as the others, and it was only when the rats began to lose weight that the amount of food consumed began to grow less. In many cases it was conclusively demonstrated that the animals on the milk-free diet continued to eat and absorb a quantity containing an ample supply both of protein and energy."

PRINCE KROPOTKIN'S CLAIM THAT INHERITED VARIATION IN ANIMALS HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED

A DECIDED sensation has been created in the world of science by the evidence upon which that high authority on biology, Prince Kropotkin, heralds inherited variation in animals as an established fact at last. Stated briefly, we now see, he insists, after considering the results obtained lately by experimental research, that "we have no right to maintain that the modifications produced in both plants and animals by the direct action of a changed environment are not inherited." This conclusion, if accepted, will put a totally new face upon the fierce controversy over eugenics and the legislation in line with it. It seems to contradict some heretofore accepted conclusions of the famed Karl Pearson. Nevertheless we must recognize, declares Kropotkin, that there are now proofs, both inductive and experimental, that modifications of the kind referred to are really inherited. Even if the modifying influences have acted for a very limited number of generations—and both Lamarck and Darwin pointed out the importance of prolonged action—it has been found in nearly all carefully conducted experiments that traces of the modifying influences to which the parents had been

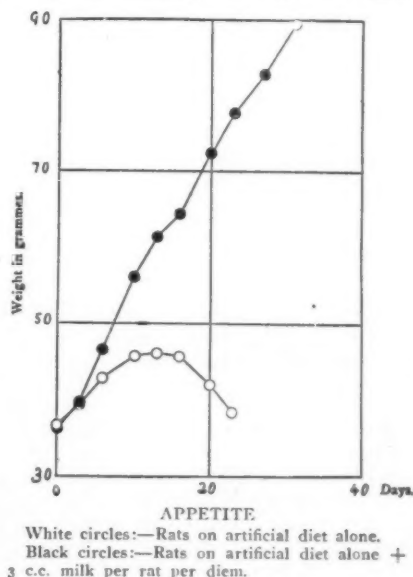
subjected were found in the offspring.

It has been said by the followers of Weissmann that in such cases of inheritance as are now cited, it is not proved that there has been a real inheritance of acquired characters. It is not proved, they say, that the modifications produced in the body of an animal or plant have called forth such changes in the germ cells that they reproduce in the offspring the changes which took place in the parent stock. The germ cells may have been affected directly. There may have been a parallel action in the body of the modified organism and its germ cells. But there is no reason, according to Kropotkin, writing in *The Nineteenth Century*, why this latter hypothesis should now be preferred to that of inherited variations. He writes:

"The main argument of those who pronounce themselves in favor of a 'parallel induction' in the germ-cells is the argument which Spencer spoke of in the second edition of his 'Principles of Biology.' We cannot imagine, they say, how a change which took place in a muscle or a nerve can effect a corresponding change in that part of the germ which will have to produce a corresponding part in the offspring. But it is evident that this argument, as the Milan Professor Eugenio Rignano remarks in

his most valuable work on the transmission of acquired characters (after having candidly owned that he himself for some time was influenced by it) has as little logical value as the argument of those who refused to recognize universal gravitation because they saw no means by which the attraction of the sun could be transmitted through space to a planet.

"Besides, the more we advance in our studies of heredity, the more we learn



White circles:—Rats on artificial diet alone.
Black circles:—Rats on artificial diet + 3 c.c. milk per rat per diem.

that the germ-plasm does not lead the isolated life it was supposed to lead when Weismann first framed his germ-plasm and amphimixis hypotheses. This conception has been proved to be quite false, and many years ago Romanes pointed out how Weismann himself had changed his opinions on this point in the second volume of his 'Essays.' But since that time we have had more and more researches showing that the body-cells and the germ-cells stand in a close intercourse.

"To take a few instances only: the researches of Sitowski demonstrate that, if the caterpillars of the small moth *Tineola bisselliota* are fed with wool containing the aniline color Soudan III, not only the bodies of these caterpillars become colored in red but also the cells enclosing the eggs in the moth and the larvae obtained from these eggs show 'a characteristic red tint'; similar results were obtained with other insects and other aniline colors; and many well-known cases of infection of the germ-cells by bacteria developed within the body-cells are also cases in point. Of course, there is a great difference between the infection of germ-cells by grains of a coloring matter or the spores of a fungus, and a modification of the germ-cells by the influence of the body-cells. But these facts show how unscientific it was to affirm, or even to suppose, that the germ-cells cannot be affected by changes going on in the body-cells because we, with our total ignorance of all these processes, could not see how this action could take place."

Indeed, now that we know how closely cells of the body are connected with each other by means of intercellular protoplasmic threads and wandering cells, we ought to say that we can not imagine how a germ plasm which grows in immense proportions at certain periods and is fed by the body cells can remain uninfluenced by the processes going on in the organs of the body. The very hypothesis of "parallel induction," by which Weismann tried to explain the facts of transmission of modifications and mutations to the offspring, is a recognition, Kropotkin says, of that mutual influence. Yet biologists persist in remaining divided upon this most important question concerning evolution. They can not yet agree as to the part that the direct action of environment plays in the evolution of new species. Most biologists have already come to the conclusion that a haphazard, accidental and therefore indefinite variability—which means that modifications in the size, the colors, the shape, and so on of a species of plants or animals appear in equal numbers round a certain average—is powerless to originate a new species:

"It could not do it, even if it were supported by Natural Selection in an acute struggle for life, because the modifications are always small at the outset, and have not in such case a life-saving value in the struggle for life; while the considerable modifications are few as a rule,

and would be swamped by crossing; and so long as there is not some exterior cause, such as climate, food, etc., which acts during a number of generations for producing variation in a certain definite direction, there is no reason why the change should go on increasing.

"Darwin saw as early as 1868 that such a conclusion had much in its favor, and modern research has rendered it unavoidable. Taking any variation—be it in the shape and the size of any organ, or in the colors and markings of an insect—it appears first as a small deviation from the normal size, shape, or coloring; and, in order that it should go on increasing from generation to generation, there must be some cause which for a number of generations affects most individuals of a given group in the same direction. Variation cannot be a collection of haphazard changes; it must be *definite*. And it must be *cumulative*, as Darwin said, which means that it must be inherited.

"Suppose we take a group of small Crustaceans carried by an inundation into the underground waters of a dark cave. The organs of smell and touch of these Crustaceans soon must be (and really are) so affected by life in the darkness that they take a greater development and increase in size, while the organs of sight deteriorate. And if the thus modified Crustaceans are going to originate a new race, the modifications they have acquired during their cave-life must be transmitted for a number of generations to their offspring before they acquire a certain stability."

This hereditary transmission of the modification acquired under the influence of a new environment is precisely what a number of biologists will not admit. Consequently, after having examined first the theoretical considerations adduced by Weismann and his followers in favor of the non-inheritance view, Kropotkin sums up the experimental evidence in favor of the inheritance of variations produced in plants by the direct action of a changing environment. It appears from this analysis that it is no longer possible to maintain, as some botanists did a few years ago, that such changes are not inherited. They are actually transmitted from the parents to the offspring, and the doubts are now only about the mode of transmission of the changes from one generation to the next—not about the fact itself. Many instances of lower organisms undergoing inherited variations of structure are well known, too, by this time.

"At the time when Darwin wrote his 'Origin of Species' the naturalists found a great difficulty in explaining why gray and white colors should predominate in Arctic regions, tawny and yellow coloring in the deserts and the steppes, dusky colors among the insects on the maritime borders, a gorgeous coloration among the tropical birds, and so on. Darwin's explanation of this resemblance between the environment and its inhabitants was, as is known, Natural Selection. Those individuals—he wrote—have had the best

chances of surviving in the struggle for life and leaving a progeny whose colors, being in harmony with those of the environment, permitted those individuals to conceal themselves from their enemies, or to steal unnoticed towards their prey. As to the causes of the first appearance of protective colors, Darwin left the question unanswered in the earlier editions of his 'Origin of Species.' He admitted that the direct action of environment might have been a cause of their appearance; but he preferred to describe such variations as 'accidental'—that is, due to unknown causes, to be found out later on.

"Since that time our knowledge of colors and markings in Nature has made a considerable progress. It was proved that they have a physiological origin, and that they are easily affected by a changing environment."

As one illustration among many, reference is made by Kropotkin to the experiments of the Zürich professor, M. Standfuss, relative to changes of colors in butterflies. He wished to see if by crossing he could obtain a race capable of propagating itself. He failed. In time he was reduced to studying the so-called local or climate races, especially the variation under the influence of different temperatures at the different periods of the individual's life. By rearing pupae at low temperatures, Professor Standfuss obtained the cold season form out of pupae of the warm season form. Various races of several species were obtained, showing frequently a certain likeness and occasionally a striking similarity to the local races found in nature. Finally he succeeded in transmitting the artificially altered aspect to a portion of the offspring. In these cases, says Professor Standfuss himself, there was produced the capacity for transmitting newly acquired characters. The experiments of Professor E. Fischer with the beautiful reddish brown Tiger moth proved that coloring due to modified conditions of life is inherited.

The reappearance in the offspring of modifications produced in the parents by exterior agencies, which has been observed in moths, butterflies and beetles, has also been established for certain divisions of vertebrates by the experiments that form the basis of Prince Kropotkin's contention. Substantial changes can be produced in the coloring and the habits of amphibians and reptiles by rearing them in unwonted conditions. Now, in the light of experiment, it is possible to say positively that such modifications are inherited.

"One of such cases was observed in the newt-like creature of the Mexican lakes, known as Axolotl, or Siredon, which is nothing else but a well-known terrestrial Salamander, the Amblystome, in its yet undeveloped larval stage, when it has not yet lost its external gills and has not yet acquired internal lungs."

RELIGION AND SOCIAL ETHICS

THE MODERN BUSINESS GERM OF THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH AND REAL DEMOCRACY

WAR forces the mind to go back of some of the hypocritical abstractions of peace to fundamental realities. The great reality is the existence of a new-found social credit which is the controlling power in modern big business. Perversion of it means war, world without end. Right use of it means the salvation of civilization. Such appears to be the essence of "The Great News" proclaimed by Charles Ferguson in a startling new book published by Kennerley. Just before the war Mr. Ferguson was authorized by President Wilson to visit ten European capitals to investigate, for the Department of Commerce, the relations of big business to the governments of the world. He became an ardent advocate of the development of a more scientific spirit in the body of American business organization. His remarkable book presents a twentieth-century business gospel whose content and style compel attention. To him what we call business is intrinsically a moral adventure. It is in the handling of the stuff and substance of the real world that the finer intellectual and spiritual faculties are quickened into life. Thus, he says, the community of interest created by the processes of industry and commerce is, in spite of monstrous abuses, more nearly a holy communion than is to be found in any other form of social life.

The bitter fruit of large-scale production and international commerce in Europe is catastrophe—the most destructive war in history. The terrible fact must make men see the difference between exploitation and "delivery of the goods," according to Mr. Ferguson. The dominance of the credit financier over the constructive engineer has brought European civilization to the verge of destruction.

Can we not learn, pleads Mr. Ferguson, that an inverted business system simply does not work in a world where human beings struggle to overcome the difficulties of existence? The things people care most about have to do with raising the standard of living on a more or less inhospitable planet. War, like an earthquake, knocks down our abstractions concerning government and our "isms" of all

kinds. Men see that building up requires the get-together of team-play. Tools belong to those who can best use them to increase social income. Business in this fluid and transforming epoch ceases to be just business. It absorbs the connotations of religion, culture and politics, in one all-containing human interest, just as in the sixteenth century the problem that was called religious became the preoccupation of the schools, the forum and the market-place.

Such a religious analogy becomes more striking if we realize that the chief end of business is to make this world not worse but better for men to live and work in. How a vast social system can concentrate upon this purpose seems to Mr. Ferguson to have been historically demonstrated more nearly by the Medieval Church than by anything else. That Church, he reminds us, built cathedrals and free cities, invented hospitals, equity jurisprudence and public schools, mothered the fine arts and classic learning and created the university. It housed the crafts-guilds and merchant-guilds under a common roof and sent its Franciscans, Benedictines and Dominicans on successful errands of imperial civilization. On a scale of empire it showed the epoch-making power of the attraction of a community-interest in creative work. Its main reliance for keeping order was the attractiveness and desirability of being on good terms with the system. Politically speaking, here was government by attraction, not by police force. Economically the bond was not fear of bodily harm but a common hope of expanded opportunity. To be sure, both faith and saving works were faultily defined even in the most spacious days of the Church and it fell short. None the less it left its lesson of the value of power not as organized violence but as the momentum of a central current of enterprise.

The big thing in world-scale business to-day is this self-same power of attraction. The modern business system, says Mr. Ferguson, has appropriated the principle for working purposes on an international field far beyond any possible conception of the Medieval Church. Capital, credit, contract, corporate organization and uni-

versal news service are the sinews of organizations of finance and industry new in world history. Such organizations comprize the dominating, all-correlating, community of human interest in our day. It is essentially attraction-power, as we understand Mr. Ferguson, that has established this kind of business kingdom which is stronger than anything else we know on earth. Abuse of so intrinsically valid a power has brought on the tragedy of European war. It is for American democracy to see and make the right use of it. This is the opportunity of the ages.

May we then conceive of modern business as the one real church universal? Is it not only inseparable from politics but the chief political reality? Does not its massing of creative energies for productive purposes reveal a dynamic superior to static laws enacted by society? To all three questions thus stated Mr. Ferguson's answer would be yes.

The author wonders how it can escape observation that the system of universal reciprocities founded on capital, credit, contract and corporate organization—subtle and powerful agencies for the working out of a world-wide community of interest—is a thing of spiritual portent. It represents a serious effort of western civilization to escape from the provincialism of race into the large kingdom of the free spirit. Again, he holds that the point of Christianity and democracy is that men can get together and stay together by making the mastery of the difficulties of existence a direct object of devotion. "People who pay close attention to the concrete realities of the universe are bound to hold together—because the universe does. This is the meaning of the sacrament of bread and wine."

The great hypocrisy of the age which has come to its day of judgment, according to Mr. Ferguson, is the preservation of the fiction that business and politics must be kept quite separate. As a matter of fact, the business organization is the chief and controlling power in the politics of democratic countries. A predominant interest that is not openly acknowledged as a public power will necessarily be dangerous to the public power. The business world "has woven a strong

net of economic interdependence which takes in everybody and comprehends nine-tenths of the ordinary interests of all the people. Yet it has lived the political life of unfranchised women, minors and gypsies." Political wreckage must follow upon a development of a business system that is in effect a paramount political power without political responsibility.

"The simple truth is that the rise of modern business is a fact of such proportions that corporation lawyers and old-school statesmen are generally quite incompetent to deal with it. The community of business interests, being intrinsically stronger than any other extant political agency, cannot be broken in pieces by any force that the State is able to command—except military autocracy and war. On the other hand, it is becoming evident that this new power of unsocialized finance, if allowed to develop further in an atmosphere of moral nullity and legal fiction, is capable of the works of the very devil, even to the destruction of society itself."

No prophet has arisen, says Mr. Ferguson, to demand that the business world should create its own organs of judgment and self-control. In this country he thinks that quick choice must be made between regeneration of the business system along that line from within, or militaristic discipline from without.

Socialism and the sham democracy of vote-counting miss the vital fact that the only legitimate power is power to deliver the goods. The rule that

matters is the rule that really serves. Democracies can only beat kings at the business by accrediting the capacity and trustworthiness of persons of enterprise, instead of relying upon the abstractions of depersonalized institutions and laws. "A grand-scale social organization bent upon the advancement of the arts and sciences by an economy of creative power and the use of tools requires a high degree of mobilization, a sensitive adjustment to the laws of natural evolution and a deliverance from the constraints of arbitrary law." Modern enterprise calls for capital; but, far more than that, it calls for credit—credit which the community really grants to him who can do things, altho the banker we permit to hand it out or withhold it as a private transaction. Credit-banking is truly a public function, asserts Mr. Ferguson, for it controls the power to bring people together for productive operations, or to keep them from coming together. To secure a democratic administration of this most powerful modern organ of social control is the crucial political problem among nations.

Germany took hold of this power, organized a feudal state, a "half-democratic" working system, and the development of self-controlling creative industrial agencies under it has been marvelous. Even the military tangent which Germany has taken, Mr. Ferguson points out, cannot obscure the revelation "that humanized and scientific business is not a dream

of visionaries, but the solid base of fighting-power, as well as of working-power." England, on the other hand, represents the plutocratic rule of an irresponsible creditor-class, under which there is progressive impoverishment of the productive forces. "A \$10,000 mortgage on a \$5,000 farm is not likely to be a good farm, or a good mortgage." This system leads to war, since a creditor-class, unable to make the wheels go round in a deadlocked domestic economy, determines to use the government to open up foreign fields of exploitation.

Between the German and the English systems Mr. Ferguson exhorts the United States to choose neither. But he sees in the German the strength of a democratic passion for doing things right. If the modern business system founded on credit, free contract and cognate mental habits, survives at all, it will achieve self-consistency and normal strength in a dynamic society which pours the energy of its idealism into material things. Such mastery of materials is more important than the maintenance of vested rights. A thoroly self-governing business system could exercise a power over materials so unprecedented and incomparable that the plutocracies could not stand in the presence of it. The age which has elaborated the new, subtle and powerful business agencies for the working out of a world-wide community of interest, "did not know that it was handling the stuff of a political apocalypse!"

A NEW AMERICAN POET'S VISION OF THE SPIRITUAL GLORY OF WAR

CONVENTIONS that have bound man to his material state break down in war. The European war changes something—"something, at least, is coming through." That something is spiritual, if Lincoln Colcord's "Vision of War" be true. His message appears in a new volume of Whitmanesque verse published by Macmillan under the title just quoted. Mr. Colcord certainly succeeds in strengthening the impact of his words by singularly effective use of the free verse form. He sees in the war man's spirit freed to act on a plane where the claims of the body are admittedly unimportant. Horrible physical suffering in war becomes a means of purification of the nations.

"O God of life and truth, give us a dream to fight for!
Love, honor, faith, to suffer and to die for!
For only our bodies fight and suffer and die:
Our souls, our souls, reach on!"

In peace, Mr. Colcord finds that the soul decays; all that makes up the life of truth, the spirit, the ideal, sinks beneath a load of gross material. Man is not yet worthy to live in peace; he hankers after wealth, power, and self-indulgence, kicking the soul aside. Those whom peace surfeits are less worthy than those whom peace starves. There is no betterment of life save through increase of the spirit, and the spirit that seems to fail in peace seems to be revived in war. "O, to go out and die for an idea again!"

"Behold! Hour of the War!
Life everywhere flowing in strange new channels!
The world aroused, awakened! The silence rent! Peace shattered and overthrown!
The well-ordered conventions rudely broken up! The illusions dissipated! The motives suddenly disclosed!
Men face to face with nature, death, and pain! The elemental shown! And dim and far, the truth appearing!
The hovering dream! The distant and divine conception!

(I sing no battles lost, retreating armies:
O, I tell you, in this campaign there are no defeats!
O, I tell you, the retreating and advancing armies are equally triumphant!
O, I tell you, the lost battles contribute as much as the battles won, to the sure result of this campaign!
Victory! Victory! Victory!
Our country calls! Our country, and our King!")

Divine truth, Mr. Colcord thinks, impels men to fight for true ideas at times when dreams are failing, the spirit is in danger, and the light is going out. He addresses the cynic:

"Old man, you hold a wrong conception of this thing called war;
The actual fighting is not of the least importance;
The killing and being killed are not worth talking about;
The willingness to be killed is the only vital issue;
The spirit of war is its only argument.
Wherever men die for a cause, mistaken or not, misled or not, there truth advances, an imperceptible degree;

The result of the contest may not be what was intended—it may be utterly different from what was intended;

It probably will be—few wars have been brought about with righteous intent;

The conquering armies may come home to rend in their triumph the powers that sent them forth;

The conquered may finally emerge victorious, the principle they fought for, taken up by the opposite side;

(If I am to fight and die for my belief, I must have a sincere enemy on the opposite side).

Noble and generous reconciliation!

I tell you, there is a chance, the only chance—it has been done;

The air has been cleared, the spirit shown, the impenetrable curtain fiercely ripped asunder;

The divine and majestic vision glimpsed momentarily, seen and remembered."

Nothing vital or necessary to the spirit is disturbed by war, only convention, artificialities, and materials which, in Mr. Colcord's phrase, are "clay for the hands of the spirit, shaped to be broken; (And always finer, grander, truer forms!)." The spirit is the only permanence, and "spirit exalted" in war he thus glorifies:

"Spirit fallen? The spirit is not what you think or mean;

The spirit is a force constantly ready for battle, quick to fight for its own,

Free with itself, careless of consequences, violent, charged with faith, indifferent to protests and arguments,

Intent alone on truth, its deathless dream.

Spirit exalted! Above the armies of men in battle it hovers, valorous, undefiled;

There, on the field of carnage and death, stand forth the highest instincts of the soul;

There find ye courage, strength, nobility, ungrudging service;

There find ye infinite tenderness and compassion, the generosity of worthy foes;

There find the purest instances of friendship and humanity;

There neither lies nor lying thoughts nor base suspicions;

There honor honored, truth believed;

There miracles of faith made manifest;

There souls' cooperation, pain subdued for others' sake, and for the cause;

There nothing held back, the last gift freely given;

There spirit's power supremely shown, rising to greater and greater sacrifices;

There marvels, too, of bodily strength, endurance, health, the body supremely shown;

(For the body is only supreme where the spirit is supreme;)

There life stripped to its fundamentals, seen at last, in the cold and hunger and wet, in the pain, in the presence and hour of death;

All simple, wise, heroic, natural, true.

There near-appearing, the dream that stood far off in times of peace;

Love without bound, love compassing the enemy and friend alike;

Unselfish love, a flash of the ideal;

Love of humanity—the Brotherhood of Man!"

The cry that Europe has been betrayed, that civilization has been set back a century by the war, is but the hypocrisy of a pharisaical business era, according to the poet. Rather has the soul of Europe been deathlessly affirmed and merely falsehood in civilization set back. The truth of civilization has advanced another imperceptible degree.

"Just as, in the presence and hour of death, in the pain and sorrow, in the sharp arraignment, the veil harshly rent asunder,

Man sees life's truth and falsehood, the spirit, love, and what it is really for; So, in the hour of war, nations awake and clear their eyes.

Just as, out of trial, grief, adversity, sore loss, has come man's best endeavor;

So, out of the world's distress, has come its highest dream.

* * *

There shall be war in the East, and war in the West;

There shall be war between the East and the West;

There shall be civil war, race war, and revolution far and near;

There shall be war enough to stop the mouth of this old hypocrite, and bring him to his knees."

To faltering spirits who call out, "give us a sign—give us a sign," the poet answers:

"Take heart, take heart, my brother!

O, sometimes I think that there are nothing but signs!

Signs in the sky! Signs—in the stirring sea! Signs running along the ground like fire!

Signs in the swaying parliaments! Signs in the trembling courts! Signs in the stifled press! Signs in the sundering schools!

Signs in disintegrating governments! Signs in ancient authorities fiercely defied!

Signs in alarmed society! Signs in quick-arming wealth!—in quicklier-arming poverty!

Signs in the life, the heart, the spirit, of the average man!

Nothing but signs, I say! Nothing but signs!

(And they are signs of war.)"

Then, as if for further inspiration to the average man, Mr. Colcord, born a seafarer, draws upon his memory and sings:

"For I have known men and women laden down with truth, and ballasted with love,

Setting their sails with lifting song, steering boldly out for the open sea, shaping their course for the isles of God,

Refusing help, advice, precaution, compromise,

Letting the rest fall in the wake, or go their way.

And here and there, on the crest of the years, one has appeared,

Sending his soul up like a sheet of flame, Lighting the sky with terrible glad truth,

blinding the world, To show what man can be."

AN ENFORCED THEOLOGICAL HOLIDAY AND THE COMING READJUSTMENT TO NEEDS OF A CHANGING WORLD

WAR has brought about a sort of theological holiday, the editor of *The Hibbert Journal*, London, acutely observes. Not only were the prolific sources of the German supply of theology shut up, but respect diminished for the old supply on hand. The war challenges many of our pre-existing notions of human nature and greatly confuses our vision of the world. We do not quite know what to think or what to say about either. The war is the work of human nature; it originated in hu-

man nature, and is carried on by human nature. Heroism and self-sacrifice are superlative on the one hand; wild war fury, blood-lust, cruelty, lies, execrations and gnashing of teeth suggest fiends, below even the animal creation, on the other hand. Is the world good, or is the world bad? Hardly a day passes but we are ready to shout an affirmative answer to both questions, writes editor L. P. Jacks. Meanwhile, he adds, "our speculations about God are held in abeyance; the time for them will not come until we have recovered our lost bearings in the

actual world. Let us first know what kind of a world it is in which we are living, and whether our human nature has or has not the force to establish the thing it believes to be good."

Historically the science of Christian theology has always tended to assume one of two forms, an interpretation of religion in terms of salvation or an interpretation in terms of the pursuit of moral excellence.

"In general, we may say that the less men believe in themselves, and the lower their estimate of the capacities of human nature, the more do they lean to a theol-

ogy of salvation. On the other hand, the more optimistic they are about the natural order, and the more impressed by their own moral achievements, the less need do they feel for the saving grace of God, and the more content they are to regard God as a being who is the active principle of human progress and looks on with approval while men fulfil their vocation, as they then seem well able to do."

Most forms of Christian theology are in fact a compromise between these two distinguishable forms, reflecting various views, optimistic and pessimistic, concerning man and the world in successive periods of history. Religion and theology, as Mr. Jacks recalls, have proved over and over again that they can assimilate any event; they can accommodate themselves to any conceivable set of conditions; and are as much at home among the ruins of civilization as when confronted by its greatest triumphs. But their *form* will vary according as the circumstances to which they must adjust themselves are of one kind or the other. What form are we likely to see after the war?

"It may be that the issue of events will be such that we shall be able to look back on this tragedy as the most splendid episode of history and a crowning evidence of the nobility of man. That will be good for the theology of moral excellence. But this is by no means sure, and can only happen if certain forces, not yet victorious, get the upper hand. It is possible that humanity may emerge from this conflict not proud of its achievements but thoroly ashamed of itself. Nothing may happen on a scale sufficiently significant to redeem the manifest stupidity and wickedness of certain current actions. An adequate atonement may not appear, at least not for a long time. The hidden triumph of great tragedy may be wanting. In which event all those forms of thought which rest on the postulates of moral excellence will receive a set-back, and men will fling themselves, as they have often done in darker times, on the grace and the mercy of God. That will be good for the theology of salvation."

Whether or no we have overestimated the moral capacities of human nature, it seems certain to Mr. Jacks that we have overestimated the actual degree of its moral progress. We have been too prone to measure progress by the doctrines which moralists were *teaching*, and have failed to ask ourselves how much of this teaching was being actually *learnt* by the world at large.

In the United States the early cry of theological and religious dismay caused by the war is less prevalent now. Metropolitan papers have rather taken up the phrase lately used in an address by Oscar Straus, ex-United States ambassador to Turkey, namely, "God has not failed; only man has failed." In view of editor Jacks' state-

ment of theological tendencies it is interesting to find editor Shailer Mathews devoting 48 pages of *The Biblical World*, Chicago, to an optimistic study of "Theology and the Social Mind." Dr. Mathews says that Christianity as a religion is a movement rather than a mere body of doctrines, and each successive age has undertaken to rethink its Christian inheritance in terms of its own experience. The only real history of doctrine is the history of people who hold doctrines. Once admit that Christianity is a religion subject to the laws of social and individual development and we have a clue to what sometimes seems "an ecclesiastical labyrinth running up into a theological blind alley."

"The ultimate realities with which the theologians must deal are not ideas, but people—the same people with whom the student of society and of politics is concerned. If, as has just been said, the religious man is precisely the same man as he who marries, studies, fights, trades, pioneers, and organizes states, in all these undertakings he confesses the need of divine inspiration and consolation as well as of help and protection. For this reason, whenever men have thought creatively they have adjusted their inherited religion to their actual needs by the use of such creative social ideas as dominated their active life. . . . *Doctrine is the result of a dominant social mind at work in religion.*"

"From the point of view of social history we see a succession of creative social minds operating in the Western world during the life of Christianity; the Semitic monarchical, which gave us the New Testament; the Hellenistic monarchical, which gave us ecumenical dogma; the imperialistic, which gave us Latin Christianity; the feudal, which served to give content to the concept of divine imperialism; the national, which gave us Protestantism; the bourgeois, which gave us modern evangelicalism and Unitarianism; and the scientific-democratic, which must give us the theology for to-morrow."

The fact is interesting, continues Dr. Mathews, that in the course of Western history during the last two thousand years, each of these dominant social minds had its particular place of incubation.

"Syria, the Eastern and the Western Roman empires, Germany, England, and America have been the homes of successive creative social minds during the past two millennia, whether judged from the point of view of Christianity or from that of social development as a whole. It is an inevitable speculation whether the Western movement of creative social minds and newly begotten doctrines may not yet add still another phase of social as well as doctrinal development, the cosmopolitan-fraternal, which, so far as the church is concerned, will result from foreign missions and find its home in Asia. For my own part, I not only expect this new phase but believe we are already seeing its birth."

Needs are always the mother of theology from the point of view of a developing religion. The bourgeois social mind, with its charities and universal suffrage was yet unwilling to democratize privilege in the industrial world and insisted upon the maintenance of the economic status quo. As a consequence, observes Dr. Mathews, "its conception of salvation is that of individual rescue from the world rather than of the transformation of character through the individual's participation in God's activity conditioned by a thoroughgoing extension of Christ's principle of love to social structure. That this attitude is changing is due to the rise of a new interest in the teaching of Jesus and the pervasive influence of the new and modern spirit of democracy."

The modern social mind Dr. Mathews defines by saying that it may be called scientific-democratic, and is a creative countermovement to capitalism, whose religious interests are allied to those of imperialism and supramundane salvation. The democratic mind attempts to apply to every moral issue its tests of justice-giving, service, and social solidarity:

"Our hope lies in the fact that the social mind which has given rise to religious needs has always furnished from its own experience those conceptions which bring evangelic truths into immediate and helpful satisfaction of such needs. Thus the Hellenistic world, which needed to be sure that salvation mediated through Jesus Christ was from God, found its satisfaction in Logos and essence theologies. The world of the Middle Ages, suffering from the pessimism born of a disorganized society, needed the unifying and steadying message of a sovereign God whose honor and whose power were not at the disposal of barbarian, baron, or king. This need was satisfied as Christianity embodied the ideas of empire and feudalism. The needs of the Reformation period, with its disintegrating factors and its development of nationalities, with its break with imperial unity and scholastic universals, were met as the new epoch mediated to itself the work of Christ through the formulas of the newly arising monarchy. The bourgeoisie which fought for privileges kept from it by monarch and clergy and nobility found its spiritual needs satisfied in thinking of God's free grace and redemption as limited to no class and brought home to men the conception of a sacrificing God who cares very little about orthodoxy and very much about people.

"Similarly, in our modern world we shall find that Christianity furnishes satisfaction for the universal need of a religion that shall not only save individuals but society in accordance with the laws of the universe."

Theologies may change, concludes Dr. Mathews, but the realities which they have expressed will endure, enriched and reinforced by what the Spirit of God teaches the spirit of the age.

RIGHT AND WRONG IN THE CASE OF THE BABY WHO WAS ALLOWED TO DIE

A CHICAGO physician refuses to perform an operation which might prolong the life of a new-born defective baby. Straightway our newspapers discover a sensation in the fact, the death of 20,000 men a day in war having become rather ordinary every-day news. The journalistic instinct in the case seems to have been a reliable one. Human interest responds at once in a case of life or death that comes within the grasp of everybody's mind, whereas it balks before a continuous slaughter of 20,000 a day, the mind refusing to take it in. The range of comment on the Chicago case affords an exhibition of conflicting theories and ethical standards that is amazing.

Dr. H. G. Haiselden, a prominent surgeon of Chicago, explained to the parents the permanent deformities and defects of their baby, and they accepted his judgment against performing a surgical operation to prolong its life. Other hospital authorities called into consultation agreed with the diagnosis on which he based his decision. Subsequently a jury of investigating physicians and surgeons called by the coroner rendered a mixed report. Morally and ethically they declared that a surgeon is fully within his rights in refusing to perform an operation that his conscience does not sanction. At the same time they declared that the physician's highest duty is to relieve suffering and prolong life. In this case, they asserted, a prompt operation would have prolonged and perhaps saved the child's life, and that its physical defects did not prove that it would become mentally and morally defective. Dr. Haiselden insists that his examination showed that the baby would become a mental and moral defective, and fourteen examining physicians agreed that he was justified in refusing to operate. Did he do right?

Some newspapers spared readers from medical details on the ground that they were too revolting to print. Dr. Haiselden testified before the coroner's jury of physicians that the child's head was deformed, one ear was lacking and there was no auditory canal. The neck was abnormal and paralysis was indicated. It was impossible to feed the child. X-ray examination to locate the exact nature of intestinal disorders showed that the child could not live without an operation and it would be dangerous if not useless to operate.

A cabled description of the baby's condition at birth brought from the editor of the London *Lancet*, perhaps

the leading medical journal of the world, the statement: "I do not consider that the child ever really lived." The N. Y. *Sun* promptly interviewed five doctors with rather mixed results. One emphasized the duty of doctors to save, not to destroy life; one saw strong arguments on both sides of the case; three upheld the Chicago physician; one of them to the extent of filling three columns in a Sunday issue. Other papers reported the same sort of divided opinion among physicians and surgeons, and unearthed local instances of similar professional practice. Sociologists and woman suffragists were among those stirred up to give opinions for publication.

The well-defined attitude of the Roman Catholic church toward preservation of child-life is presented in *The Morning Star*, official organ of the Archdiocese of New Orleans. It calls the action of Dr. Haiselden "monstrous, unchristian and damnable." If such a precedent is professionally established, we are told, "one may well ask who in the future will be safe in the hands of such physicians. Where will the line be drawn between the 'fit' and the 'unfit,' between the so-called 'defective' and the 'non-defective'?" Many secular dailies editorially take the same position. "Dr. Haiselden is a moral defective," declares the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. "In assuming to exercise and execute judgment on human life and human potencies Dr. Haiselden is a menace to society. No physician can do this; no physician governed by ethical principle will ever do it—will ever do anything that does not contribute to the saving of life." "Doctors as yet are neither gods nor executioners," says the N. Y. *Tribune*. Even in the case of Baby Bollinger, comments the Chicago *Evening Post*, "the diagnosis of mental defectiveness was a peradventure rather than a certainty. Would not science be braver accepting the one chance in a thousand of overcoming this doubt than in folding helpless hands before it? 'While there is life there is hope.'"

The majority of thoughtful persons, so the Detroit *News* thinks, will justify the attitude of the Chicago physician; but the principle behind society's reluctance to exterminate defectives is biologically sound, because what is incurable to-day is curable to-morrow. The Baltimore *American* suggests that while "the subnormal child has its rights, the radically abnormal or monstrous child has failed to bring with it to birth the necessary human attributes." There is an increasing body of opinion that will sustain Dr. Haiselden's decision as human and

right, according to the Philadelphia *Ledger*:

"Every conscientious physician has had to face and decide similar problems in his own practice; but, unlike the present case, he has not been forced to discuss with the public his duty to his patient and to the sacred principles of humanity. There is no disposition to evade the enormous difficulties of the question or to ignore the grave responsibility that must be assumed in deciding which life is worthless and which is worth preserving. If such a duty is to be performed in the interest of a normal and happy development of the race to higher levels of health and well-being, its exercise must be surrounded by every safeguard. But the day has passed when the subject can be lightly dismissed or when any one is justified in describing such a decision as that made by the mother and doctor in the Chicago hospital as a 'crime against the race.' It may, on the contrary, be a step toward the highest benefaction to humanity."

Science is errant, like all things human, avers the Chicago *Tribune*, but it offers society as reliable a guide as is offered by jurisprudence.

"If, then, society maintains courts for its protection, shall it not accept the conclusions of science and prevent the unfit from attacking it or battering upon it? That such a doctrine calls for the most cautious and guarded applications goes without saying. But it may be accepted some day and embodied in the law with formal agencies to enforce it. It certainly should not be left for the private individual to apply."

Fear of abuses and distrust of motives and of professional ability are the basis of criticism in this case, in the opinion of the Washington *Herald*. All sentiment, it thinks, must be in favor of allowing such a baby to die, "for it is men and not God that send such unfortunates into the world, and God can quickly find, if He will, another and a finer house of clay for the little spirit to abide in."

If doctors who are also eugenist-enthusiasts continue to practice they should proclaim their peculiar theories as widely as they proclaim their regular medical qualifications, according to the San Francisco *Chronicle*. People who employ them should have such protection against the destruction or even the neglect of life.

On the other hand, what shall be said of the widespread tolerance of non-interference with the course of nature as practised by "healers," so-called scientists, asks Dr. Simon Baruch, ex-president of the N. Y. State Medical Association. He dwells on this phase of the subject at considerable length in the N. Y. *Sun*, saying in part:

"'Thou shalt not kill,' is the unequivocal commandment, the violation of which is avenged by divine and human law. Non-interference with a probable menace to life is quite another matter. It does not seem to have occurred to the good people who grow maudlin over Dr. Haiselden's non-interference with the course of nature that similar non-interference is a daily if not hourly experience of those who, suffering from some serious and often

mortal disease, permit themselves to neglect measures that are known to be successful, while they receive from some healer absent treatment or, for that matter, present treatment which is equally inert.

"For instance, cases of diphtheria are allowed to die when it is a well-established fact that they might have been saved by treatment. Rarely is the inaction of the healer punished by the courts. I have

witnessed the death of a relative who believed in New Thought until her distress became unendurable. When I was called I discovered internal cancer that could have been successfully removed six months earlier. This poor woman died because of non-interference. We read of similar cases frequently, but no protest is heard, because the crime of non-interference is committed under the guise of Christianity."

GERMAN IDEAS OF THE WAR AS A JUDGMENT OF GOD ON GERMANY

IT is among the Germans themselves, and even among the positive and orthodox section of the Protestant church of the Fatherland, that the conclusion is gradually being reached that the world-war is a judgment of God on the German people. They say that the purpose of Providence is to call the people to repentance and to a return to true Christian faith through this terrible affliction. That there has been a wonderful revival of religious convictions and feeling throughout all Germany since the beginning of the war is a fact beyond doubt. To show that this revival may result in a permanent blessing to the people is the endeavor of the leaders of religious thought. Never since the terrible humiliation of the Napoleonic wars of a century ago has the cry to repentance been heard in the land of Luther as it is heard now.

One of the great leaders of religious life there is Dr. Kaftan, the Consular Councillor of Kiel, who recently wrote in the *Allgemeine Lutherische Kirchenzeitung* of Leipzig as, follows:

"Let us look back to the times before the war. What was the condition of the German people then? Were they religiously advancing or retrograding? Were the numbers of those who gathered to hear the word of God and who kneeled at the altars of the Lord increasing? The facts, as these can be read in the official statistics, show that this was not the case. A religious decay was setting in. There indeed was considerable talk about an increase in religious interests. But what kind of a religion was that in which the interest was growing? It was not the religion of Christianity at all, but a religion of feeling and sentiment, the ethical value of which was about equivalent to that of esthetical feelings. The moral status of the people was on the decline, while the government was still engaged in the legal regulation of prostitution, which was never understood by the people as anything else than permission to engage in this sin which they had learned from the French, from whom the Germans were also beginning to learn the new art of race suicide. Our vital statistics of recent years prove this.

"A real earnest observer of German life was forced to come to the conclusion that

the highest aim and ideal of public and private life was 'More pleasure. More ethical shallowness!' The Germans were indeed willing to continue to be religious, but they wanted a new kind of religion, one that did not vex and torment the old Adam. They were satisfied indeed to have a certain kind of morality, but not the morality found in the commandments of Moses, and least of all in that forbidding adultery. They wanted free love. Our people were sinking lower and lower. At this critical moment God interfered and providentially permitted this war to come. And, thanks be to God, it came in time not to be too late for a regeneration of the people. A new religious life and new and higher ethical ideals and standards have set in through the land; and for this we must on our knees thank our Heavenly Father."

"But let us not make a mistake," continues Dr. Kaftan. "A large portion of the German people are longing for peace, in order to set in again where they so suddenly broke off when the war began. If this is done the blessings of the war will be lost for us."

"It is a bitter truth, but yet a great truth, that God has permitted this war to come over us because we were proceeding from life to death. The war is God's judgment over us; it is a judgment that is born out of His grace, which does not desire that the German nation shall go down in ruin. But how many in Germany know how to estimate this war properly? Can God give us the victory if we do not submit humbly to this judgment? This God is just as much the God of the French, of the Russians and of the English as He is of the Germans. The talk now found in certain liberal religious circles and papers about a 'German' God and a 'German' heaven is really nothing else than a stupid deification of patriotism and a restoration of paganism in place of Christianity. Isaiah brought the people of Israel from a national God to a God of heaven and of earth; to demand a 'German' God and a 'German' religion is to descend to the stage of national gods. It has already been said that only working hands have a right to be raised in prayer for victory; but to this must be added that only prayer for victory can come out of repentant hearts."

Others beside Kaftan among the leaders of Protestant thought are raising their voices in Germany in this same strain. Among these is the great

specialist in New Testament Greek, Professor A. Deissmann, of the University of Berlin, who for over a year has been sending out letters on the war chiefly to American scholars and periodicals, these letters being written in English. Professor Deissmann, at a recent religious conference held in Berlin, spoke on the subject of "The War and the Religious Ethical Regeneration of our Nation," the outline of which is published in the *Chronik der Christlichen Welt*. Among his theses are these:

"The question which God has in this hour forced upon the attention of the German people is this: 'Is it possible that the phenomenal spiritual revival which has resulted from the war can be permanently preserved for the benefit of our nation; or are these new energies to fade away without any abiding results? This will become a matter determining the fate of our people when peace shall have been attained.'

"As these new spiritual forces constitute a blessing that God in His mercy has entrusted to us, it is self-evident that the work and the endeavors which the proper use of these forces demand on our part are not to be regarded as a burden, or as the possession of an hour, but as something for the conscientious use of which we will be held accountable to God.

"Among the results that the use of these spiritual factors will demand of us are these: (a) a more simple and healthy conception of the duties and the purpose of our national life; (b) a social, inter-confessional and inner-Protestant peace of God; (c) a more heroic conception of Christianity modeled after the teachings of Jesus and His gospel; (d) an enrichment of our spiritual life as a result of the great sacrifices that have been made in the war and the resultant concentration on the certainty of eternal life."

It is a noteworthy fact that in the Roman Catholic church of Germany and Austria-Hungary the war has been a means of establishing an inner churchly peace and harmony. In the *Chronik* there is a lengthy account of this matter. Especial attention is drawn to the fact that immediately at the outset of the conflict the old struggle between the Modernist Catholics of Berlin and the anti-Modernists of Cologne ceased as by magic. The

Roman Catholic church in these lands is supporting the governments with might and main, especially since it was discovered that in their occupation of

Galicia the Russians supplanted the Roman Catholic hierarchy by representatives of the Orthodox church. They took the Archbishop of Lemberg a

prisoner and forced thousands of the people to enter the Orthodox church. They also evidently regarded this war as a religious crusade.

THE RELIGIOUS ISSUE CONTINUES TO RAISE ITS HEAD IN AMERICAN POLITICS

HIT the thing in the head whenever it appears, so the American press is constantly advising; but the "thing," that is to say, the religious issue, persists in bobbing up in local, state and national politics. It is now assuming a threatening attitude even in our foreign policy. Many Roman Catholic journals in this country have bitterly criticized Carranza and vehemently opposed our recognition of him as president. None of them have expressed approval for the recognition finally accorded him by the United States and other American republics. The *Morning Star*, official organ of the New Orleans diocese of the Roman Catholic Church, sharply attacks the President:

"Mr. Wilson's recognition of Carranza, the avowed enemy of the Catholic Church, is an insult to the Catholics of this country. It is a direct challenge to them, and we hope that not only Catholics but every true lover of religious freedom, for which the glorious flag of our country stands, will give him such an open answer at the polls as will prove to him that no President of the United States can so flagrantly ignore the lawful and respectful request of 16,000,000 fellow citizens without paying the penalty."

Political threats made by German-Americans on account of the President's neutrality policy were shouted down by the newspapers of the country, observes the *New Republic*. The interests of clericalism in Mexico, it thinks, are a no less improper issue in our domestic politics; yet, while most editors agree in this, they will not call these "hyphenated Catholics" to account:

"Why is this? It is because the Roman Catholic Church is the sacred cow of American journalism and American politics. But it will not always be so. Already in states like Massachusetts the aggressiveness of churchmen has made clericalism the real issue upon which men divide politically. Just below the level of newspaper comment, Boston seethes with a religious partisanship which foolish papers like the *Morning Star* are trying to transfer to a national plane."

President Wilson's "America first" address, it may be noted, contained a warning against divisive religious issues as well as against hyphenated allegiance; but the newspaper comment that has appeared upon his reference to such issues has been wary in tone and small in amount. Very

wide publicity, however, is given in the news columns to Secretary Tumulty's letter defending his chief's Mexican policy against Roman-Catholic critics. Mr. Tumulty has been the object of continual attack by radical anti-Catholic papers like the *Menace* ever since his appointment; he is now the recipient of some rather caustic criticism coming from the opposite direction. His letter to a fellow-Catholic points out that several Roman-Catholic countries joined with the United States in deciding that Carranza is, under all the circumstances, the best man to receive recognition as Mexico's ruler. Concerning alleged outrages against nuns, he declares that all efforts of our agents have failed to substantiate the reports: "There is no official record of a single proven case of this dastardly crime in the files of the Department of State." He contends that the Administration has done all that it could do to safeguard Roman Catholics in Mexico. He pleads:

"Any effort to drag out all the horrors of a fratricidal war and put them on parade, to paint only the dark side, to keep open wounds when that country is prostrate in sorrow and its people praying for peace, is scarcely a labor which any friend of Mexico would undertake, or in which any man could find pride."

The editor of *America*, a leading New York Roman-Catholic paper, is not satisfied with Mr. Tumulty's letter, especially that part relating to the alleged outrages on priests and nuns. The editor offers to submit affidavits in certain cases. "The inquiry from a Catholic in New Jersey to a Catholic in the White House," says *America*, "was apparently framed to give an opportunity for an answer that would make the opposition of American Catholics to the Mexican revolutionists seem unreasonable, if not factitious."

While religious controversy thus complicates a difficult diplomatic problem, anti-Roman-Catholic propaganda and its counterpart keep coming to the surface here and there in domestic politics. The anti-Catholic feeling which is now in full flame in many parts of the country, says the *Public* (Chicago), "is being used by a lot of grafters and political and social reactionaries as a horse and saddle to ride into office and power."

When the anti-Catholic issue becomes definitely raised, however, as in the recent elections in Chicago and

Massachusetts, it seems to act chiefly as a political boomerang. Buffalo seems to be an exception if one may take at its face value the claim of *The Menace* that the anti-Catholic organization called the "Units" recently succeeded in electing 20 out of 28 city and county candidates. In Philadelphia, religious antagonism became a prominent issue in the recent election. The *North American*, Philadelphia's Progressive daily, thinks that the plain substitution of such antagonism for the issue of misrule by contractors has so brought the religious issue to light that it must be discredited and destroyed. The *North American's* editorial story of the extraordinary situation brings out many interesting points, which we summarize:

Normally, "Boss" McNichol mobilizes Roman Catholic supporters in Philadelphia. The Vares cultivate and manipulate the anti-Catholic elements. Protestant parades are held to be demonstrations of Vares' strength, Catholic parades of McNichol's. They are for the most part held between elections. A new secret religious organization, The Stonemen's Fellowship, has shown extraordinary growth, as many as 20,000 men attending its secret meetings. George D. Porter, a leading member, was nominated for mayor by the "Franklin party." A professional agitator came on to promote, for Porter, an inner Stonemen's organization of anti-Catholic Protestants, which was dubbed the "No Name Society." Rev. H. Charles Stone and George Wharton Pepper, of the Episcopal Church, authoritatively vouched for the high aims of the Stonemen and for their dissociation from politics. But the alleged Porter anti-Catholic movement became the real campaign issue, and the Roman Catholic vote was virtually unanimous for Smith. The Democratic Party strength was reduced to fewer than 5,000 by the determination of its Roman Catholic members to make the defeat of Porter overwhelming. It further appears that, under its constitution, the Stonemen's Fellowship has the elements of an exclusive Protestant Episcopal church fellowship, the third degree of the order, for instance, simulating if not constituting "confirmation." The result is that clergymen of other Protestant churches are advising Stonemen in their congregations to relinquish membership.



LITERATURE · AND · ART



John Cowper Powys as a
Novelist.

JOHN COWPER POWYS, whose appreciations of the great masters of literature, "Visions and Revisions," are a plea for the grand style in literature, has written a novel dealing with the Nietzschean problem of the world-old struggle between the "well-constituted" and the "ill-constituted." The novel is entitled, "Wood and Stone" (G. Arnold Shaw). Critics are of opinion that Mr. Powys is more successful as a lecturer and critic than as a novelist. As he himself admits, he has been led to interest himself in the curious labyrinthine subtleties which mark the difference between the type of person who might be regarded as born to rule and the type of person who might be regarded as born to be ruled over. Mr. Powys rejects the Nietzschean distinction upon its own ground.

"The pivotal point of the cunning narrative might be described as an attempt to suggest, granting such an esthetic test, that the hearts of ill-constituted persons—the hearts of slaves, Pariahs, cowards, outcasts, and other victims of fate—may be at least as *interesting*, in their bizarre convolutions, as the hearts of the bravest and gayest among us. And *interest*, after all, is the supreme exigency of the esthetic sense!"

But Mr. Powys has not worked out this interesting theme in as masterful fashion as his preface would seem to demand. In depicting his characters either as Nietzschean aristocrats or Pariahs distinctively reminiscent of some of the characters of Dostoevsky, he has created marionets rather than beings of flesh and blood living in a Somersetshire village. The novel is dedicated to Thomas Hardy, to whom Mr. Powys pays a striking tribute in his preface. Hardy, according to John Cowper Powys, is the only modern English author who brings with him an atmosphere of the large, mellow, leisurely humorists of the past. "One could hardly have the audacity to plant one's poor standard in the heart of Wessex without obeisance being paid to the literary over-lord of that suggestive region."

Another Russian Classic.

OBLOMOV" is the latest of the great Russian masterpieces to be published in English. C. J. Hogarth's translation has just been published by the Macmillan Company.

The novel is by Ivan Goncharov, whose art is in striking contrast with that of Dostoevsky, Tolstoy and Turgenev. Ilya Oblomov is a unique figure in the fiction of the world. He is a new type even in Russian literature, though the book was written decades ago. The work constitutes a sympathetic study of a man who is plunged into a slough of spiritual passivity and inactivity, from which nothing can lift him. Goncharov's style is more reminiscent of Maupassant's than of that of any of the Russian novelists. In his brilliant exposition of this unusual but intensely human "hero," four chapters are devoted in the beginning of the novel to Oblomov's attempt to get out of bed one fine morning. The several energetic and efficient visitors who call upon Oblomov on this particular morning and who urge him to arouse himself and to become an active participant in every-day affairs are rendered by Goncharov's benevolent satire even more absurd than the lazy Oblomov himself. Commenting on this novel in his "Outlines of Russian Literature," Maurice Baring recently declared that Goncharov had created an immortal type of fiction. "Oblomov" has passed into the Russian tongue, just as Tartuffe has passed into the French language, or Pecksniff into the English tongue. But the character is more than essentially Russian. Oblomov must appeal even to the most strenuous American as a fine portrait of certain phases of every one's character.

Lafcadio Hearn's Estimate of
Great Books.

THE unexpected interest and the charm of Lafcadio Hearn's "Interpretations of Literature" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) lie, according to the critic of the New York Times, in the fact that these critical talks "were adapted, by long experience, to the Japanese student's way of thinking and feeling." Now published posthumously, with an introduction by Prof. John Erskine of Columbia University, these interpretations were originally delivered when Hearn held the chair of English literature in the University of Tokyo from 1896 to 1902. Lafcadio Hearn has explained the method by which he attempted to convey many of the subtle beauties of English literature to Japanese youth.

"I realized my deficiencies, but I soon felt where I might become strong, and I taught literature as the expression of

emotion and sentiment—as the representation of life. In considering a poet I tried to explain the quality and the power of the emotion that he produces. In short, I based my teaching altogether upon appeals to the imagination and the emotions of my pupils."

The result, according to the *Times*, is a body of the finest type of literary criticism, and, according to Prof. Erskine, criticism "unmatched in English unless we return to Coleridge, and in some ways unequalled by anything in Coleridge." Hearn's judgments and estimates of the great masters are always guided by a sound and mellow philosophy, and are, in many cases, destructive of old values. He placed especial emphasis upon the literary value of imagination. He was captivated by Blake, whom he characterized as a strange wild flower in the great bare desert of eighteenth-century literature. Wordsworth had much less appeal for him. He dismissed Dickens as a "marvelous caricaturist, a genius in the delineation of peculiarities, and peculiarities mostly of a small kind." For George Meredith he had only a perfunctory respect; and he placed Rudyard Kipling above the author of "Richard Feverel."

The Greatness of
Ghostliness.

LITERATURE of the supernatural, of mood and imagination, receives special attention and interpretation in Hearn's volumes. Poe's weird imagination made a strong appeal, but, strangely enough, Hawthorne is not considered. Bulwer, usually considered a writer of the second rank, is given a high place in Hearn's roll of honor, mainly because of his mastery of the literature of terror. "A Strange Story" is characterized by Lafcadio Hearn as the greatest of weird and terrible stories ever written; "to read it is a liberal education in the supernatural." His generalization—"There is something ghostly in all great art, whether of literature, music, sculpture or architecture"—strikes the key-note of his appreciation. He emphasizes the value of dreams in the creation of supernatural and imaginative literature. To create the ghostly effect the author's inspiration must come solely from his own experience in the world of dreams. Lafcadio Hearn elaborated this surprising assertion in the following manner:

"All the great effects obtained by poets

and story writers, and even by religious teachers, in the treatment of supernatural fear or mystery, have been obtained directly or indirectly, through dreams. Study any great ghost story in any literature, and you will find that no matter how surprising or unfamiliar the incidents seem, a little patient examination will prove to you that every one of them has occurred, at different times, in different combinations, in dreams of your own. They give you a thrill. But why? Because they remind you of experiences, imaginative or emotional, which you had forgotten. There can be no exception to this rule—absolutely none.

"I was speaking to you the other day about a short story by Bulwer-Lytton as being the best ghost story in the English language. The reason why it is the best story of this kind is simply because it represents with astonishing faithfulness the experience of nightmare. The terror

of all great stories of the supernatural is really the terror of nightmare, projected into waking consciousness. In all cases where the supernatural is well treated in literature, dream experience is the source of the treatment."

Short Stories From the Russian.

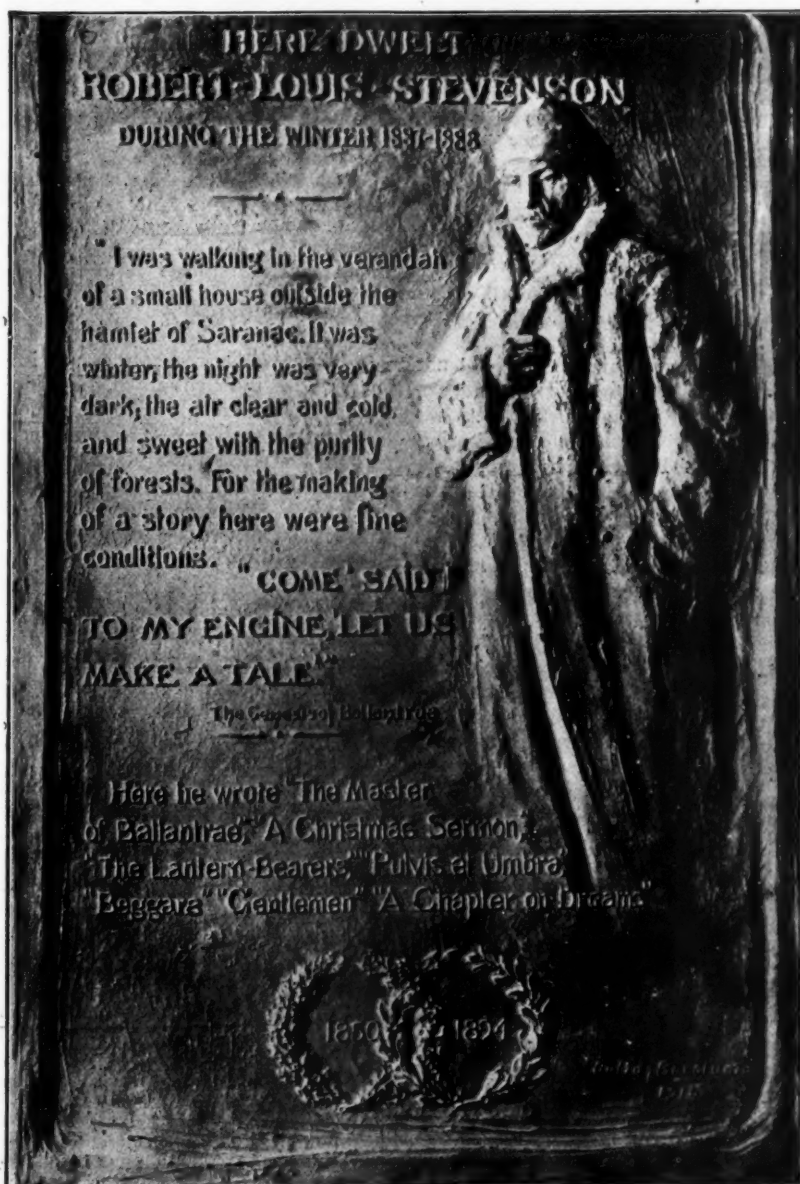
THE American short story, according to Professor Henry Seidel Canby, of Yale University, is in the grip of the "formula," of the idea that there is only one way to construct a short story. The short story has fallen a victim to the popular demand for "punch." Prof. Canby finds a superior freedom in the short stories of the Russians, who are free to be various. In a recent article in the *Atlantic Monthly* he calls attention to the short stories of Anton Tchekhov.

Tchekhov's collections of short stories, "The Black Monk," "The Steppe" and "The Kiss," have just been published for American readers by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. Alfred A. Knopf, who has placed himself as sponsor for many foreign writers hitherto unknown to American readers, has just published a volume of short stories by Wsewolod Garshin, a Russian who might have lived to become the real successor of Tolstoy, but who died at the age of thirty-three, after an illness brought on by an attempt to commit suicide. Garshin was subject all his life to attacks of insanity. He was a master in depicting tragic phases of morbid psychology, but nevertheless, as the story we publish on another page shows, he possessed the gift of a rather genial satire. Garshin was a master in depicting Russian military life and in one of his stories he describes how Russian officers maintain discipline in their ranks. When one of these officers is remonstrated with for a particularly outrageous attack upon the privates, he explains his attitude: "I am doing this not from cruelty. I have none in my nature. But one must maintain discipline. If it was possible to reason with them, I would talk, but words have no effect on them."

The New Massive Novel by Theodore Dreiser.

MR. DREISER'S new novel, "The Genius" (John Lane), is a book of some 700 pages printed in small type, containing, according to the interesting estimate of the *Boston Transcript*, approximately 330,000 words. The latest attempt at fiction by the author of "Sister Carrie" and "The Titan" is thus, as his admirers express it, massive. In structure the novel is quite similar to "The Financier" and "The Titan," tho the new book is not a part of Dreiser's "Trilogy of Desire." Critical opinion, as usual, differs concerning the value of Mr. Dreiser's realism. Mr. Mencken, of the *Smart Set*, has paid his usual tribute to this puzzling writer. A glowing eulogy heralding Theodore Dreiser as the veritable Hercules of the American novel appears in that breezy vehicle of feminine enthusiasm, *The Little Review*, of Chicago. The critic of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* admits that Dreiser's style is sloppy, and that the story would be clearer and stronger if there were 200 pages less of it. "But the same complaint has been reiterated to weariness against both Balzac and Wagner."

"The fact is that when you meet genius you have to take it on its own terms or let it alone, and Theodore Dreiser is quite clearly a genius. Whether his artistry is at all commensurate with his great native endowment is another and a much more open question. Dreiser makes his strongest impression by his pictures of every-day life, couched in the



"A BLOCK OF IRON PAINTED TO LOOK LIKE A LATH"

That is the (somewhat exuberant) tribute to Robert Louis Stevenson paid by Lord Guthrie, of Edinburgh, in commenting on the bronze tablet recently placed in the cottage at Lake Saranac, N. Y., where R. L. S. wrote "The Master of Ballantrae" and other of his works. The tablet is made by Gutzon Borglum, who, so Lord Guthrie thinks, has surpassed even St. Gaudens in getting below the surface of Stevenson's character. "It is the invalid, but the invalid who can say: 'O Pain, where is thy victory?'"

language of the street and the store. The style utterly lacks distinction, but it achieves a sense of reality. That, together with the conviction that Dreiser was trying to paint life whole, rather than to emphasize that side of human nature which has made the popularity of Elinor Glyn and her school, won acceptance for 'Sister Carrie.'

"In 'The Genius' he follows the same method, but he includes now too much homely detail, so that his scenes sometimes turn from conviction to weariness. It is those redundancies which give the irritating impression that the book is too long. If an energetic blue pencil had been used to remove all those touches which are not essential to the picture the length of the volume might not have been greatly reduced, but the sense of repetition and surplusage would have been avoided and with it an irritation which is now inevitable."

To the wary critic of the Boston *Transcript* Theodore Dreiser has not made quite convincing the rapid rise of his hero from the post of railroad employee in Yonkers with wages paid by the hour to his position as a manager of a great publishing house with a salary of \$25,000 a year, all in the course of two or three chapters. Perhaps it is Mr. Dreiser's masterly realism that renders this unusual transition quite plausible.

Edgar Lee Master's Tribute
to Theodore Dreiser.

ONE of the most interesting tributes to Mr. Dreiser's power as a novelist is that of Edgar Lee Masters, author of the "Spoon River Anthology." This review was published recently in the *Chicago Evening Post*. In the opinion of Mr. Masters, Theodore Dreiser has revolutionized American fiction. "It can never return to the old standards of reticence about life. But he has not reached the climax whither his genius inevitably tends. That climax must come. It can not come now in the fierce heat of Dostoevsky; rather it may be expected in a mellow glow, a calm flame of transfiguration." It will be in a shorter book than "The Genius," Mr. Masters admits. But this book is a striking masterpiece as he sees it:

"Over the book one can hear at times Gargantuan laughter; at other times a trembling sensitiveness seems to vibrate through the pages. Life's phantasmagoric procession passes before his eyes. He sees its tragedies clearly; its comedies, fundamentally speaking, do not escape him. But ever he asks why should this be and what is the end? What makes the machine run? Who is running it and why? He is therefore never done with explaining, and adding in touches and bringing forward facts. The reader must see what he sees. Nothing must be omitted, lest the picture lose the fidelity that he would portray—lest some less discerning eye fail of comprehension of the whole. Boundless curiosity, passion for

life, immense strength and patience carry him beyond Browning in the endeavor to make the record complete. But, unlike Browning, Dreiser has no philosophy, unless it be a philosophy to see a cosmic force which concerns itself with great events, and cares nothing for the human souls bobbing like corks in its current, whirled here to transports of brief happiness, carried there through unmitigated trial to sorrow, but to failure in either case at the last.

"America should awake to the significance of the fact that Dreiser is not striving for popularity or to make money. He is not writing to propitiate American standards. He does not see a power for righteousness moving through the world, tho he is bound to see laws at work in every domain of human life, more clearly than he has seen them thus far. But he is admirable and to be acclaimed because he looks for truth and tells the truth. If America can boast of a novelist now living of greater power, insight, imaginative sweep, let him step forward and claim the laurel wreath. He seems to me our greatest novelist now writing, and destined in the wise judgment of posterity to be given a place among the noteworthy writers of this age."

The "Happy" Phrase.

MODERN education, the late Remy de Gourmont wrote, develops a taste for the ready-made phrase—the *cliché*. Verbal memory is developed at the expense of visual. Children have been taught not to look, but only to listen. Eyes are used only for reading. Education has tended during the past three centuries, the brilliant French critic wrote, to teach children to use their eyes as the teacher uses his spectacles—to put them in a pocket when the lesson is over. The result has been the corruption of language and literature with rubberstamp expressions and phrases. "What enters the mind through the eyes," he wrote, "can only come out by the lips after an original effort of transposition. To recount what one has seen means to analyze an image, a laborious and complex operation; to say something one has heard said before is merely to repeat sounds, perhaps merely as a wall echoes them." Of late there has been a revolt against such phrases, tho there is little doubt that even in our efforts to escape stereotyped expression we use these verbal crutches. Therefore—tho perhaps in a contrary sense—a timely value is to be found in Edwin Hamlin Carr's new handbook, "The Happy Phrase" (G. P. Putnam), which the author describes as a "handbook of expression for the enrichment of conversation, writing and public speaking." The book, according to the *Chicago Evening Post*, "contains the expressions that will fit the surging elan that must clothe itself in thought. To react to any situation in a manner that will please all concerned, the novice in expression has

only to turn to the section of this book dealing with his situation." For instance, one section is called "Complimentary of Things." Here is a rich collection of *clichés*:

"How delightfully cosy.
This is the sort of thing I enjoy.
I like the idea very much.
That's simply splendid.
There is such an unfailing charm in it.
A delightful idea, truly.
I like it prodigiously."

"Figurative" is the title of another collection of "happy phrases" that may be used or avoided, according to taste:

"As clear as a whistle.
Like a sunbeam on a winter's day.
It froze all the fountains of love.
The fragile thread of life.
Smothered under the wet blanket of.
The depths of degradation.
A hazy sea of memories.
A catlike circumspection.
Reaping a dragon-tooth harvest.
The echo of a disappointed soul.
His mind cankers.
They froze me to silence.
Such a snore as the nose of innocence can produce."

The Spurious Patriotism of
Certain French Academicians.

EXTRAORDINARY poverty of thought, ridiculous pretension, and a general emptiness of idea characterize the writings of the typical French Academicians who have been attempting to write impressively concerning the Great War, according to an Italian critic, Signor Diego Angelo. The case of that great patriot, Maurice Barrès, is chosen as a typical one by Signor Angelo, who expresses his trenchant opinion in the *Giornale d'Italia*. M. Barrès is one of the most robust patriots of France, president, in fact, of the league of patriots. For years, since his conversion from the vague pseudo-anarchism of his youth, he has never ceased to insist upon the necessity of reconquering the ethnological frontiers of France. There remained but one duty for him to perform, at the outbreak of the war, Diego Angelo insists: to enlist. This is what a sincere nationalist like Deroulède would have done. But M. Barrès, like Henri Lavedan and M. Richepin, did not have the good taste even to remain silent. All three have tried instead to outdo each other in patriotism. Signor Angelo is unsparing in his condemnation of "Les Grandes Heures," M. Lavedan's collection of war articles.

"Turn over the three hundred pages which form Lavedan's new volume, and you will find in them neither an idea, nor a consideration, nor a commentary of any value whatever. Great apostrophes in every line: 'Oh, the soldiers of France!' 'Oh! To die for la patrie!' 'Oh! the holy sorrow of the widows!' 'Oh! the tears

of the innocent orphans!' In the absence of any true emotion, there are many exclamation points, many oratorical apostrophes, a great quantity of dots and dashes. Base chauvinism rather than the truly elevated sentiment of patriotism; a

theatrical lamentation rather than the sincere sob of deep feeling. At bottom, Henri Lavedan, after Maurice Barrès, offers the usual silly mess. These men who, during the past thirty years, have been preaching the need of war, have not,

found themselves equal to their task the day when war broke out for good."

Jaques Mesnil puts the stamp of approval on this criticism in the pages of the *Mercur de France*.

BRAND WHITLOCK ON THE AMERICAN QUALITY IN AMERICAN LITERATURE

WHEN Brand Whitlock went to Belgium as American minister, he went with the hope of having a quiet, restful time, with plenty of leisure for creative writing. He has done considerable writing, but not the leisurely sort he expected to do. It has consisted chiefly of diplomatic protests, inquiries and appeals. The only thing of a literary nature he has been able to produce is the paper read last month before the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

Perhaps the patriotic note in Mr. Whitlock's paper is all the more marked because of the poignant circumstances under which it was written. It is eloquent rather than incisive or critical, and its value lies not in any new insight it gives us into literary values, but in the ardor of its tone and especially of its peroration. He begins with a sort of challenge. "We sometimes sigh," he says, "over the want of appreciation of art among us, as tho there were somewhere a country in which all the people have cultivated tastes; but there is no such country." In all countries the public worship the same idols, and if in any country there is an altar to Art, it is an altar to an unknown god. Always the taste of the crowd has been fixed on the cinema of their own time, and great artists have in all ages been neglected.

The first clear note of the American motif in our fiction came, so Mr. Whitlock thinks, at the time when William D. Howells began his battle for realism—that inner realism which is the soul of things and which accepts unflinchingly the results of character and deed.

"It is a principle that must be the basis of any art that is democratic as it is the basis of democracy itself. It was, indeed, the democratic faith, no less than the literary genius, of Mr. Howells that gave the first impulse toward a native and indigenous fiction, and with the vision that accompanies all real faith, he saw what art might do with the rich and varied life that lay all undiscovered before the eyes of American writers. In 'A Modern Instance' and 'The Rise of Silas Lapham,' to select but two of his many novels, he laid the foundation of a new literature in America."

Under the influence of Mr. Howells, affected, no doubt, by European writers,

"the work of creating an American literature was undertaken, one might almost say, in the practical American way."

"Each writer who felt the impulse to interpret his own time and his own people quite wisely began at home. There was an industrious scratching of the native soil, every section of the Union was subjected to a careful examination, each State in turn minutely analyzed, the customs and habits of different regions duly set down and noted, and the several dialects of the English language spoken among us, some of them still redolent of the accents of foreign lands, faithfully recorded. There was an extensive survey, an immense documentation of localities, and if the whole body of work lacked that *envergure* that would make it national in range and scope, if it did not immediately take on the epic grandeur of our territorial expansion and produce an epopee with the national type distinctly identified, it was the inevitable consequence of the wide extent and variation of the land, of lingering sectionalism, and of conflicting currents of race and tradition."

The literature produced under this impulse, if sectional or even provincial, rather than national, was so in the same sense that "Eugénie Grandet" or "Madame Bovary" or "Jude the Obscure" is provincial, and Mr. Whitlock suspects that any disappointment felt in it is due to our American habit of looking for the big. We kept looking for the Great American Novel, which has never been written for much the same reason that the Grand Cañon and Niagara Falls have never been adequately painted. The order was too large for any single imagination. But the fiction we have produced has a validity as American, especially in this, that "it was not pervaded by the subtle and debilitating atmosphere of caste and rank and privilege; even in the dialect stories the characters were not treated patronizingly, *en grand seigneur de haut en bas*. Between this work and what had gone before there was the difference between the position a gilly is permitted to assume in one of the novels of Sir Walter, and that which a Scotsman takes naturally in the poems of Robert Burns."

With people of our race, Brand Whitlock goes on to observe, Art has always had to encounter the chilling influence of the Puritan spirit, which has ever been suspicious of beauty.

"In keeping Art clean, Puritanism risks making it sterile; it never can learn that there is something antiseptic in liberty, so that it purifies itself and heals its own wounds." Nevertheless, our American novelists have gone on producing many works that will stand the test that alone can determine the national quality of a novel. That is to say, they will tell any inquiring foreigners of the mentality of the American people and of the quality of their life. Mr. Howells, Mark Twain and Frank Norris are especially mentioned as having produced work that will "rank with the best in any literature," and as an "authentic expression of the national consciousness growing brighter and more vivid all the time."

As to the future of American literature, Mr. Whitlock finds its highest hope lying where the hope of the race lies—"in allegiance to that America of the mind where all who love their fellowmen have dwelt,"—the America so nobly incarnated in the mind of Lincoln. Mr. Whitlock's fervent peroration is as follows:

"To the imagination of the old world there has always been something perplexing, troubling, in the dim vision of America, lying off there in the West, vast, vague and mysterious in her possession of other standards and ideals. Time and time again the old world writers have crossed the seas on their hurried visits, desperately determined to understand her, to tear her secret from her. Some of them were polite and complimentary, some, like young de Tocquéville, sympathetically reported on her institutions and intelligently criticized them, while others, noting only superficial manners and jotting down with relish any crudity, any *gaucherie* they might detect, returned to cover her with contempt and snobbish scorn. And not one of them seems ever to have envisaged her, ever to have divined her, not one of them seems ever to have caught the faintest conception of her spiritual significance, or to have beheld even so much of the vision as glows any morning in dark eyes on Ellis Island; all failed in that poetic insight which alone can interpret her meaning and apprehend her relation to the development of Man the Individual.

"And all the while America impassive, inscrutable, patient, amused, waited for her poet to interpret and reveal her, conscious that her dream was for the poet alone. And her poet will come, some day, out of the stress and strain and turmoil, out of the dust and tears and sweat of

common life, from the world of common men. He will have no illusions about them; he will know their folly, their foibles, and their sins as well as their wisdom, their virtues, and their sacrifices,

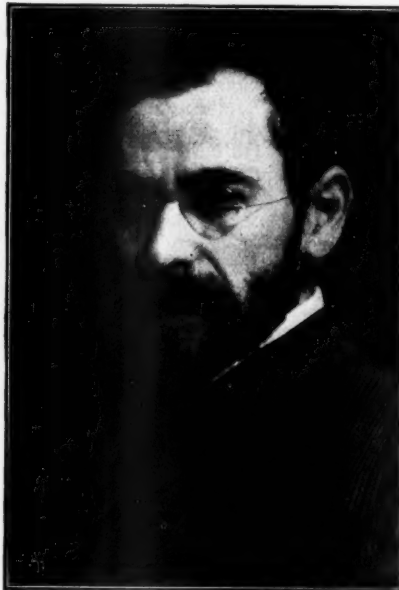
and, thus knowing them, understanding them, loving them, as one of their very own, will reveal them not only to themselves, but to those others who are precisely like them in all essentials except

in the weakness of imagining themselves somehow uncommon, different, and better, and by the revelation of his art transmute into life the truth and beauty of the dream."

VICTOR BRENNER—DESIGNER OF COINS AND SCULPTOR OF AMERICAN CULTURE

EVERY American is, in a sense, more familiar with the art of Victor David Brenner than with that of any other living sculptor. For practically everybody in the United States, virtually every day in the year, carries a pocketpiece which is the handiwork of this designer. So Paul U. Kellogg points out in an appreciation of Mr. Brenner's spirit in sculpture which was recently published in *The Survey*. Mr. Kellogg points out that Victor David Brenner, like several other of our greatest American workers in the arts, is an immigrant. At one time he was seal-maker of Shavely, a small town in the province of Kovno, Russia. Without money, he arrived in New York City in 1890. He found work in an Essex Street shop as die-cutter and engraver of badges. He prospered from the start, soon helping the other members of his family to come to the new world. For Victor Brenner, as Mr. Kellogg points out, had found something more in America than a mere market for a die-cutter and seal-maker. For the difficulties placed before the young Russian Jew yearning to express something truly artistic and beautiful, Mr. Kellogg declares that we Americans are not without blame. "Such is our stupidity," he writes, "that we have not yet learned the knack of sifting out the special

aptitudes of those who pour in at the gates of New York, and we begin by turning artists and musicians and poets and craftsmen among them into a common mold of our unskilled labor."



OUR SLAVIC INTERPRETER OF AMERICAN SPIRIT

Victor David Brenner, immigrant sculptor and medallist in clay and bronze.

The seal-maker of Shavely was enabled, however, to lift himself above less fortunate immigrants through his interest in coins and numismatics. He had designed a head of Beethoven for a musical society which attracted the attention of Professor Ettinger of the City College. Through him he was introduced to the coin collections of the American Numismatical Society:

"In the rows of coins and medals which these collectors showed him, an entirely new world opened up to the young die-cutter—coins of gold and silver, bronze, nickel and copper, reaching back, link upon link, to the dawn of history; milled dollars, clinking with romance and the days of the Spanish Main, when the confines of the known world were pushed out and out; sovereign gold pieces such as offered a common medium for the trade of all nations; medallions struck off to commemorate some of the greatest adventures of men. Nor was this all. These coins, battered and worn smooth by the thumbs of other races and generations, were, some of them, beautiful with a chasteness and grace of design unlike

anything to be found in the purses of Kovno or Riga. Still less like the coins that had found their way into American pockets. They were, in truth, the connecting link between his engraver's craft and the whole range of fashionings in wood and stone and clay and metal, out of which the sculptors have built their art."

Brenner's talent in the line of medals led to a number of important commissions, including the medal of the Twenty-fifth National Conference of Charities and Corrections. In 1898 Mr. Brenner was able, on the proceeds of four years' work, to go to Paris for three years' study at the Académie Julien. Here he came under the influence of some of the more radical sculptors, of course under the spell of the Rodin of that period. He returned to New York in 1906 to establish himself as a sculptor and medallist. He threw himself at once into the battle then being waged by the Numismatic Society for better American coins. Mr. Kellogg explains some of the events of this movement:

"Even the conservative British were eclipsing the United States in this direction. The movement met with a hearty response from President Roosevelt. In 1908, Brenner was chosen to design the Panama medal which has since been given to every workman who puts in two consecutive years on the canal. Among his



DR. WILLIAM H. WELCH

Foremost in American Medical Research. A Johns Hopkins University Tablet.



DR. RUPERT NORTON, EXECUTIVE

Another tablet for the Johns Hopkins University Hospital.

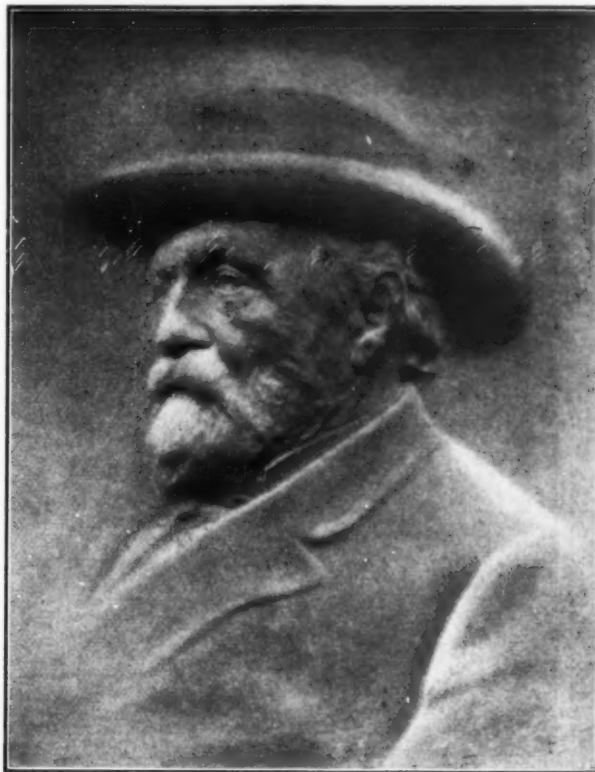
earlier pieces of work had been the execution of a series of modern coins for the Republic of San Domingo. President Roosevelt was struck with the possibility of making use of his Lincoln as the first step in reforming the face of our own coinage. The question lay between the half dollar and the cent; and choice fell on the latter, both because for sixty-five years there had been no change in our copper pieces with their rather impossible Indian heads; and because the smaller the coin the more people who would thumb it over. St. Gaudens had already wrought his beautiful ten and twenty-dollar gold pieces for the United States; but the circulation of such denominations was so restricted that the movement had stopped there. The Lincoln head was, of course, the main element in the new pocket piece; but it represented also the modern tendencies in simplified decoration. It is not overloaded and introduces the hollow surfaces used in the beautiful French pieces."

Mr. Brenner's qualifications for this work were especially fitting, according to the writer in *The Survey*. These medals and plaques are instinct with the larger spirit. "This theme of pioneering, of expanding opportunity, is one which occurs again and again in his work, and with cause: for the Russian immigrant from a meager Baltic village . . . America meant a new world in a very real sense—the bursting through of fettered aptitudes, the unfolding of new and fabulous vistas of existence, into which generations of sculptors and architects had gone before and left the work of their hands as guide stones to those who came after."

"Small wonder, therefore, that Brenner has sought to bring these two new worlds of his together. By interpreting American life in clay and bronze? Yes, but more than that, by trying to make art

itself part of the American opportunity for all—by helping to bring the love of beauty and the realization of beauty into the common possession of the people of this new and roughly thrown together civilization of ours. And out of the very ladder of his own opportunity, this immigrant sculptor hit upon an unusual means for reaching the farthest recesses of the common life with a fragment of his message. The modelling of the new one-cent piece in 1909 was to him other than a chance government commission. He had learned that the common coins of a people may become the spreaders of a sense of what is true in line and contour and proportion—more readily than paintings or statuary, the scattered forms of architecture, more widespread ever than the photograph or the moving picture, and more responsive to the molding influence of the artist. For coins are itinerant teachers to eye and touch, they reach the poorest homes and most out of the way villages—the unnumbered Shavelys of a new continent. They can leave a habit, if not a craving, for beauty, which will be less and less satisfied with what is ugly and shapeless and dull in the things of

daily use. They can at strange and unexpected times touch a burdened life or fire a young one with the moral force in-laid in the seamed face of a Lincoln.



HUNTINGTON, THE RAILROAD BUILDER
Medallion of the Pioneer whose vision spanned mountain and desert as by a searchlight.

Thus, by slow but all-embracing experience, common standards may be raised; thus, by the strategy of building up inside human lives a craving and recognition of what is beautiful and enduring, peace may achieve something more imperishable than cathedrals; thus, out of Russia came a servant to the democracy."

But the designing of coins is in reality but a small part of the work of this craftsman and sculptor. In the words of Mr. Kellogg, Victor Brenner has shown his mastery of portraiture in bas-relief in his heads of: "Hay the diplomat; Emerson the philosopher; Evarts the lawyer, with his deep in-seeing eyes; Huntington the railroad builder, who spanned mountain and desert, with eyes and background giving a curious effect of a searchlight of a locomotive; Swasey the telescope builder, whose lenses pierced the farthest heavens; and a score of others." In the fountain memorial to the donor of Schenley Park, Pittsburgh, which will be unveiled during the forthcoming year, Brenner has treated the mythological subject of Pan in a classic spirit—"a gay unspoiled conception kindred to the effrontery with which some little natural park breaks into our tamed and deadening city landscape."

"Just as we can see the stars in the daytime by looking into a deep well, so



EMILY BLACKWELL, PIONEER WOMAN PHYSICIAN
A Tablet for the New York Infirmary for Women and Children founded by the Blackwell sisters.

as we look deep in some great sphere of human activity can we gauge what abstractly is beyond the power of our minds to apprehend, or of our consciences to admit—gauge what the great war means

in human loss and tragedy to the people of Europe and then to us. This Kovno seal-maker, with his gift for sculpture and his promise of a social message gleaned in his climbings through two new

worlds, was just such a lad as has gone down in the thousands as the battle front has strained forward and backward over the provinces whose names sound strange to our ears."



THE IMMIGRANT LED BY AMERICA
Reverse of a commemorative plaque bearing the figure of Carl Schurz.



THE TORCH-BEARER OF EDUCATION
Plaque for the fiftieth anniversary of the University of Wisconsin.

JAMES HUNEKER'S BITTER CRITICISM OF OUR NEGLECT OF A GREAT AMERICAN MASTERPIECE

LAMENTING the falling-off of literary power and personal charm in the novels of to-day, James Huneker calls attention in *Puck* to an American masterpiece which has now been published for twenty-four years but which has been forgotten and neglected by most lovers of good books. This is "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani," written by Henry Blake Fuller of Chicago. Mr. Huneker contrasts it with the popular books of the present day, which he condemns roundly. "Our robust lay preachers are so busy making converts to what they believe to be Socialism that they forget fiction is a fine art." These authors are "juvenile Paul Pry's." "When you have nothing to write about, then attack your neighbor, especially if he hath a much coveted vineyard. . . . Take a sail around our harbor, then write a sloppy, sentimental appeal to the 'downtrodden' who have 'created' all this wealth for the few." To this type of "literature" our veteran critic opposes Mr. Fuller's great work.

"Who will write a second 'Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani'? Not Henry B. Fuller himself can repeat that charming and leisurely excursion into Arcadia. If you haven't read the adventures of the artistic

Chevalier, then let me advise you to do so. After finishing them you will certainly procure the sequel, 'The Chatelaine of La Trinité.' That two such books as these, and their several successors, should have been written by an American seems incredible—I mean in the face of the charmless, vulgar, uncultured, ill-written stuff that now thrills our very credulous public, a public brought up on canned food, canned politics, canned religion, canned ideals, canned music, art, literature, and the 'movies'; living a canned life, dying a canned death and given a canned funeral—what can we expect from such a source! The very question is uncanny. One of the attractions of Mr. Fuller's book is that the author does not try to 'prove' something; a reprehensible omission in the eyes of the earnest bores who infest the shelves of libraries with books which are not books."

"The Chatelaine of La Trinité" was published in 1892; while subsequent and somewhat less noteworthy works of Mr. Fuller are: "The Cliff Dwellers," published in 1893; "With the Procession" (1895); a series of dramatic sketches, "The Puppet Booth," published the following year; a volume of short stories "From the Other Side"; "The Last Refuge," published in 1900; "Under the Skylights" (1901); and

"Waldo Trench and Others" (1908).

Mr. Huneker makes an exception, in his condemnation of the majority of modern novelists, of Compton Mackenzie, Gilbert Cannan, Hugh Walpole, and a few others, who are "free from the literary heresy of didacticism," altho he is of the opinion that they pattern too much after Dostoevsky and Tolstoy. Turgenev he holds as the type of perfect artist:

"Who takes him for a model in these days when the old dime-novel has been elevated to the dignity of a sport? The heart of the Russian may be a dark place, as Dostoevsky says; it also has its moralizing spot. But can't art be serious, must fiction only amuse, not elevate? Precisely. We find neither pleasure nor elevation in the majority of novels, especially in those that lay down the law on the sordid theme of social reform. The late William James put the case in a nutshell when he said 'the whole atmosphere of present-day Utopian literature tastes mawkish and dishwatery to people who still keep a sense for life's more bitter flavors.' The best lay preacher is the hen that cackles after depositing her egg in the nest. Our lay preachers in fiction preach, but they can't produce so useful a thing as an egg, tho, as a rule, they are hen-minded."

HOW THE LIZARD LOST ITS TAIL—A STORY

It wasn't much of a loss, after all, for the lizard was able to grow another tail nearly as good. Moreover, it turned the loss to gain by posing as a hero ever after. The whole story appears in a volume of short stories ("The Signal and Other Stories"), written by the young Russian author, W. M. Garshin, translated by Captain Rowland Smith and just published by Alfred A. Knopf. Garshin, being a Russian writer, lived, of course, a tragic life—all Russian writers do that—and died a tragic death, twenty-seven years ago, at the age of 33. But the outlook on life, as seen in his stories, is often genial. This story is a little satire on life, but it has no bitterness in it. Even the lizard didn't grow bitter.

ONE beautiful June day—and it was beautiful because there were twenty-eight degrees Réaumur*—one beautiful June day it was hot everywhere; but on a little plot in the garden, where there stood a mound of recently mown hay, it was still hotter, because this spot was screened from any breeze by a thick, extremely thick, cherry orchard.

Almost everything was sleeping. The men and women, having had their midday fill, were lying on their sides engaged in that profound meditation which generally follows the noonday meal. The birds were silent. Even the insects were hiding from the heat. The cattle, large and small, were taking refuge under eaves. A dog which had dug a hole under a barn had betaken himself thither, and with half-closed eyes was stretched out, breathing spasmodically, and showing nearly half an arshin of crimson tongue. From time to time, no doubt bored by the stifling heat, he yawned to such an extent as to give little yelps. The pigs—mamma with thirteen children—had gone off to the river, and were lying embedded in greasy black ooze, showing only a row of sniffing, grunting snouts, long dirty backs, and huge flapping ears.

Only the hens, fearless of the heat, were endeavoring to kill time by scratching up the dust opposite the kitchen door, in which there was not, as they well knew, even one tiny grain; and things must have been going very badly with one of the cocks, because from time to time he assumed a ridiculous attitude, and at the top of his voice called out: "What a scandal!"

We had come out of the garden plot, where it was hottest of all; but a whole company of non-slumbering individuals were sitting there. That is to say, not all were sitting. The old bay horse, for instance, being a horse, was quite unable to sit down. A caterpillar, the grub of some kind of butterfly, was resting on its belly rather than sitting; however, it is not a matter of words. A small but very serious gathering had assembled under a cherry-tree—a snail, a beetle, a lizard, and the caterpillar already mentioned. A grasshopper also hopped up, and near by stood the old bay listening to the speeches with one ear lined inside with dark gray hairs turned towards them. There were also two flies sitting on the bay horse.

The gathering was politely, but quite excitedly, debating some question. As was proper, no one agreed with the other, as each highly prized the independence of his opinion and character.

"In my opinion," said the beetle, "a properly conducted animal should first and before all busy himself about his posterity. Life is labor for the future generation. He who wittingly carries out the obligations laid upon him by Nature stands upon sure ground. He knows his business, and whatever may happen he will not be answerable for the future. Look at me! Who works harder than I do? Who for whole days rolls such a heavy ball—a ball made so ingeniously

by me of manure for the great purpose of rendering it possible for future beetles like myself to be born? I do not think anybody could say with so calm a conscience and so clean a heart as I can when new beetles appear, 'Yes, I have done all that I should or could have done in this world.' That is work."

"Go to, brother, with your work!" said an ant, which, during the beetle's speech and notwithstanding the heat, had been dragging along a wonderful piece of dry stalk. It was now resting for a moment, sitting on its four hind-legs, and with its two fore-legs wiping the perspiration from its troubled face. "I, for one, work more than you do! You work for yourself, or at all events for your species. We are not all so happily situated. You should try to drag beams along for the public, as I am doing. I myself do not know what compels me to work, exhausting my strength even in this awful heat. . . . No one will say thank you for it. We unhappy toiling ants, we all work, and in what way is our life beautiful? Fate! . . ."

"You, beetle, are too severe, and you, ant, are too pessimistic in your views of life," broke in the grasshopper. "I love to chirrup and jump, and no conscience or anything else torments or worries me. Moreover, you, beetle, have not in any way touched the question put by Madame Lizard. She inquired, 'What is the world?' and you talk about your manure-composed balls! It is even impolite. The world in my opinion is a very nice place, because there is young grass in it for us, and sun, and breezes. . . . Yes, and how large it is! You here amongst these trees can have no conception of its size. When I am in a field I sometimes jump as high as I can, and I assure you I attain an enormous height. And from it I observe that the world has no limit."

"True, true," affirmed the bay horse impressively; "but none of you will ever see even one-hundredth part of what I have seen in my time. I regret you cannot understand what is meant by a verst. . . . A verst from here lies a village, Luparevka, where I go every day with a barrel for water. But they never feed me there. Then in the other direction there are Ephimovka and Kisliakovka. In Kisliakovka there is a church with bells. Then farther on there is Sviato-Troiska, and then Bogoiavlensk. In Bogoiavlensk they always give me hay, only it is of poor quality. But, Nicolaieff! that is a town for you—twenty-eight versts from here! There the hay is better, and they give you oats. However, I do not care about going there. Our master goes there sometimes, and orders the coachman to hurry up, and the coachman hits us in a most painful manner with the whip. . . . Then there is also Alexandrovka, Bielerk and Cherson, also a town. . . . only how can you understand all this! That is the world; not all, we will admit, but nevertheless a considerable portion of it."

The bay stopped speaking, but his lower lip continued to quiver as if he was still whispering something. This

was due to old age. He was seventeen years old, which age for a horse is what seventy-seven years of age would be to a man.

"I do not understand your sagacious, equine remarks, and will not bother to try and understand, but will accept them," said the snail. "As long as there is burdock for me it is sufficient. I have now been four days crawling on this plant, and I have not finished yet. And after this burdock is finished there is another, and in it I am sure a snail is sitting. And that's all. To jump is not necessary—that is all imagination and frivolity; sit and eat the leaf on which you are resting. If I had not been lazy in crawling I should long ago have gone away from you and your arguments. One's head aches from them, and nothing more."

"No; allow me to tell you why," interrupted the grasshopper. "It is so pleasing to chirrup a little, especially on such entrancing subjects as infinity. Of course, there are practical natures which only trouble about how best to fill their insides, such as you or this beautiful caterpillar."

"Ah no, leave me in peace; I implore you, leave me in peace, and out of the question; do not bother about me," querulously cried the caterpillar. "I am doing this for the future life, only for the future life."

"What sort of a future life?" inquired the bay.

"Can it be you do not know that after death I become a butterfly with multi-colored wings?"

The bay, the lizard and the snail did not know this, but the insects had a kind of glimmering knowledge on the subject. And all kept silent for a short time because no one knew how to say anything to the point respecting the future life.

"It is necessary to treat strong convictions with respect," chirruped the grasshopper at length. "Does no one wish to say anything more? Perhaps you ladies?" and he turned to the flies. The elder of them answered:

"We cannot say that things have gone badly with us. We have just come from a room where the 'gude wife' was potting jam, and we settled under a lid and had our fill. We are satisfied. It is true our mamma got entangled in the jam, but what is to be done? She had already lived a considerable time in the world, and we are satisfied."

"Gentlemen," said the lizard, "I am of the opinion that you are all entirely correct! But, on the other hand . . ."

But the lizard did not state what was on the other hand, because she felt something firmly press her tail into the ground.

This was the coachman, Anton, who, having awakened, had come for the bay. He had unwittingly placed his huge foot on the assemblage and squashed it. Only the flies escaped, and they flew away to buzz of their deceased mother departed in the jam. The lizard also escaped, but with a reduced tail.

Anton took the bay by the forelock, and led him out of the garden to harness him up to the barrel, to go for water,

* 95° Fahrenheit.

and said to him, "Get on, you old stump!" to which the bay replied only by whispering something to himself.

The lizard remained without a tail.

True, after a while it grew again, but it always remained somewhat blunted and blackish in color. And whenever she was asked how she had damaged her tail, she

used to reply to the question as follows:

"They tore it off because I dared to express my convictions."

And she was quite correct.

VOICES OF THE LIVING POETS

NOW here is a clanging discord for the Christmas season that comes to us from overseas. It comes, too, from a poet—Stephen Phillips. In his *Poetry Review* Mr. Phillips raises the question, Is the poet a pessimist?—raises it not to deny it but to affirm it and to support this affirmation with an array of citations that is rather appalling. The pessimist he defines as one who "sees behind the screen of events a force which is on the whole disastrous to the human race rather than beneficial." The bulk of really great poetry, he maintains, has been in all ages pessimistic in this sense. He begins with the poetry of the Old Testament, all of which he finds "instinct with a profound and brooding melancholy." Job and Ezekiel especially are filled with "that deep sadness which is so often the very soul of beauty," and even the wisdom of Solomon and David is not born of joy and makes not for the hope of bliss at last triumphant. The mediation of the East in general Mr. Phillips finds "gloomy in its windings and heavy in its atmosphere."

Coming next to ancient Greece, and more particularly to the Greek dramatists, and noting their attitude toward the question of continued existence, he finds them imagining for us in the hereafter "a world of aimless, fruitless, restless shadows, forever remembering vainly the warm sun they never more should see." Nor are the Latin poets much better. "Who has transfused his verse with more human melancholy than Virgil?" Lucretius, Catullus, Juvenal and even Horace "can hardly be numbered among the hosts of the cheerful."

So far Mr. Phillips is fairly convincing. When he comes down to the Christian era, however, his citations have a less convincing note. Dante, he admits, pointed a path to Paradise, but it was a fiery path and he was content to leave millions of fellow-souls plunged in everlasting torment. Chaucer reveals a free simple kind of happiness, but, so Mr. Phillips observes, he very rarely touched on the deeper issues. Goethe struck a joyous note, but Heine "was the deepest of despairers." Neither Byron nor Shelley encourages the soul. Keats saw beauty rather than happiness in profusion, and Tennyson "faintly" trusted the larger hope. Swinburne spoke of "the Supreme Evil God." Matthew Arnold was "filled with a tender resignation

rather than an ardent confidence." Browning and (less certainly) Wordsworth are admitted to be exceptions to the rule of pessimism. Shakespeare is referred to as the most interesting figure of all the pessimistic great poets. Mr. Phillips concludes as follows: "It may, I think, be taken that the considerable poets in all ages of the world have been inclined to strike out a music more sad than joyous."

Mr. Phillips, it may be noted, omits from his list the greatest poet of all—Jesus; and the only poets of the Christian era with whom he makes out much of a case—Heine, Byron and Shelley—were more pagan than Christian. So, after all, perhaps a fairly good Christmas sermon can be extracted from Mr. Phillips's gloomy discourse.

Another new poet has recently swum into view in England. This new poet is hardly more than a young girl, to judge by the photograph displayed on the wrapper of her book. Her name is Irene Rutherford McLeod, and her American publisher—Huebsch—informs us that her work, "Songs to Save a Soul," went into its fourth edition in England "in a few months." There is a freshness and buoyancy about her poetry that at times remind us strongly of our own Edna St. Vincent Millay. She sings of love and maternity, of Nature and of city life. Her reactions to life are so varied that it is difficult to select any one of her poems and present it as a fair sample of the work as a whole. Perhaps the most striking in its mystical effect is the following:

SOFT PLACES.

BY INEZ RUTHERFORD MCLEOD.

HERE I lie on a feather bed,
With a feather pillow beneath my head,

From my feet up to my chin

I feel my body sinking in;

And tho I writhe and turn about

I cannot lift my spirit out.

In the gloom without a sound

The hosts of life are pressing round.

When I go out in crowded places
I cannot breathe for all the faces,
All the lips and all the eyes,
All that lives from all that dies,
All the passion of groping hands
That search the dusk for holy lands.

In the gloom without a sound

The hosts of life are pressing round.

There is that I dare not know
Haunts the crowded ways I go;
There is that in every street

Tunnels hell beneath my feet;

There are depths I dare not see,

And only noise 'twixt them and me.

In the gloom without a sound

The hosts of life are pressing round.

And tho I rend my flimsy bars
And thrust my head among the stars,
I dare not look upon my God,
But rather choose to be a clod.
I am not fashioned to endure
The flame that burns the spirit pure.

In the gloom without a sound

The hosts of life are pressing round.

And so I lie on a feather bed,
With a feather pillow beneath my head,
And sleep sits heavy on my chest,
And I am weary of much rest.
But tho I writhe and turn about,
I cannot lift my spirit out.

In the gloom without a sound

The hosts of life are pressing round.

There is a little too much of the make-believe in Mrs. Conkling's latest volume, "Afternoons of April" (Houghton & Mifflin). Her fancy is a little too unrestrained and it overloads her work with tropes and images at times in a way to confuse the mind. She sings most authentically when she sings of musical themes, and she sings of them frequently, always with remarkable power and feeling. The following poem is in her most characteristic style:

TO R. P. C. WITH A BATON.

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING.

THIS wand that tapers slenderly
From ebony to ivory,
Can call from brass and wood and strings

Beauty that is the soul of things.

With this divining rod, among

Old woes and wonders long unsung

Thy hand shall grope, instinct to feel

What springs of music to unseal.

For thee—as when a master nods—

Shall sigh again the ancient gods:

Returning o'er their starry track

Thy summoned heroes shall come back.

For thee shall sound the hardihood

Of Mime's hammer in the wood,

And clearly down its glades forlorn

The challenge of young Siegfried's horn:

Thy violins shall call and sing

Like birds in Siegmund's House of Spring.

Or cry the heartbreak and the stress

Of Tristan's tragic tenderness:

Thy gesture shall bewitch the sky

With wild Valkyries streaming by:

Again dark Wotan with a word

Shall splinter the new-welded sword,

Shall still the battle's clang and shock,

And ring with flame Brünnhilde's rock;

And when on sobbing muted horns

Gray prophecies of the gray Norns

Foretell the coming twilight doom,
Across the menace and the gloom
Thy wand of magic shall not fail
To fling the radiance of the Grail.

When gods and heroes understand
And answer to thy beckoning hand,
Can I—if thou shalt set the time—
Refuse to answer thee in rhyme;
Withhold the uncourageous song
My soul has sheltered overlong?

As tho a hidden mountain spring—
Small dreaming inarticulate thing—
Enchanted broad awake, should hear
The ocean's diapason near,
And chime of breakers on the sand
Thrill o'er the phantom hills inland
(Nor recognize the organ-sound
Of the soft-thundering pines around),
Then, music-startled out of sleep,
Should feel its tiny pulses leap,
And up the sheer blue heights of air
Against the very sun should dare
Lift its frail praise, and bid rejoice
Its thin and silver-dropping voice,
So shall that sealed and secret spring
That is my soul, find voice to sing,
By thy enchantment made aware
How the deep calls along the air.
Thy orchestra awake in the sun
At highest heave and farthest run
Shall fling me leagues on leagues away,
The magic of its poignant spray:
And I far inland, on that breath
Shall taste Life bittersweet—and Death:
Shall send my song fluttering alone
Where the sea calls unto its own—
A sea-bird beating far from me
Home to the breakers, home to sea.

One of the finest descriptive poems
we have seen in a long time appears
in a recent number of the *Bellman*:

AFTER SUNSET IN THE ROCKIES.

BY HENRY ADAMS BELLOWES.

QUIETNESS everywhere:
The lake, that but an hour since
was tossed
Into a make-believe of ocean rage,
Now lies beneath the eyes of heaven in
calm,
Inscrutable peace. It has a loveliness
Too pure for motion.

All around, the peaks,
That in full day spoke terribly of strength
And storm and battle and of victory,
With nightfall put their rugged armor
off,
And softly they draw near, and kindliness
Is in their silence.

Darker it grows,
And stars pierce through the infinite
depth of sky:
The colors fade and vanish, till the
world—
The silent lake, the cliffs and jagged
peaks,
The star-strewn vault above—all join to-
gether
In blended darkness.

These selfsame crags
But now were resonant with Valkyr
shouts;
The flames of battle played round yon
red peak,

And through the air the cavalry of storm
Drove their battalions, while the howling
wind
Sounded the charge.

Peace after turmoil,
A peace as all-pervading as the dark,
That purifies the heart of wilfulness
And all the insignificance of care,
Comes softly down the purple mountain-
slopes,
The gift of night.

Nor time nor space
Can dim the vision of that silent lake
Charmed out of madness, and those
gaunt, scarred peaks
Turned by night's magic into loveliness,
While in the sky the stars came quietly,
And with them peace.

How easy it seems—until you try
it—to write a simple little lyric in blank
verse like this in *Everybody's*:

A MEASURE OF HEAVEN.

BY BLISS CARMAN.

HEAVEN is no larger than Con-
necticut;
No larger than Fairfield County;
no, no larger
Than the little Valley of the Silvermine
The white sun visits and the wandering
showers.
For there is room enough for spring's
return,
For lilac evenings and the rising moon,
And time enough for autumn's idle days,
When soul is ripe for immortality.
And then when winter comes with smoul-
dering dusk
To kindle rosy flames upon the hearth,
And hang its starry belt upon the night,
One firelit room is large enough for
heaven—
For all we know of wisdom and of love,
And the eternal welfare of the heart.

A high note is struck and sustained
in a new volume entitled "Prayer for
Peace, and Other Poems," by William
Samuel Johnson (published by Ken-
nerley). There is a wide variety of
meters and of themes, but the author
always has something to say and says
it in a way that gives us the sense of
large reserve power. He is deeply
serious at times, but never dull. One
of his four war-poems—"The Poor
Little Guy"—we reprinted when it first
appeared in the *N. Y. Sun*. We give
now the opening poem of the book. It
strikes much the same note that Lin-
coln Colcord strikes in his "Vision of
War"—a note that emphasizes the spir-
itual regeneration of war.

PRAYER FOR PEACE.

BY WILLIAM SAMUEL JOHNSON.

NOW these were visions in the night
of war:
I prayed for peace; God, answer-
ing my prayer,
Sent down a grievous plague on human-
kind,
A black and tumorous plague that softly
slew

Till nations and their armies were no
more—
And there was perfect peace . . .
But I awoke, wroth with high God and
prayer.

I prayed for peace; God, answering my
prayer,
Decreed the Truce of Life:—Wings in
the sky
Fluttered and fell; the quick, bright ocean
things
Sank to the ooze; the footprints in the
woods
Vanished; the freed brute from the
abattoir
Starved on green pastures; and within the
blood
The death-work at the root of living
ceased;
And men gnawed clods and stones, blas-
phemed and died—
And there was perfect peace . . .
But I awoke, wroth with high God and
prayer.

I prayed for peace; God, answering my
prayer,
Bowed the free neck beneath a yoke of
steel,
Dumbed the free voice that springs in
lyric speech,
Killed the free art that glows on all man-
kind,
And made one iron nation lord of earth,
Which in the monstrous matrix of its will
Molded a spawn of slaves. There was
One Might—
And there was perfect peace . . .
But I awoke, wroth with high God and
prayer.

I prayed for peace; God, answering my
prayer,
Palsied all flesh with bitter fear of death.
The shuddering slayers fled to town and
field
Beset with carrion visions, foul decay,
And sickening taints of air that made the
earth
One charnel of the shrivelled lines of war.
And through all flesh that omnipresent
fear
Became the strangling fingers of a hand
That choked aspiring thought and brave
belief
And love of loveliness and selfless deed
Till flesh was all, flesh wallowing, styed
in fear,
In festering fear that stank beyond the
stars—
And there was perfect peace . . .
But I awoke, wroth with high God and
prayer.

I prayed for peace; God, answering my
prayer,
Spake very softly of forgotten things,
Spake very softly old remembered words
Sweet as young starlight. Rose to heaven
again
The mystic challenge of the Nazarene,
That deathless affirmation:—Man in God
And God in man willing the God to be . . .
And there was war and peace, and peace
and war,
Full year and lean, joy, anguish, life and
death,
Doing their work on the evolving soul,
The soul of man in God and God in man.
For death is nothing in the sum of things,
And life is nothing in the sum of things,

And flesh is nothing in the sum of things,
But man in God is all and God in man,
Will merged in will, love immanent in
love,
Moving through visioned vistas to one
goal—
The goal of man in God and God in man,
And of all life in God and God in life—
The far fruition of our earthly prayer,
"Thy will be done!" . . . There is no
other peace!

Most of the war poetry has been
frankly partisan. The one which we
find in the *Outlook* might, but for the
reference to cricket-bats, apply as well
to German or French lads as to Eng-
lish. Courage and personal heroism
are not the exclusive possession of any
party or nation or race.

THE NEW SCHOOL.

BY JOYCE KILMER.

THE halls that were loud with the
merry tread of young and
careless feet
Are still with a stillness that is
too drear to seem like holiday,
And never a guest of laughter breaks the
calm of the dreaming street
Or rises to shake the ivied walls and
frighten the doves away.

The dust is on book and on empty desk,
and the tennis-raquet and balls
Lie still in their lonely locker and wait
for a game that is never played,
And over the study and lecture-room and
the river and meadow falls
A stern peace, a strange peace, a peace
that War has made.

For many a youthful shoulder now is gay
with an epaulet,
And the hand that was deft with a
cricket-bat is defter with a sword,
And some of the lads will laugh to-day
where the trench is red and wet,
And some will win on the bloody field
the accolade of the Lord.

They have taken their youth and mirth
away from the study and playing-
ground
To a new school in an alien land be-
neath an alien sky;
Out in the smoke and roar of the fight
their lessons and games are found,
And they who were learning how to live
are learning how to die.

And after the golden day has come and
the war is at an end
A slab of bronze on the chapel wall will
tell of the noble dead.
And every name on that radiant list will
be the name of a friend,
A name that shall, through the centuries,
in grateful prayers be said.

And there will be ghosts in the old school,
brave ghosts with laughing eyes,
On the field with a ghostly cricket-bat,
by the stream with a ghostly rod;
They will touch the hearts of the living
with a flame that sanctifies,
A flame that they took with strong
young hands from the altar-fires of
God.

Here is a vivid and strong piece of
work from the *International*, by the
editor of that periodical. We omit one
of Mr. Rethy's stanzas because we
think he has overloaded his picture
with detail and we believe that upon
reflection he will agree with us that
the omission improves the poem.

THE MONKEY IN THE CAGE.

BY JOSEPH BERNARD RETHY.

BEHIND the bars the monkey sits
Upon a swaying iron ring.
The people watch him slowly
swinging
And mock his grief with feeble wits.
They see in him a clown of woe
From fearful forests dark and deep,
Fashioned by God to grin and weep
And swing in cages fast or slow.

Before his cell they smiling stand,
The counterfeits indeed of him.
Across their souls a vision dim
Affronts them like a mighty hand.
And still they roar to see the gleams
Of passion glowing in his eyes—
They hate those monstrous memories
And loudly laugh. . . . The monkey
dreams. . . .

In sunless twilight blooms the vale.
The trees in awful silence stand,
A humid mist lies on the land
And pythons toil across the trail,
And troops of mighty elephants
Move slowly towards the river bank
Where just before the tigers drank,
And pass the cities built by ants.

From branches bowed by living moss
The winged foxes fly and leap,
And condors scream, and lizards creep
The slimy poisoned leaves across.
The huge borele calmly wades
Unmindful of the river snake,
And near him in the tangled brake
Flamingoes pluck the dewy blades.

The lightning races down the sky
And flares above the stricken trees.
The forest heaves like maddened seas
And drowns the groans of beasts that die.
The rain is like a mighty stream
And makes of valleys grewsome lakes . . .
Across this world the thunder breaks
And crashes through the monkey's
dream. . . .

He wakes. . . . Before him still they stand—
The race of Man, unkind and dull.
And lo! they wear his very skull
And seem alike as grains of sand,
And through the bars that hold him fast
He peers into their grinning eyes
And stares with terrible surprise,
Then staggers from his perch aghast.

In our November number we printed
a poem taken from the *N. Y. Call*,
which asked its readers if they could
inform it of the name of the author.
We have since learned that the poem
is by Douglas Malloch, of Chicago, that
it has been set to music by Dr. Louis
A. Coerne, of Madison, Wisconsin, and
that the song was sung at the inaugura-
tion of the present governor of Wis-

consin and has formed a part of vari-
ous community center programs in that
state. The poem as we printed it,
under the title of "East and West,"
was a badly mutilated copy of the
original. We reprint it again with the
proper corrections made from the au-
thor's copy:

THE WEST.

BY DOUGLASS MALLOCH.

MEN look to the East for the dawn-
ing things, for the light of a
rising sun,
But they look to the West, to the
crimson West, for the things that are
done, are done.
The eastward sun is a newmade hope
from the dark of the night distilled;
But the westward sun is a sunset sun, is
the sun of a hope fulfilled!

So out of the East they have always come,
the cradle that saw the birth
Of all of the heart-warm hopes of man
and all of the hopes of earth—
For out of the East arose a Christ and
out of the East has gleamed
The dearest dream and the clearest dream
that ever a prophet dreamed.

And into the waiting West they go with
the dream-child of the East,
And find the hopes that they hoped of old
are a hundred-fold increased.
For here in the East we dream our
dreams of the things we hope to do,
And here in the West, the crimson West,
the dreams of the East come true!

One gets an additional chuckle out
of the following verses in *Ainslee's*
when the fact is called to mind that
it was the author of them who fig-
ured as bridegroom at the wedding on
Henry Ford's peace ship just before
she steamed out of New York harbor.
Mr. Braley himself, therefore, accord-
ing to his own account, has been
"ruined," and he was probably contem-
plating his own fate when he wrote
these stanzas:

RUINED.

BY BERTON BRALEY.

ONCE he was a wanderer, once he
was a fighter,
Once he was a knight of high
romance,
Following adventure just as far as he
could sight her,
Plunging life and fortune on a chance!
Once he played with destiny, truculent
and merry,
Once he roved the world by land and
sea;
Now he rides contentedly on the Jersey
ferry,
Commonplace and placid as can be.
Once he was a rover and a prince of
princely men,
Leading fights or frolics with vim;
Now he nods at dinner and he goes to
bed at ten.
And that's what Mr. Cupid's done to
him!

THE BUSINESS WORLD

AGNES C. LAUT, Department Editor

THE NEW EDUCATION IN BANKING AND SALESMANSHIP

A FEW years ago, when girls were too dull or too inept to acquire the training for a teacher and boys to study for a profession in the university, if they did not take up manual work of some sort, they were simply pitchforked, hit or miss, suited or most ill-suited, into a clerkship. That any training was needed for clerical work or for salesmanship never seemed to occur to the applicant. Salesmanship seemed to be a general dumping ground for the unfit. To the country boy used to muscular work from dawn to dark, work behind desk or counter seemed, in his own words, "a soft sit"; to the country girl, this period was something to do till "she got married."

How the banks, stores and offices of the great commercial establishments made good with such green timber is an untold story of progress in the past twenty years. Young America didn't seem to think she needed the same system of apprenticeship as in the old world. The misfits were pitiable. They formed the foundation for the stock story of the wicked floor-walker and little Miss Greenhorn; or of the half-starved clerk with the soul of a poet and the eyes of an ox, and, usually, the stupidity of the ox, too.

There was one era in the evolution of big business when the professions were so overcrowded you could find B. A.'s and M. A.'s and half-baked doctors and half-finished ministers clerking in departmental stores at a child's wages. I think of one publishing house that put out an advertisement ten years ago for some compiling work—a business encyclopedia or something similar—and within two days it had 234 applicants who were university graduates. Two hundred and thirty-four men who had spent seven years on their education applied eagerly for \$12 a week jobs!

THAT something was wrong was self-evident. It didn't need any shouting from the house-tops. There was too much training for the professions and too little for the vocations of every-day life; and, oddly enough, the schools were not the first to jump into the gap. They followed where big business led; and big business established training schools under its own roof. The big steel and electrical firms, and Chicago packers, and railroads, and departmental stores were

—as far as I know—the first to open formal courses of training for students enrolled in the firms. Now the big banks and trust companies are opening similar courses; only they send to the universities for the best graduates to join these student courses in finance. In the majority of courses, a small salary is paid to the student, and he receives his training before and after working hours.

My first knowledge of the system was some five years ago when I happened to express tremendous admiration for the woman foreign buyer of a great departmental store. She was then, probably, one of the highest paid women workers in the world. If I recall correctly, her salary was \$15,000, with as much again on a system of commissions. "Yes," answered a member of the firm, "we regard Miss Blank as more of a friend than an employee; and she came to us just twenty years ago with her hair in pig-tails tied with a shoe string; and she was so ill fed and ill clothed we had to pass her over to our house nurse to get her curried and scrubbed before we could put her on as a cash girl. Without training, she would probably have dropped back in the gutter as an unfit and a failure. With training, she has become one of the ablest business women in the country." Then he sketched out how their system had been forced by circumstances in the first place. It began with a nurse and with welfare work, looking after the ailing and the absentees. Then it broadened into educational night classes and holiday outdoor clubs and associations where the beginner would have the benefit of the older member's experience and success, in certain lectures. To-day, that great business, which has 7,000 employees under one roof, has an auditorium, where daily classes are held and systematic training given not only in the common school branches but in the practical work of the house—salesmanship, buying, selling, banking, commissions, personal conduct.

THERE are to-day very few great business establishments in the country which have not added these vocational training departments. With public opinion demanding high wages and high standards of living and highest type of service, the development was inevitable, tho none of us saw it coming. A whole school of

practical text-books has arisen for use in this vocational training. They may not con over learned laws of economics, but they inculcate simply how to succeed on the job through self-control and self-command.

Says Roland Hall:

"Regard selling as service.

"The only way is to get happiness out of your work by doing it well.

"Don't give any one a piece of your mind! You need it all yourself.

"Don't nurse grievances! Be broad-gauged!

"Doing work well is the secret of every success.

"Personality has paved the way to fortunes. Develop yours by being careful, courteous, clean, well-informed, at your best!

"Don't stare into vacancy! Don't divide your attention!

"What is near you that you can improve? Improve it!

"Don't have brass enough to run a foundry, but don't find so much fault with yourself that you stunt your growth!

"Don't be passive! Passive people are not interested in their work.

"The winning of success is a personal battle. It is more pluck than luck.

"Fill your present job so that you bulge over!

"Never tolerate a loose tongue—in yourself!"

All of which is based on the fundamental fact that what wins is character. Therefore for perfect service the character must be trained.

NOW comes one of the richest banks in the world with a student course of bank training. The National City Bank of New York is training twenty college men a year in practical banking for foreign service. If America is to conquer the world's commerce, her youth must be trained for the job. Classes assemble at 8 o'clock in the morning for a lecture on banking practice by different heads of the bank. From 9 to 12, the students fill the bank positions. From 12 to 1, in the bank's lunch room, they practise speaking Spanish and Portuguese and French. Four more hours are spent at the regular work; and from 5 to 6 comes another lecture on bank methods. In the evenings, arrangements are made to practise speaking the foreign languages.

Each student starts as a message boy and, in the course of the year, becomes collector, book-keeper, credit

man, exchange clerk, getting a bird's-eye view of the whole gamut of bank work. Men for promotion to South America will be picked from the classes.

Mr. Frank Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank, and one of the most progressive of the younger generation of business men, has planned the system out in its details; and its details are such as to set the successful old

fellow of a former generation, who has acquired his knowledge through hard knocks, longing to begin over again and climb up this new scientific way. Nine of the fifteen teachers in the bank are National City Bank men. A motion-picture outfit is being installed in the bank to teach commercial geography and international commerce and familiarity with such industries as bankers must know—such as cotton growing. Cot-

ton films will show the plowing of the soil, planting the seed, harvesting, baling, spinning, weaving, making cloth into garments. They will also show the use of cotton seed and oil.

The National City Bank designs its educational scheme to be a "refining furnace" for the pure gold of perfect service. The saving of time, money and human wastage with its resultant bitterness can never be overestimated.

THE REAL REASON FOR COMMANDEERING CANADA'S WHEAT CROP

ONE of the most significant reactions of the War on this side of the Atlantic has been the commandeering of Canada's wheat crop by the Dominion Government ostensibly, tho in reality at the inspiration of Imperial authorities.

The whole situation has been misunderstood in the United States, where the general opinion is that action was taken to prevent speculation in prices. As a matter of fact, action was not taken with an eye on speculation at all. Action was forced by the voter to save the Canadian farmer from almost utter ruin; and it is because the commandeering of Canadian wheat by the authorities practically eliminates the middleman that the action is significant. If Canada can eliminate the middleman for her farmers in wheat, can New York do it for her farmers in milk, in apples, in potatoes? Can the South do it in cotton? Can the West do it in fruit and beef?

What situation has forced government action in Canada?

Last spring Canadian farmers were urged to save the Dominion from food shortage by planting every available acre in wheat. Seed grain was extortionately high; but farmers big and little mortgaged their future and planted wheat. It may be said that instead of costing them from \$5 to \$6 to the acre as it did a few years ago, this planting, with cost of work and seed, would average close this year to \$8 or \$9 an acre.

In August the traffic manager of one of the great Canadian lines told me that he estimated the Canadian wheat crop at 250,000,000 bushels. His estimate has turned out too low. Canada's wheat crop for 1915 probably equalled almost 350,000,000 bushels; but, owing to early frost, only about 200,000,000 bushels will average No. 1 Hard, and perhaps only 250,000,000 bushels in all will grade up to export requirements.

NOW what has happened? The world has a very large wheat crop. The prospects of the Dardanelles falling and permitting a great flood of Russian wheat to deluge

the market may be dismissed as an influence in keeping prices low. In the first place, the Dardanelles have not fallen. In the second place, the most of Russia's wheat has already been smuggled out through Sweden and Roumania by the Jewish merchants, who are the great wheat dealers.

The price of wheat is lower than last year because the world rose to the occasion and put to flight the gaunt spectre of famine that ever dogs the heels of War by raising the largest wheat crop known.

Now the War has hit the Canadian wheat market two staggering blows. It has requisitioned nearly all Canada's cargo ships. The country is almost without ships to carry her crop to market. And the risks of War have sent ocean rates to unheard-of levels.

You sometimes hear theoretic economists, who don't know wheat from barley, or a goat from a cow, talk learnedly about the buyer's always paying the freight. What has the farmer to complain of, when Europe pays the freight? I beg of you, don't ever quote that argument to a practical producer! He won't answer you, and he may hit you; for the returns on every article he sells come back always market price less three things—freight, commission, middlemen's profits. The return on a cow is billed back selling price, less freight, commission, middleman's profit. The returns on a box of apples, whether from Oregon or Niagara, are billed back less these same three charges. Also of oranges from California, grapes from the Hudson Valley, truck stuffs from the South. Because the farmer sells wheat directly to a dealer on the spot for cash does not modify the fact that he receives the world-price less freight, commission, middleman's profit. For instance, when wheat is \$1 in Alberta, it is \$1 plus the freight to the Atlantic Seaboard in New York State. I know this from personal experience, as I have stated before, because in an amateurish way I raise Alberta wheat in New York; and, tho it is inferior in quality to Alberta wheat grown in Alberta, it commands a higher price than relatives

in the West receive for their wheat by just exactly the total of freight to the East. That is—where wheat is \$1 in Alberta, it is \$1.25 to \$1.35 in New York; and if you want to deal with facts and not study chair piffle, you had better accept the fact that *on world commodities, the producer always pays the freight.*

HOW has this brought Canada to force a commandeering of the crop? At time of writing, only 20,000,000 bushels have been commandeered; but it is a safe guess, the official action will be repeated till all of Canada's export surplus has been absorbed.

Deal with facts, not theories! Take the figures ruling in September and October!

Wheat was being rushed to anticipate the close of navigation on the Lakes. It was coming into Winnipeg in an avalanche—3,000 cars a day—over 100 cars an hour. One million bushels a day were going to American ports for shipment. In two months, Canada sold more wheat than she did in all of 1914; and the result on prices was a gradual slump. C. P. R. ships were sending out 2,000,000 bushels a day in addition to the great flood coming out by way of the United States. Canada is a land of pioneers; and pioneers who have mortgaged their future on a crop must rush wheat to market at any price. They must have the cash.

Because Canada was short of ships, it began to look as if the American railroads would have the carrying of eighty per cent. of Canada's huge crop. You don't see Mr. Hill smiling—do you?—in spite of Panama, which got plugged up with a slide just when open water was most needed, and when British Columbia was rushing plans for grain elevators to divert the crop westward by way of Panama.

TAKE a look at Atlantic freights! Montreal to Liverpool was 35 cents a bushel; Fort William to Liverpool was 45 cents a bushel. Saskatchewan or Alberta to Liverpool ran at 58 to 65 cents a bushel. Deduct 58 cents from the prevailing world prices

of \$1.12 to \$1.20 and you have left 54 to 55 cents for the farmer. Now, while the crop was huge in the aggregate, it wasn't a high average, owing to weather conditions. Most of the farmers would not average 20 bushels to the acre. That is, they would not average returns of \$10 an acre; and it had cost them \$8 to \$9 to put the crop in. Returns did not pay horse hire, labor, machinery, threshing, the haul to market.

The glut of the crop became so great at Canadian ports that the price dropped 8 to 10 cents lower than in the United States. It was 90 cents in Fort William. It was \$1.06 in Duluth. Wheat, like water, seeks its level and all the speculations on earth cannot stop it. Soon as the price was higher in the United States than in Canada, Canada wheat began to pour into the American market at the rate of a million bushels a day in spite of the tariff. In fact, the agitation grew fast and furious in Canada for the abolition of the Dominion tariff against U. S. wheat, to permit Canada to gain free entrance to the U. S. for her wheat

under the Underwood Tariff. Grain growers petitioned the Dominion Government. The Manitoba Grain Growers said plainly: "The unprecedented high rates to Europe have reduced the price of wheat on the farm below the cost of production." Doctrinaires, who think the buyer pays the freight, please note these words!

IF ONCE Premier Borden admitted reciprocity in wheat, 80 per cent. of Canada's wheat would find way to seaboard by American lines. What would become of the three Canadian transcontinental lines already hard hit by the War? What would become of Canada hard hit by the War and financing 200,000 troops at the front at a cost of \$1.10 a day per man and \$150 per man to put on the field?

England nominally requires 250,000,000 bushels of imported wheat and she normally draws this from the United States, Canada, India, Argentina. England had already favored Canada by awarding her \$500,000,000 of war Orders. There can be no doubt that the commandeering of wheat at \$1 plus a bushel was another international play

to repay Canada for the enormous sacrifices she is making in the War. Placing the commandeered wheat at \$1 plus at once automatically raised the price for the whole Dominion.

To Canada's \$500,000,000 for War Orders add \$200,000,000 for wheat; and the chances are, in this year of her greatest depression, Canada will enjoy the greatest volume of foreign trade known in her history.

Internationally, the significance of the action should make Socialists rejoice. If government action can transform desperation to opulence in the case of wheat by wiping out the middleman, why not in the case of all the other great vital necessities in which to-day the middleman is taking toll to the gradual ruin of the farmer and the gradual squeezing of the city man, who pays the ultimate price? I do not write this as an argument for Socialism. I write it as a statement of fact, that the conditions brought about by the War are going to jolt the old order of things out of their usual running to an extent that may create a new order after the War.

ELECTRICITY IN WAR AND PEACE IN 1915

PART II—PEACE.

[An amazing record of the uses of electricity in the war we published last month. Here is a sketch of the multi-marvelous development of electrical power and appliances for practical use in peace. The writer is John Tyrone Kelly of the Society for Electrical Development, under whose auspices a celebration of "Electrical Prosperity Week" has just been held in all parts of the United States.]

WITHIN a few years electricity has come to be an indispensable help in our daily lives. Some appreciation of the rate of progress in peaceful electrical endeavor may be gained by attention to the most striking advances in appliances during the first fifteen years of the new century.

In 1900 New York had just done away with its steel locomotives on the elevated lines. Last year the electrically devised street cars, elevated, and subways in Greater New York, operated by the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, carried 2,150,000,000 passengers, and with such a degree of safety that it is now the practice of the accident insurance companies to pay double premium in case of injury or death while riding on these cars. This practice is based on a degree of risk and not on sentiment.

As further evidence of the reliability of electric traction service, one may

cite the record of the New York, Westchester & Boston Railroad, a multiple unit electric car system with overhead trolley. In the operation of all trains on the system in 1914, 99.2 per cent. were on time—a record excelling that of any system road.

Whereas the dawn of the century found practically no widespread use of electrical home appliances, the year 1915 ended with more than 8,000,000 electric devices purchased by the public and in daily use. Of this figure more than 3,000,000 represents electric flat irons, other favorites being toasters, coffee percolators, vacuum cleaners, washing machines and fans. It is a striking illustration of the service of these electrical appliances that a recently captured German trench was found to be completely equipped with domestic cooking utensils. It was a fact that the soldiers living under ground obtained heat, light and fuel for food by wiring a complete sector.

In 1900 the largest dynamo in America was of 4,600 kilowatt capacity—to-day the largest is 35,000 kilowatt, a 760 per cent. increase in size. The improvement in maximum efficiency of incandescent lamps has increased 1000 per cent. Hydro-electric power developed in the United States in 1900 totalled 22,000 horse-power—to-day it is 1,800,000 horse-power, a 900 per cent. increase. This means a stupendous saving in the nation's coal resources.

To-day more than 75 per cent. of

the people of the United States come in contact with electricity in some form or other each day. Ten per cent. derive their daily bread directly or indirectly from the electrical industry.

The electrical industry last year did a business of \$2,265,000,000. Altho retrenchment and conservation was in vogue elsewhere the electrical industry spent \$810,000,000 in its commercial development, new equipment and service. On an average, every person in the United States spends \$20 a year for electrical material and service. The industry in the United States represents investments of more than \$3,000,000,000, enough to build seven Panama Canals or feed all the men in the European war for eight years.

Transportation: To date over 2,500 miles of single track of steam railroads in the United States have been electrified. The most northerly railway in the world beginning at a point 85 miles north of the Polar Circle has just been electrified. It is a section of the Swedish State Railway and it is used largely for carrying iron ore mined in Kunna to the northwestern frontier. The power is transmitted 155 miles at 80,000 volts. The system has doubled its train capacity and its speed in traffic.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul completed October 1 the electrification of the first 113 miles of its Montana Division from Three Forks to Deer

Lodge, Mont. Another 100 miles was to be in operation by January 1. A further 200 odd miles will be completed during the coming year. It is planned to operate the entire 850 miles from Harlowton to the coast by electricity. Electric engines weighing 520,000 pounds each with 16 drivers of 52 inches and a tractive effort of 85,000 pounds, have been provided to operate with 3000 volts wire current supplied overhead. Electric regenerative brakes will be used capable of holding the train without the use of air except in emergency. Electric power has been contracted for at .06536 cent per kilowatt hour on a 60 per cent. load factor, which is considerably less than is now expended for coal.

A number of the locomotives operating under the North and East Rivers at the New York Terminal of the Pennsylvania Railroad have now run from 90,000 to 112,000 miles each without requiring the turning down of tires or any general repair work. These have operated on an average nearly 15,000 miles for every minute of detention. They are called upon to start and move trains of up to 850 tons on grades reaching 1.93 per cent.

The Norfolk & Western Railroad has equipped its lines during 1915 with 12 freight locomotives weighing 540,000 pounds, each with sixteen 62-inch drivers, tractive effort 90,000 pounds, continuous horse-power 3,000. These locomotives have greater capacity than the largest Mallet type of steam locomotive and twice the speed.

The Anaconda & Butte Railroad, which hauls ore from Anaconda to Butte and maintains the lowest freight rate in the country, is saving \$20,000 a month since its electrification.

The first 2,400-volt direct current third rail line constructed in this country is the new heavy service electric railway from Grand Rapids to Battle Creek. Where the line leaves the fenced-in right of way, the catenary overhead system of distribution is used. The 50-mile run is made in from 70 to 85 minutes.

The use of electrically operated brakes on the separate units of a train has made much more rapid stopping possible and will greatly increase safety and economy in railroading. Heretofore valuable time was lost in communicating air pressure from the engine to the different cars of a long train.

Panama Canal Engines: Electric towing engines take vessels through the 21 miles of great locks and bed of the Panama Canal. Four electric locomotives are used for each ship, two forward and two back.

At Gatun the vessel enters a series of three locks and is raised 85 feet to the level of Gatun Lake. At the cen-

tral lock of Pedro Miguel it is lowered three feet to the level of Miraflores Lake. At Miraflores it is again lowered 55 feet through two locks to the Pacific Channel. Rock rails are used on the steep grades. Each electric locomotive is capable of exercising a normal pull of 25,000 pounds on its tow line. In addition to its running gear, each locomotive has a winding engine to keep its haul uniform—at a speed of two miles an hour.

Hydro-Electric Power: Hydro-electric power is at its highest development in the far West. In California, Oregon, Washington, Utah, Nevada, Montana, Idaho and Colorado, the development of the electric power has given an important impetus to farming. Of the 600,000 h.-p. of hydro-electric development in California, 150,000 or one-quarter is utilized for agriculture, 11,000 acres of land in California being susceptible to cultivation because electricity has provided irrigation.

New England is now utilizing her water power to more than 600,000 horse-power, thus saving annually the consumption of 3,000,000 tons of coal worth \$15,000,000. It is predicted that within the next ten years in the "blackland belt" of Texas, 37,000 square miles, nearly every farm house and rural community will be served by electricity.

The United States Government is now working with the various States to establish rules and secure the enactment of laws covering rights to water power in the Union. Secretary Lane says that the granting of proper permits will immediately bring about vast developments of hitherto unused natural resources which will mean the saving annually of more than \$100,000,000 in our coal resources. The Secretary refers to the fact that in Billings, Montana, hundreds of houses are lighted and heated with electricity where a fire has never been built. More than 600 electric ranges, until recently commonly regarded as a luxury and a novelty, have been installed in this one town.

In Kansas the farmers installed during 1915 electrically-driven pumps for irrigating alfalfa fields. By two waterings for each of the five crops, over five tons of alfalfa per acre were cut during the season. The first year's excess crop more than paid for all this irrigation equipment.

Canadian interests at Niagara Falls are planning to develop 600,000 h.-p. on the northern side below the Falls, and the American interests have even more ambitious projects for the American side.

Electrical Invention: In each of the years' advances some factor has made for the betterment of the human race. A few of the more important develop-

ments of the year 1915 will follow in paragraph form.

In the past many great oil-producing wells were rendered almost valueless by the presence of water. Through the use of a small current of high tension, Dr. H. C. Cottrell has succeeded in eliminating water even up to 25 per cent. at a cost of from one to three cents a barrel of oil. Dr. Cottrell has also gained fame by inventing the electrical precipitation of gas, smoke and flue dust from chimneys and furnace stacks. Electrical heating coils have been used in deep oil wells with paraffine bases to induce greater flow and melt out the accumulations of heavy oil.

Much progress was made in cultivation of the land through illumination by electric lights or by the passing of electric currents through the soil.

Photographs of speeding projectiles are now a possibility. An apparatus which catches the light of an electric spark created by the passing of the bullets through wire netting is electrically connected with a camera.

Recent tests with steel reinforced mercury vapor rectifiers on a locomotive to change high tension alternating current for the motor have proved successful. This is an important development inasmuch as a car having five 225 h.-p. volt motors has been operated for months by this medium.

A successful electric furnace for melting refractory zinc ores has been perfected.

More than 150,000,000 pounds of aluminum are produced annually by aid of electricity.

In steel mills in the United States it is said that of the machine drive about 85 per cent. is already electrically operated.

Telephotographic apparatus perfected by George Rignous permits the sending of visible forms by electricity.

The study of eye-strain caused by exposure to rays of illuminants of high intensity has demonstrated the value of indirect and semi-indirect methods of lighting.

The new non-vacuum incandescent lamp commonly known as the "gas-filled lamp" or "Mazda type C" has improved the efficiency of the incandescent electric about 100 per cent. during the year.

The Commonwealth Edison Co. of Chicago leads all others in size with a maximum load of more than 300,000 kilowatts or about 400,000 h.-p.

The aggregate of the ten leading light and power companies in this country totals more than 1,350,000 kilowatts with a yearly output of 6,502,965,328 kilowatt hours.

Both the ultra violet ray and ozone are now being utilized as germ destroyers in purifying water and milk.

(Continued on page 62.)



Prove the Cadillac to yourself; then ask— “Where is there another such Motor Car?”

DISMISS from your mind, for the moment, the new charms which the Cadillac eight-cylinder engine has contributed to motoring.

Dismiss from your mind its wonderful smoothness—its swift acceleration—its remarkable flexibility—its marvelous activity—its unusual hill climbing powers—its incomparable roadability—its superb luxury.

When you have dismissed these, then direct your thoughts in other channels—toward other factors which may make or unmake your physical comfort and your mental ease.

First, simply sit in the Cadillac.

Observe the depth of upholstery—how you recline in the seats as you do in your favorite arm-chair at home. Your position is one of rest and repose.

Then ride in the Cadillac—and ride in other cars which aspire to share its prestige.

But be not content with merely riding.

Sit behind the wheel and *drive* the Cadillac yourself.

Then *drive* other cars.

Then drive the Cadillac *again*.

Do not confine your comparisons to short drives over smooth roads.

Take the bad roads—the worse the better. Drive through sand and mud, hard roads and soft roads, up hill and down dale.

Observe, first, how much more softly the Cadillac clutch engages and how much more smoothly the car glides into motion. Observe how much more easily you release the clutch, how much more easily you shift into “second”—then into “high.”

Depress the accelerator and observe how much more quickly the Cadillac responds—no hesitation, no “loginess,” but an instantaneous “get-away.”

You come to a bad stretch of road, with irregular, weaving wheel tracks. Observe how much more easily the Cadillac is controlled—how it holds the road.

Observe how much more easily you turn the corners. No abnormal strength required to guide the car—just a gentle influencing of the steering wheel.

And then, the brakes. Observe how much more easily those of the Cadillac are applied. No straining of the muscles, no delay in the effectiveness—just a gentle pressure of your foot and the brakes are “on”—lightly or firmly as conditions demand.

Remember, that upon the ease and sureness in handling, the steering and the braking, *your safety depends*—regardless of whether you drive your own car or employ a chauffeur.

Observe that in the Cadillac, a sense of velvet softness characterizes every motion of the car and every action in its operation.

Observe that after a long drive, you have no feeling of fatigue, but in its place—one of intense exhilaration.

Now, recall the thoughts we asked you to dismiss—the wonderful smoothness—the swift acceleration—the remarkable flexibility—the marvelous activity—the unusual hill climbing powers—the incomparable roadability—the superb luxury.

Add to these the things which you have demonstrated to yourself—the extreme ease of operation and control—the absence of fatigue.

Add to these the Cadillac’s reputation for long life, for constant, for enduring and for dependable service.

Then ask yourself:—

“Where is there another such motor car?”

Styles and Prices

Standard Seven passenger car, Five passenger Salon and Roadster, \$2080. Three passenger Victoria, \$2400. Four passenger Coupe \$2800. Five passenger Brougham, \$2950. Seven passenger Limousine, \$3450. Berlin, \$3600.
Prices include standard equipment, F. O. B. Detroit

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

Much practical work has been done in this direction during 1915. The purification or sterilization of milk electrically is new. A dairy company at Stamford is now operating a machine which purifies 1,000 quarts per hour. The milk is not allowed to exceed a temperature of 160 degrees Fahrenheit, the thoro sterilization being accompanied by electrical energy (ultra violet rays produced at a potential of 2,200 volts). This treatment completely destroys disease-carrying organisms without affecting the digestive and nutritive quality of the milk.

The perplexing question of how to fill the vacant pulpit, was the subject of conversation at the supper table, when all at once Johnnie broke in:

"Say, dad, I'll tell you how you can get a good preacher."

"How?" asked the father.

"Order one from Sears-Roebuck."

THE MILK SITUATION AGAIN IN THE BIG CITIES

THE Farm Credits Association met in Chicago in December, and Farm Credits are on the Government program for Congress; but it is a question if Congress will get round to that part of its program in 1916; and it is still more questionable if Farm Credits will do as much for the agriculture of the country as would be done by some well-devised system of marketing, such as Canada's commandeering of wheat in the present crisis in the Canadian Northwest. Shipping, internal defence, seamen's bills—all will have their champions to push them through legislation; but exactly *who* is going to state and stand for the farmer's needs during the session?

Take the dairying industry.

The farmer is receiving 1 to 2 cents a quart less for his milk. The consumer in the city is paying 2 to 3 cents a quart more for his milk. The daily consumption of milk in a city like New York is 600,000 quarts more than it was ten years ago; yet fewer people are drinking milk and the average quantity used by each person is less than ten years ago. Averaging the whole year round, New York requires about 2,000,000 quarts a day. If the farmer is paid less by 1 to 2 cents and the consumer is charged more by 2 cents, that means a difference of \$60,000 to \$40,000 a day to somebody.

WHO gets the big difference? Not the consumer; for he is paying out more by 2 cents a quart. Not the farmer; for he is paid less by 1 to 2 cents a quart a day. Living is going up to the consumer. Returns are going down to the farmer. Who is gathering the golden toll?

A few weeks ago, one of the big milk companies offered some new shares of stock for sale. The prospectus said: "*How the Company has prospered is indicated by its huge dividends and the enormous increase in sales.* Gross sales for 1914 were \$10,636,455 as against \$4,450,948 in 1909. Dividends increased from \$122,440 in 1909 to \$183,619 in 1914, and the surplus increased from \$156,727 to \$334,733. The Company in recent years has generally paid 14 per cent." (on watered stock). "The proceeds of the present issue of stock are to acquire new properties. The real estate and buildings of the Company are valued at \$2,953,385, and the machinery at \$746,725. These values are more or less fictitious; but the Company has apparently put into property fully \$2,000,000."

Please look at these figures if you want to know *why* the city man pays more for his milk by \$60,000 a day in the aggregate for New York and why the farmer receives less in the aggregate by \$40,000 to \$60,000 a day!

Or take the figures of another of the great companies as brought out in an investigation a few years ago. This company had a capital of \$30,000,000, of which \$28,000,000 was water, \$2,000,000 actual cash. It paid dividends of 8 per cent. on \$30,000,000, or \$2,400,000 on actual cash investment of \$2,000,000. Its dividends—not gross returns—were one-tenth of the total amount paid dairy farmers who sold it milk. The milk company was making over 100 per cent. Most of the farmers were not making 2 per cent. Could the farmer but obtain a system of distribu-



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tion for his products to give him 10 per cent. on capital invested, he would not need farm credits. He would have opulence and create credit for himself.

MEANWHILE, what is the result of the present system?

There are in the United States 2,500,000 more tenant farmers than there were ten years ago. Let David Lubin, the great farm financier, speak: "Thirty-seven per cent. of the agricultural land in the United States is in the hands of renters, of which 16 per cent. have been forced to become renters within the last ten years. There is a force at work in the United States for our destruction. It works silently and incessantly. It is a toll-gathering force. Its ingathering tentacles are multiple. It is the Trust in Food Products. We are squeezing the life and spirit out of this nation when we press the yoke down on farmers."

Doesn't make as spectacular a campaign call as national defense, or government-owned ships, or tariff reductions; but there are thirty million producers in the United States whose loyalty and adherence would be won forever by the party doing in some way for the American farmer what the Canadian Government has done—abolishing the middleman—at one swift stroke for the wheat growers of the Northwest.

A POINT MISSED IN THE SEAMAN'S BILL

A POINT missed in the bitter dispute over the Seaman's Bill has been practically demonstrated during the few months the bill has been in force. By the apprentice system, wages were to be unionized; and by removing penalties for desertion of foreign crews in American harbors, it was hoped American union wages would gradually prevail all over the world. Why, for instance, would a foreign seaman serve under a foreign flag at \$10 to \$20 a month when, by desertion in an American harbor, he might come under American union rules and earn \$40 to \$50 a month?

In theory, the reasoning seemed sound. In practice, it has failed utterly, especially on the Pacific, which it was designed to strike hardest. The rule that the language test must be applied to all seamen was meant to exclude Oriental labor—cheap Japanese and Chinese and Hindoo coolies. Ship companies evaded this by either selling out altogether as the *Pacific Mail* and *Minnesota* have done, or going under a foreign flag, as the *Dollar Line* did at Vancouver.

WHAT, then, have the coolie seamen not deserted—as expected—and forced up wages automatically? For the simple reason that



"The man who says woman's work isn't hard, doesn't know what he is talking about!"



"I never imagined cleaning this clumsy davenport would be so easy—I don't even have to move it!"

Cleans without fuss, fag or worry!

Think of giving everything in the living rooms a thorough cleaning in a few minutes without the least bit of fuss, fag or worry! And it is so dainty, you can handle the aluminum wand and hose while dressed in your best, if you wish! Dust and lint from heavy furniture—grit and dirt from corners and crevices—fuzz from ceilings, walls and pictures—all removed in an instant without work—whisked out of the rooms—gone forever. An absolute relief from the drudgery and strain of sweeping and dusting is obtained when the ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaner goes in.

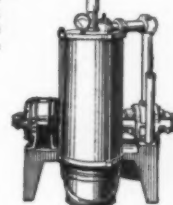
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The ARCO WAND is strong and unailing. It removes by suction all surface dirt and under grit from carpets, rugs, portieres, mattresses, pillows, curtains, clothing, furs, upholstery, etc., by simply passing the cleaning tool over the article or surface to be cleaned. Instantly cleans furniture, shelves, drawers, books, picture backs, walls, stairs—in fact, everything in the house. The light hose and wand are very easily moved from room to room and obviate the necessity of dragging heavy machinery of inferior cleaners. As there is no real work about it—simply directing the wand to places and articles to be cleaned—any woman can do all the cleaning in one-tenth the time without the slightest fatigue. Simply turning a switch starts the machine in basement, producing a steady, strong suction through the pipe, hose and wand, which draws all dirt, lint, threads, insect eggs, dust, grit, down into the tightly sealed bucket of the machine in basement.

This permanent, successful cleaner at \$150

The whole equipment is extremely simple. Runs absolutely noiseless and will last as long as the building stands. Old or new buildings are easily equipped and the cost for operation is less than a penny a day. We can tell you of hundreds of homes, apartments, schools, churches, stores, hotels, hospitals, libraries, clubs, theaters, etc., which are at present equipped and enjoy the ARCO WAND. Has given splendid service under the most severe usage for the past three years. Every machine is backed by our reputation and full guarantee. Send for illustrated book of thirty-two pages which tells you all about this wonderful cleaner and why you should have it. Write today. Public showrooms in all large cities.

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Machine is set in basement or side room. A suction pipe runs to each floor. ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaners, hose and tools, are sold by all Heating and Plumbing Trade, in sizes at \$150 up. Price does not include labor, connections and freight.

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to none of the harbors on the Pacific are Orientals admitted free. We may not call it total exclusion; but it amounts to that in British Columbia, Washington, Oregon, California. The number of Japanese entering the Pacific Coast is restricted by passport system and property restrictions. The Chinese are under a head tax; and prejudice is so great against the Hindoo, even in British Columbia, a pro-British colony, that orders-in-council restrict their entrance and mobs prevent their landing.

In view of these facts, not theories, how can the cheap coolie seaman desert from foreign ships on the Pacific, and so automatically force up the level of wages to American union rates?

What has happened has reversed every expectation. Ships under the American flag without cheap coolie labor could not compete against ships under a foreign flag with cheap coolie labor. The difference is the margin between \$11 and \$50 a month. The American ships have either sold out or gone under another flag, leaving the Pacific, outside purely coastal trade, exclusively in the hands of foreign ships—in other words, of British and Japanese ships. The Seaman's Bill has legislated the American seaman off the Pacific, except in coastal trade, from which foreign lines are excluded.

NOW note what has happened! Japan gives preference rates to Japanese freight. Freight coming to America receives preference on Japanese lines. The British Government had requisitioned for Admiralty purposes several of the big Canadian Pacific steamship lines. No sooner was the Seaman's Bill in force than these lines were promptly put back on the Pacific.

Comment is unnecessary. Fact, what happens, is the ultimate test of every theory. The American seaman has been legislated off the Pacific; and freight from the Orient destined for the United States must either suffer discriminatory rates on Japanese ships, or cross on British ships and find way to market by Canadian railroads. Freight from the Orient for Atlantic ports would probably have come by tramps through Panama; but Panama is out of commission for an indefinite period; and foreign lines are reaping the golden toll of the sea.

"The most successful business man, nowadays, is he who has the keenest appreciation of the fact that he is a public servant—that he is a servant as truly as the corporations that operate our so-called public service properties." So declares *Associated Advertiser* in its editorial campaign for "Truth in Advertising." "In many lines even now," asserts that journal, "none but the square man can hope even for moderate success."

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AMERICAN BANKS AND THE WORLD-WAVE OF ECONOMY

THE worst pessimist will acknowledge that the United States is now on the crest of the wave of the greatest prosperity in its history. And apart from War Stocks, it is not a "boom" prosperity. Real estate has not been kited. Nobody is selling gold bricks and nobody is finding new gold mines. There are fewer flash busters and paper millionaires at large than for ten years. It has been said—it isn't what you make but it's what you save that makes you rich; and at this the center of the most stringent period known to world finance, the fact that the United States is rich springs quite as much from sheer old-fashioned plain saving and economy as from big gross values in wheat and munitions and steel products and general exports.

It is from the man on the street and from the plain do-her-own-work housekeeper in the pantry saving nickels and dimes that the national banks of the country show a greater total of deposits for 1915 than for 1914 or 1913 by half a billion dollars.

It is because rich and poor alike have ceased blowing earnings in on thoughtless extravagance—in general "joy riding"—that this country has the greatest amount of reserve gold in its possession ever totaled in any country. Exports have been colossal, and that money has gone into the banks instead of into jaunts to Europe and yachts and limousines. This country to-day has two billions of gold on tap, which equals five times the whole world's yearly production of gold. It has the gold because it hasn't been spending it. The tin box savings hidden in the country mantle, the dollars rolled up in the toe of grandmother's stocking, the loose change put in the broken-nosed teapot for the youngsters' saving box, contribute quite as much to the United States' sound financial position as the billion dollar War Orders from Europe.

WHEN France had to pay a huge indemnity after the war of 1870, she paid it by teaching every soul of her population to save. Economy and thrift became habits; so that France was presently the banker for half Europe.

Something similar happened to the United States when the war broke out. From capitalist down to day laborer, we were scared stiff financially. Wall Street issued a danger sign—Slow up: go canny! Factories and railroads ran half time. The stores stopped buying the most expensive type of goods and marked those in stock down to lowest possible prices. It literally

became a fad to talk economy. You asked your best friend was she going to buy a new fur coat. "No—she was economizing this year, the old one could do: who noticed anyway, in such terrible times, when the need was so great in Belgium, and so on?" You asked a man if he were going to build that new country house. "Not much! A roof was enough to be thankful for

when half the world was without shelter or clothes."

The thing permeated every layer of life. The big railroads put it this way. "Loss in gross revenue must be made up in net returns by trimming expenses"; and that, as a matter of fact, was what happened to the railroads. To June, 1915, for this year, gross returns were less by 163 million dollars; but in the very year when one-sixth of the railroads of the country went into the hands of receivers, ex-



Anticipating Telephone Needs

When a new subscriber is handed his telephone, there is given over to his use a share in the pole lines, underground conduits and cables, switchboards, exchange buildings, and in every other part of the complex mechanism of the telephone plant.

It is obvious that this equipment could not be installed for each new connection. It would mean constantly rebuilding the plant, with enormous expense and delay. Therefore, practically everything but the telephone instrument must be in place at the time service is demanded.

Consider what this involves. The telephone company must forecast the needs of the public. It must calculate increases in population in city and country. It must figure

the growth of business districts. It must estimate the number of possible telephone users and their approximate location everywhere.

The plant must be so designed that it may be added to in order to meet the estimated requirements of five, ten and even twenty years. And these additions must be ready in advance of the demand for them—as far in advance as it is economical to make them.

Thus, by constantly planning for the future and making expenditures for far-ahead requirements when they can be most advantageously made, the Bell System conserves the economic interest of the whole country while furnishing a telephone service which in its perfection is the model for all the world.



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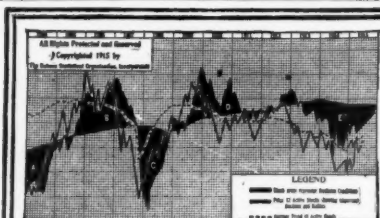
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What's Coming?

Babson's investment bulletin, which will be off the press about January 1, will carefully analyze

"The Outlook for 1916"

It will discuss the extraordinary conditions of the stock and bond market here and abroad.

This bulletin is of vital interest to investors and bankers, to whom it will be sent free.

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penses were trimmed 186 million dollars more than in the preceding year; so that net returns went up.

EXACTLY what happened in the railroads is what has happened in the individual life. We have cut off the superfluities and the "frivolous"; and the bank totals show the best in the history of the country.

The thing is bound to be world-wide. It is the only way to pay for the war. France has been thrifty since 1870. Germany was always thrifty. Russia and England are becoming so; and the United States, the most extravagant country on earth, is setting the same pace. Between credits and loans, this country has extended financial aid to the outside world to the extent of almost a billion since July, 1914. England is now spending 25 millions a day on the war; and some one has pointed out that that means every man, woman and child of Great Britain's forty-five million people must save what would equal about two shillings a day or fifty cents. Of course, every man, woman and child will not save that. The burden will fall more heavily on the rich and more lightly on the poor; but to encourage the poor to save, the Government put out its last loan in \$5 or £1 amounts at 3 per cent.

Now the question comes, are the American banks trimming sails to meet the new world trend? There is not the slightest doubt that a large proportion of the excess in war stock speculations has risen from people being unable to leave their savings unspent another minute. And yet at the time the wildest follies went on in war stocks, there were chances for investment certain to double capital and yield six to eight per cent. Suppose the banks had guided the small gambler into legitimate channels? There is quite as much satisfaction in seeing your capital gradually double and at the same time yield you eight per cent., as there is in being a paper millionaire to-day and a paper pauper to-morrow.

AFEW Eastern banks and a few Western investment corporations have openly launched campaigns to catch the small depositor—the nickel savings for the school children, the dime savings for the East side, the 25 cents a week assessment for big corporations, such as departmental stores and big factories, as insurance against illness; but these are not the classes whence the big aggregate of savings come. If you want to know where the big aggregate of savings comes from, buy what is called "a sucker" mailing list, such as new mining companies and fake irrigation land booms use. Here is the preacher who

Oil is King!

¶ The tide has turned in the trend of Oil events. Students of the situation voice the opinion that the Oils are in practically the same relative market position now as were the War Stocks last January.

¶ The sharp advances in crude and refined oil markets surely foretells a repetition of the period of high prices obtaining in 1913.

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makes \$1,200 a year and saves \$300; the teacher whose salary is \$700 and who succeeds by scrimping in putting away \$350; the farmer who nets \$1,500 to \$2,000 and is satisfied with four to 5 per cent. interest until some far-off land company promoting scheme or oil wells catch him and suck back into the land all his life labor has wrested out of it. There are the small town clerk and store keeper. There is the class of investor who can pay down \$1,000 for fruit farms where the fruit has not yet been planted, in the West or South, and can continue to pay a few hundreds a year in the hope that the investment will yield a security in old age.

This is the class that every fake promoter on earth sets out to snare. This is the class that makes France rich. *This is the class that is the backbone of national prosperity. This is the class that up to the present the big banking and investing companies of the United States have not discovered.*

If the United States is to become the banker of the world, it is not going to be through Wall Street millionaires. It is not going to be through the exploitation of more big corporations unloading watered stock on the public. *It will be through opportunities for the average small investor to put his monthly and yearly savings in securities sound from the ground up.*

After the war a terrible world depression is bound to come. How will the United States stand that depression? Whether this country comes through that period of stress still the world's banker will be determined solely on how wisely and securely the big strong banks to-day guide the small investors into channels of absolute security and profit. Economy is a fad to-day. Whether it becomes a national habit largely depends on whether the big banks "hog" the opportunities, or pass them out to the general public undiluted by hot air and water.

Political Disagreement!

By way of London's *Tidbits* we learn that an American newspaper man was on the witness-stand, and the attorney was trying to find out something about him.

"Where did you work last?" he said.

"On the Milwaukee *Sentinel*."

"Why did you leave?"

"The editor and I disagreed on a national political question."

"Where did you work next?"

"On the New Orleans *Item*."

"Why did you leave?"

"The editor and I disagreed on a national political question."

This was the reply in every instance, and the judge took a hand:

"What was this national political question," he asked, "upon which you never could agree with your chiefs?"

"Teetotalism."

THE FLIGHT FROM THE GERMANS

[The drive of the German army through the western provinces of Russia has caused the transplanting of industrial and peasant communities by the score to the interior. What this has meant can be faintly realized from the following graphic scenes described by Stephen Graham in *Town Talk* (San Francisco). He writes apparently from Kieff.]

I SIT in an immense waiting-room thronged with people. It is terribly hot and noisy and depressing. Children are crying everywhere, babies at the breast, babies on all fours crawling among

bundles, children of all ages—they are terribly hungry and sleepy.

The parents sit about with careworn, anxious faces and strained eyes, or, curling themselves uncouthly about bundles of quilts and clothes, sleep, snore.

It is a rainy evening, and the rain beats against the station windows. Thousands of fugitives are waiting at every station, platform, barracks, camping ground. Twenty thousand fugitives arrive every day, and they may not stay.

They are assigned to provinces in the depths of Russia, given free passage in goods trains, and moved away so as not



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You must see Art Metal to appreciate it, to understand why it is Character Furniture. The Art Metal Dealer in your city will gladly show you the complete line. Look him up—you can find him by the Art Metal sign.

And in the meantime write for the new book "Making Office Work Easier." If you are interested in cutting corners of office routine you will want this book. Attach the coupon to your letterhead and send it today.

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But you do not buy our cigars through stores. They are sold direct from our factory to the smoker—by the box.

You don't need to be much of a student of merchandising to see the great saving made possible by our way of selling.

Our Panatela is in fact the same type of cigar that sells for 10c. over the counter everywhere. It has a filler of selected, long Cuban grown Havana leaf and a wrapper of genuine Sumatra. It is a hand-made cigar. Ask for this kind of cigar at any tobacco store and you will be shown no cigar at less than 3 for a quarter.

Our price is \$5.00 per hundred, delivered at our expense. Also we will send you the cigars at our risk, so that you may smoke several before paying out any money. Cut one open and confirm our statement that the filler is long and free from dust, shorts or cuttings. Compare our Panatela with any 10c. cigar and decide for yourself if it is not a better buy.

OUR OFFER is: Upon request, we will send fifty Shivers' Panatelas, on approval, to a reader of Current Opinion, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at our expense and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not satisfied with them; if he is pleased with them and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, \$2.50, within ten days.

If a friend offered you one of our cigars, wouldn't you welcome the opportunity to try it? You can ask no better opportunity than the above offer gives you. Why not take us up this time?

The Panatela is not our only cigar. We make seventeen different shapes, many of them Clear Havana cigars. Our complete catalogue mailed on request.

In ordering, please use business stationery or give reference and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

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to impede the rear of the Russian army; also to relieve Kieff of the tremendous destitution and to give the unfortunate wanderers a better chance of starting life afresh.

They arrive by the trains, depart by the trains, arrive in their carts, go on in their carts. From the banks of the Dnieper you look down on a never-ending procession of slowly moving cart-tilts, the fugitives leaving the city, going on. You go into the country, and find the carts wandering along the endless roads and lanes, all the peasant's goods in a cart, his chairs, his tables, his ikons, a cow tied by a rope and following behind. Ask the peasant where he is going, as often as not he does not know.

THERE are splendid faces among these people, broad, calm, potent faces. There are fine families—a pity to see them rooted up. What suffering! What mental tension! Every family group I see in this great station has the same expression, that of people who have given up everything and are standing on the threshold of new life, all the money they possess collected in one purse, all their material possessions in the bundles round about.

There are unwonted large family groups, with old aunts and grandmothers and grandfathers, people who ordinarily never stir abroad from the refuge of home, but now sitting with dishevelled gray hairs and eyes unnaturally excited and very sad. There are people who have barely slept for five days—worn-out, heavy-eyed, silent.

There is unusual kindness among these people, and there is a certain amount of official tenderness shown them by police and soldiery. No one grumbles. Every one asks his neighbor's story, tries to calm the children, gives food. The folk say their prayers and have farthings with which to buy candles to burn before the station altars.

Even the Jews, secretive in their devotions, may be seen saying their prayers—at least, such is the aspect of one venerable Israelite at this moment. He has sought out a blank corner of the white wall, and, with his face to it, his brow on his forearm, mutters to himself. His wife the while has just made off with two chairs reserved for two officers to have their supper. Even the officers are wounded and are sufferers. All are sufferers. The old Jew reminds me of those beating their heads on the wall at Jerusalem.

KIEFF has one central station and is a vast terminus, with rows of platforms looking, as a rule, very bare and uninhabitable. Now the trains coming into the station find these platforms piled as high as themselves with all manner of packing-cases and bundles. As the train slows down the astonished passengers hear the great vocal hubbub of the station and see the throngs of multi-colored fugitives. I have now given up my place in the vast waiting-hall and am sitting on a sack on one of the platforms. Here are all the pitiful details of broken-up homes—beds, cradles, chairs, tables, sofas, perambulators, packing-cases enclosing Singer sewing machines, the money-making machine of the miserable Jewish home, red boxes innumerable and corded baskets.

On the other side of the Dnieper and safe from the Germans stand series of goods trains laden with all imaginable shapes of copper, huge boilers, cisterns, tanks, cylinders, receivers, separators—



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broken, torn, twisted, rusted, unable to be packed together, being so variously shaped. Then also samovars, kettles, agricultural machinery, wheels, trucks with nothing but wheels, church bells, little tinkling bells, huge bells that would boom and sound over a city. They are ornamented with representations of Jesus, or of Mother and Child, scrawled over in white chalk or colored paint with the name of the church and town whence they have been taken. All silent now, morose-looking and wet on the miserable trucks. . .

Factories, institutions, universities, academies, schools, hospitals, have all been—in the official phrase—evacuated, that is, removed from western Russia to the interior. The University of Warsaw has gone to Rostoff; Urieff University to Yaroslaff. Factories have gone in all directions, and, aided by the Government, have started again. Even far-off Omsk advertizes in the newspapers for refugee factories, and will gladly afford them facilities.

AS REGARDS the schools of regions taken by the enemy or threatened, the children have to follow to the new towns where they reopen. Consequently parents have little choice as to the place in which they would take refuge. The education of the children is in Russia the last thing a family will forego. Not that the question of the education of the children affects many of the refugees; they are mostly peasants, and their children have no "course" in front of them in any case.

With the peasants are the long-haired village priests, looking very woe-begone, harried from their parishes. Many clergy have found refuge in the great monasteries. The famous Petcherskaya Monastery at Kieff has several thousand guests, "evacuated" monks and priests, and fugitive peasants turned pilgrims.

On this great settlement, high above the Dnieper, all is holiday. Scores of minstrels and fortune-tellers and beggars beguile the crowds; every altar and shrine gleams with candles; the music of church services does not die down except at meal times, when multitudes of people sit down at public tables erected in the open courtyards of the refectories. At many stalls there are peasants' wares; in the caves and galleries where the old saints and fathers lie in their coffins, constant crowds. Even Jews turn up at the monasteries seeking food or refuge, and are not refused.

Shear Nonsense

Such An Intelligent Dog.

There was, once upon a time, raggedly recounts the *Chicago News*, an old lady who rented a furnished villa for the summer and with the villa a large dog also went.

In the sitting-room of the villa there was a comfortable armchair. The old lady liked this chair better than any other in the house. She always made for it the first thing. But alas, she nearly always found the chair occupied by the large dog.

Being afraid of the dog, she never dared bid it harshly to get out of the chair, as she feared that it might bite her, but instead she would go to the window and call "cats."

Then the dog would rush to the window

(Continued on page 71.)

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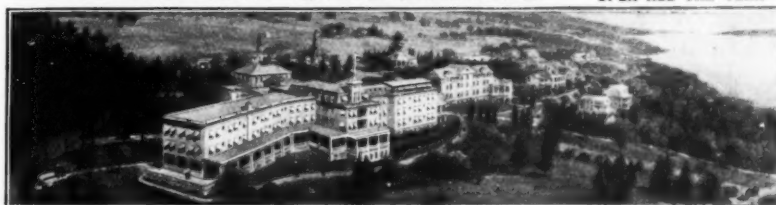
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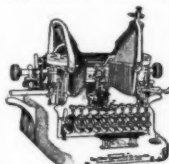
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CURRENT OPINION SCHOLARSHIP FUND

Below we give a list of half a dozen young people whose experiences are typical, whose achievements you may duplicate if you need funds for your education and are determined to get them.

FRANCIS S. HARMON, University of Virginia, states that he was rather skeptical when commencing the work, but he has since then earned over \$700, not only by his own personal efforts, but through money earned by students he has interested.

CLARISSA GIBSON, of Mount Holyoke College, has just finished her first season under the auspices of the Fund. She enrolled in March and began active work about the first of July. By September 12th she had earned and received over \$300 with an additional credit of \$100 to be later applied on her Scholarship.

MATIAS P. PEREZ is a young Filipino who came to this country because he wanted an American education. He is a student in a New England University. He tried almost everything that impecunious but

ambitious young people resort to for earning college expenses. He is now permanently enrolled under the Fund and has earned over \$400.

MAYER P. ROSS is a Brooklyn boy who is going to Cornell and who graduates this year. He has earned over \$2,200 during his association with the Fund, and says that, in addition to money, the experience is worth a second college education.

ELEANOR EAKINS, who made over \$1,100 in one short summer, says that the money, the experience and everything else that one gets out of the work are secondary to the anti-quitting spirit which it develops.

ANNIE V. SCOTT paid her way through the North Carolina State Normal College and is now meeting her expenses at a Woman's Medical College through the same means. She has earned over \$1,500.

The descriptive literature of the Fund, which will be gladly sent to anyone who asks for it, gives full particulars and names and photographs of many more students who have operated successfully under its auspices.

THE HIGHEST ENDORSEMENT OF THE FUND

is, of course, its successful candidates, yet part of their success is due to the fact that educators and public men of known integrity approve the Fund and the work it is doing by consenting to serve on the Scholarship Fund Committee. Among these are

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT Ex-President of the United States	ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD, LL.D., Ex-President, Lafayette College.
HON. FRANKLIN K. LANE, Secretary of the Interior.	JOHN H. FINLEY, LL.D., Commissioner of Education, State of N. Y.
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Just a Word to the Public

We bespeak from the public the greatest consideration for the young men and women who are working under the auspices of the Current Opinion Scholarship Fund. Consider for a moment that these plucky students, after putting in a strenuous school year, instead of flitting away to the mountains or the seashore, plunge right into a vigorous summer's work. You may identify any Scholarship Fund student by the engraved certificate bearing the student's photograph, the signed endorsement of three or more responsible people, the official seal of the Fund, and the signature of the Director of the Fund, or the Editor of CURRENT OPINION.

You may trust these young men and women. We have not allowed them to take up the work until their characters and their motives have been fully investigated. If you know of any ambitious young men or women who need funds to meet their college or high school expenses, you will confer a benefit by sending us their names and addresses. A post card is sufficient, or just use the handy coupon.

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and bark and the old lady would slip into the vacant chair quietly.

One day the dog entered the room and found the old lady in possession of the chair. He strolled over to the window and, looking out, appeared much excited and set up a tremendous barking.

The old lady arose and hastened to the window to see what was the matter, and the dog quietly climbed into the chair.

He Could Fill the Bill.

He had told her the age-old story, and, torn with emotion, waited for a few short words that would decide his fate. (*The Medicine Man* tells the story.)

"George," she said, "before I give you my answer you must tell me something. Do you drink anything?"

A smile of relief lighted his handsome countenance. Was that all she wanted to know? Proudly, triumphantly, he clasped her in his arms and whispered in her shell-like ear.

"Anything," he said.

A Bridesmaid's Reason.

A wedding ceremony had come to a close. The mother sniffed convulsively, and the bride dabbed her pretty eyes with a handkerchief. *Titbits* adds that one of the bridesmaids was also affected to tears.

"Why do you weep?" asked a groomsman of the bridesmaid. "It's not your wedding."

The girl looked at him scornfully.

"That's the reason, you stupid."

And she sighed.

She Knew Her Man.

We think the *Ladies' Home Journal* caption of "The Silver Lining" is a bit too severe for the following:

He was a Scot, with the usual thrifty characteristics of his race. Wishing to know his fate, he telegraphed a proposal of marriage to the lady of his choice. After waiting all day at the telegraph office he received an affirmative answer late at night.

"Well, if I were you," said the operator who delivered the message, "I'd think twice before I'd marry a girl who kept me waiting so long for an answer."

"Na, na," replied the Scot. "The lass for me is the lass who waits for the night rates."

Rather Hard on the Choir.

One of the wealthy members of a fashionable church in Boston, says *Harper's Magazine*, approached her pastor with the complaint that she was greatly disturbed by one of her neighbors.

"It's positively unbearable," said she. "That man in the pew in front of us destroys all my devotional and pious feelings when he attempts to sing. Couldn't you ask him to change his pew?"

The good pastor was sorely perplexed. After a few moments' reflection, he said:

"Well, I naturally would feel a little delicacy on that score, more especially as I would have to give a reason. But I will tell you what I might do." Here the pastor's face became illuminated with a happy thought. "I might ask him to join the choir."

That Useful Party Line.

How very useful the party telephone may be in Philadelphia is proved by the *Evening Telegraph*, thus:

On a Sunday afternoon an esteemed party named Smith casually remarked something about dinner, whereat his wife wearily sighed.

"John," said she, "I am too dead tired to cook to-night. Suppose we visit one of the neighbors and take a chance on being invited to stay for dinner."

"All right," was the ready rejoinder of willing father. "How about the Browns?"

"Not on your life!" quickly replied mother. "The Browns are going to have pork and cabbage. I heard Mrs. Brown order it over the party telephone. The Greens ordered chicken."



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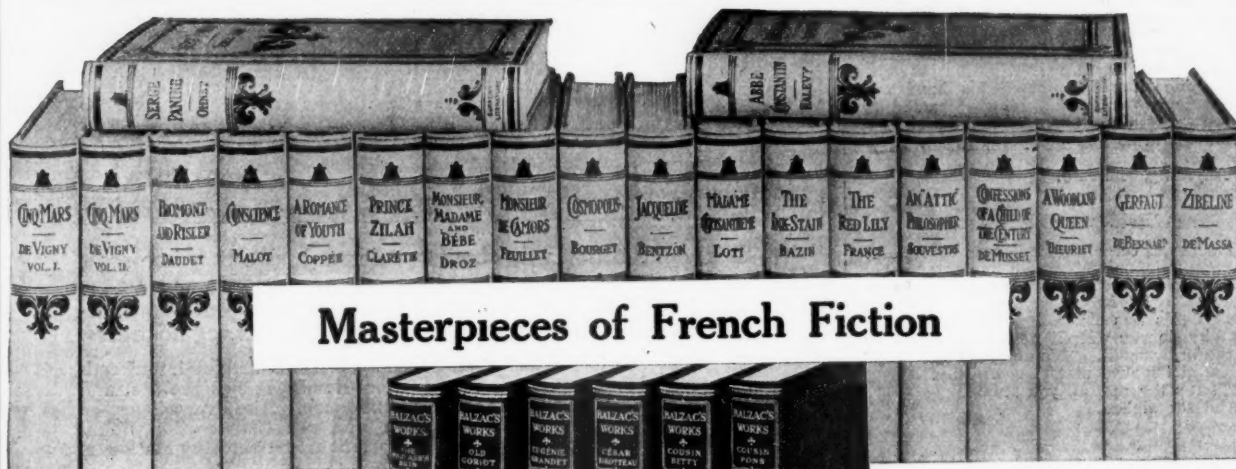
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